英国散文选读

SELECTED READINGS IN ENGLISH ESSAYS

黄源深 主编

上海译文出版社



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前　言

一、成书缘由

对不少英语专业的学生来说，撰写英语毕业论文是个难关。常常可以看到学生们枯坐案头，面对一个早已定下的题目，冥思苦想，久久无从落笔，其痛苦之状着实令人同情。他们通常所遇到的一个困难是不知道如何论述自己的观点（to develop their ideas）。这些思想活跃、目光敏锐的年轻人，不乏独到的想法。这些想法如通过分析、比较、联想、鉴别等手段加以扩展，完全可以敷演成一篇很好的文章。但可惜我们的学生，往往三言两语，戛然而止。倒不是他们不想把问题说透，而是缺乏这种论证的能力。总觉得话已说尽，难以再加发挥了。一篇五六千字的英语论文，要写到规定的长度似乎比登天还难。常常怀着焦急的心情，边写边数，却发现总未达到要求；有时为了凑足字数不得不成段引用原文，将文章"放胖"（pad out），有的甚至大段抄袭国外学者的著作，甘冒剽窃（plagiarism）之大不韪。因此在毕业论文中，虽然也有观点独到、文思畅达、论述精当的上乘之作，但总的来说，并不太令人满意。

论文写作中还存在着语言表达的困难。学生们无法分辨评论文与一般记叙文的文体差别，而一概以叙述语言甚至口语化的句子来写文学评论，句子结构单调呆板，缺少变化，

从头到尾几乎都是主谓宾结构句式，不懂得如何使用各类修饰语使文句摇曳多姿，富有感染力。某些学生通篇幼稚刻板的语句往往与一二句(或一二段)从别处抄来而未注明出处的句子（或段落)，形成鲜明的对照，使教师可以轻而易举地看出其中的破绽来。

造成上述现象的原因是多方面的。如教学上专注于提高学生的语言水平，却或多或少忽视了对他们的文学修养、批评能力和思维方法的指导和培养，没有引导学生除了学好外语之外，去博览文史哲诸方面书籍，尽最大努力拓宽知识面；在论文写作方面学生缺乏严格的训练，没有掌握撰写论文的方法等等。但笔者认为，还有一个易被人们忽视的原因——阅读材料体裁的单一性。多数英语系专业的学生，四年中课外阅读材料多半是小说，三、四年级的阅读课内容也偏重小说，为数众多的文学选修课，读的大多还是小说。因此，除了一、二年级的“朦胧期”内忙于听听说说，无暇顾及也不大懂得阅读外，其余的时间所接触的语言材料中，小说体裁占压倒优势。阅读小说当然对丰富知识、提高语言水平有很大帮助，但是也有一定局限性。首先，光读小说，学生的抽象思维能力和论证能力得不到培养和提高，因为文学作品所采用的是形象思维，作者是通过形象来说话的，而撰写论文则更需要抽象思维，这也就是读惯了小说的学生面对一个论文题目而不知从何写起的一个重要原因。其次，小说使用的是叙述语言，它适宜于描绘场景，讲述故事，与旨在说理的评论文章的语言截然不同。用这种语言来写评论必然弄巧成拙。正是由于这两大局限性，造成了上文提及的学生撰写论文时的两大弊病。

要克服这两大弊病当然需要综合治疗。但提倡多读一点

散文著作不失为一剂良药。英国的散文家大多精于说理和论辩，在语言运用上更是圆熟老到，堪称典范，阅读英国散文无论对培养抽象思维，还是熟悉评论性语言都会有所帮助。

当然学习英国散文的目的并不只是为了写好文章。英国散文是英国文化的瑰宝，是英国文学不可分割的部分，其中不乏运思巧妙，文字优美的佳构，对于英语专业的学生来说，只读小说、戏剧、诗歌，而不读散文无疑是一大缺憾。

鉴于这些原因，笔者竭力主张在英语专业课程中开设散文课，力劝学生多读散文，并编选了这本《英国散文选读》。

二、散文的界定

笼统地给散文下定义是困难的，因为“散文”在英语中可以用两个字来表达，一是“prose”，一是“essay”。这两个字的意义与涵盖的范围都不一样，绝不可能用同一个定义来概括，更何况还有一类散文既不是指“prose”，又不属于“essay”。因此散文的定义也只能根据其所包含的具体内容来下了。

一、广义的“散文”。即为英语中的“prose”，它是相对于韵文（verse）或诗歌（poetry）等讲究韵律的文体而言的，包括除诗歌之外的一切体裁，诸如小说、戏剧、传记、政论、文学批评、随笔、演说、游记、日记、书信等等。就非韵文而言，它可以说无所不包。

二、较广义的“散文”。它在英语中找不到一个相对等的词。如果把广义的“散文”中的小说与戏剧划出去，余下的部分即为较广义的“散文”所包含的内容。有的文学史家就采用这样的划分方法。如艾弗·埃文斯(Ifor Evans)在他的《英国文学简史》(A Short History of English Literature)中，把

文学分成诗歌、戏剧、小说和散文四大部分，他的所谓散文就是指除诗歌、戏剧、小说之外的非韵文文学作品。

三、狭义的"散文"，即为英语中的"essay"。但很难把"essay"翻译成恰当的中文。有人把它译为"随笔"，有人称它为"小品文"，两个译法都有道理，但又都未能概括"essay"的全部意思。某些台湾学者为了避免种种麻烦，干脆采用音译，把它译为"艾写"。从内容上看，"essay"既指那些由一件小事生发开去，信笔写来，意到笔随，揭示出内中的微言大义的"随笔"，也指议论时政、评价文学现象的气势恢宏、洋洋洒洒的政论和文论。英国学者 W. E. 威廉斯(W. E. Williams)认为"英国的'essay'花色繁多，但几乎没有规则"，因此他给"essay"下了一个概括性很强，但又显得模糊的定义："essay是一般比较短小的不以叙事为目的之非韵文。"该定义见于*A Book of English Essays*一书的前言。但从他这部书所选的文章来看，"essay"主要仍指发端于培根，而后被众多作家所发展，并运用得十分熟练的随笔。

上述三种含义不同的"散文"划分法都是言之成理的，只不过其包容的范围不同罢了。究竟采用何种划分方法为好呢？我们认为第一种广义的"散文"，范围太泛，仅在把韵文和非韵文对立起来论述时适用，而并不指某种具有鲜明特点的文学体裁。第二种划分法有其可行性，也被某些文学史家所采用，但不能充分反映英国散文的特点。我们倾向于第三种划分法，即狭义的"散文"。这种以"随笔"为主的散文是英国散文的精华，从十七世纪的培根开始，中经十八世纪的艾迪生、斯梯尔，十九世纪的兰姆和赫兹利特，直至二十世纪伍尔夫等著名散文家都是写这类文章的好手。一提起英国散文，人们便自然而然地想起这些大家，以及他们活泼短小，含意隽永的

佳作。当然散文的家庭中还包括那些"正式的论文"(formal essays),它们大多以严肃的论题,犀利的笔触,雄辩的论证为其特点。如果把屈莱顿的戏剧文论和弥尔顿的政论视为滥觞的话,其历史也十分悠久了,并产生了诸如斯威夫特、奥威尔、罗素、怀特黑德等著名文论家和政论家。因此,我们在编选过程中,在注意到随笔的同时,也考虑到了文论和政论,认为只有这样才能充分反映英国散文的特色。

三、英国散文发展概况

文学史家认为"essay"一类作品始于法国蒙田(Montaigne)。1580年蒙田出版了一本题名为"*Essais*"的随笔集。内容包罗万象,大至人生社会,小到花鸟虫鱼,无所不论。恰如作者自己所说:"我本人就是这部书的材料",他的随笔大都发乎自我,围绕一个中心,抒发议论,因而富有感情色彩。文中常插入一些警句与格言,以增加醒世效果。蒙田的《随笔集》一共出了三卷,后人都公认他为随笔这一文学体裁的创始人。

1597年,英国的培根(Francis Bacon)借用蒙田的书名,出版了一本《随笔集》(*Essays*),内有10篇短文,后经两次扩充后再版,共收58篇文章。培根的随笔篇幅短小,文字简约,语言形象化,句子富有节奏感,文中充满了警句。有些篇什,除了连结句和过渡句,几乎都是由格言式的语句构成的。在这些文章中,作者的态度都比较客观、冷静,不象蒙田的随笔那样亲切和带有较强的个人情感。但是它们论述精辟,富有卓见,并常蕴含深刻的哲理。培根是英国随笔的先驱。经过众多后继者的发展和创造,随笔便成了英国文学中富有特

色的文学体裁。

英国的随笔产生于培根的时代，看来似属偶然，但实际上有其必然性。培根生活于文艺复兴的氛围之中，当时的人文主义者关心着人本身，孜孜不倦地研究一切与人的生活相关联的事物(humana studia)，把塑造无论是肉体还是精神上都很完美的人作为自己的理想。但现实中的凡人都存在着这样那样的弱点和弊病，需要对他们不断地进行救治和教化。随笔自由活泼，不拘形式，可以叙事，也可以议论，以一人一事为出发点，引申开去，带出一个普遍性的问题来，或抓住某个共同关心的问题，加以展开，探讨其解决办法，给人以启迪，因此它很适宜担当历史所赋予的教化任务。正因为如此，英国的随笔自其诞生之日起就含有教诲的目的（moral purpose）。培根的《论读书》，无非是教人如何通过读书克服身上的弱点。"凡有所学，皆成性格"，读书会给人的性格打上鲜明的烙印，一切性格上的缺点都可以有纠正的办法。人文主义者的自信力及塑造理想的人的目标都在这篇随笔中得到了充分的体现。培根的不少名篇，诸如《谈旅游》、《论友谊》、《论美》、《论虚荣》、《论逆境》等等都是多少涉及人的道德修养，并隐含着教育的目的。英国的随笔及创始人培根都是属于其时代的。

激烈的宗教纷争，连绵的内战和尔后的王政复辟使十七世纪成了动荡不安的历史时期。也许当时的社会环境并不十分适宜于随笔的发育与成长，与此后的其他时代相比较，这是英国随笔发展的低谷时期。十七世纪早期的散文家舍弃了简洁朴实的传统，而追求华丽堂皇的风格，其代表人物为托马斯·布朗（Sir Thomas Browne）。他的散文著作《虔诚的医生》(*Relgioi Medici*, 1643)词藻华丽、长句连篇，但和谐沉

稳，颇见气派，对十八世纪散文家约翰逊(Dr Samuel Johnson) 产生过一定影响。另一位散文家罗伯特·伯顿 (Robert Burton) 著有《忧郁剖析》(*The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621)，笔调散漫，富有幽默感。到了十七世纪后期，随笔的风格转向朴素、准确，丽辞长句逐渐消失。这时的威廉·坦普尔 (Sir William Temple) 和亚伯拉罕·考利 (Abraham Cowley) 着意模仿蒙田的风格，用亲切的笔调撰写随笔。坦普尔的代表作为三本《杂谈集》(*Miscellanea*, 1680, 1692, 1701)。考利以其熔培根的道德说教和蒙田的个人情感于一炉的《随笔集》(*Essays*) 而闻名。这一时期还值得一提的是戏剧家屈莱顿 (Dryden) 的文论，其力作《论戏剧诗》(*Essay of Dramatick Poesie*, 1668)文笔刚健，说理清楚，论点精辟，开英国文论风气之先，为此他获得了英国文学批评之父的美称。

十八世纪是英国散文的繁荣时期，作品众多，流派纷呈，题材广泛，并给散文注入了新的内容。这一时期散文大发展的原因是多方面的。首先，资产阶级取得革命胜利后，需要对从旧时代过来的人民进行教育，使之足以胜任历史所赋予的使命，散文的发展成了时代的需要；其次，十八世纪的启蒙主义者崇尚理性，理性成了衡量一切的标准。所以这是一个缺乏激情的时代，不是产生伟大的诗篇而是诱发以说理为主的散文的时代。从读者的角度来看，似乎也更喜欢散文，因为它比诗能更全面地反映时代的风貌；最后，十八世纪出版业高度发展，各类期刊和报纸如雨后春笋般出现，仅伦敦一地的日报和周报就达六十多种之多，它们为散文提供了广阔的发表园地。有人说“十八世纪的报刊造就了十八世纪的散文”(W. E. 威廉斯《英国散文》序)，并非虚言。

十八世纪的散文家似乎都热衷于创办刊物。艾迪生、斯

梯尔、约翰逊、哥尔德斯密斯都作过这方面的努力。其中影响最大的期刊为《闲话报》(*Tatler*, 1709—1711)和《旁观者》(*Spectator*, 1711—1712)，前者由斯梯尔主办，后者由艾迪生与斯梯尔合作出版。这两份期刊都有意以中产阶级为阅读对象，发表关于社会习俗、道德风尚的文章和故事，尤以散文特写为多。《闲话报》由开始时讽刺贵族阶级的闲适无聊到后来以反映小市民日常生活和劝善为其主要内容，《旁观者》则触及社会的方方面面，刻划各类不同的人物，勾勒出了一幅十八世纪社会的风俗画。十八世纪的散文呈现出两种截然不同的风格。一种简洁典雅，以艾迪生为代表，另一种华丽堂皇，以约翰逊为代表。艾迪生的散文洗炼高雅，但又不失之浮华，用字讲究，而又未见造作的痕迹，文章段落切分干脆准确，句与句之间平衡得当，而整篇文章又浑然一体，以构思严密而独具匠心。因此他的散文被目为十八世纪散文的典范。哥尔德斯密斯的风格与他的接近，但并没有象他那样把散文这一体裁运用到炉火纯青的地步。约翰逊则喜用复杂的圆周句和拉丁化的大字 (big words)。他出色的散文显得气度不凡，颇有大手笔的风范；而较差的段落或篇章，则不免暴露臃肿、迂腐、造作的明显缺点。除了这简洁和华丽两大风格之外，还值得一提的是斯威夫特尖锐犀利的讽刺文。他以辛辣的笔触，嬉笑怒骂的口吻无情地揭露了统治阶级的腐败和人民遭受的苦难，常常使当权者哭笑不得。他的风格清晰明彻，他的见解鞭辟入里。他的散文可以欣赏，但难于模仿。

十八世纪散文家的主要贡献体现在两个方面。一是把散文发展成为一种形式上轻松活泼，内容上无所不包，手法上集抒情、议论、叙事于一身，并富有作者个性的文学体裁，使

之深为读者所喜爱。在此之前，培根的散文严肃庄重有余，亲切活泼不足，十七世纪的某些散文则题材过于狭隘，文笔也似嫌呆滞，缺乏吸引读者、打动读者的力量。二是在散文中塑造人物，而且把他们刻划得栩栩如生，如艾迪生笔下怪僻、守旧的乡绅罗杰·地·考夫利（Sir Roger De Coverley）和哥尔德斯密斯的散文集《世界的公民》中贫困而爱慕虚荣的博·提博斯（Beau Tibbs）都是富有个性的人物形象。散文中刻划人物虽然始于十七世纪，但十八世纪的散文家在人物塑造方面显示了娴熟的技巧，为尔后小说的创作提供了重要的启示。

十九世纪是英国散文的鼎盛时期，出现了一大批风格迥异的作家，他们以高超的技巧把十八世纪作家使之已基本定型的散文，进一步发展成为语言优美、结构精巧、别具一格的艺术精品。这一时期的散文大家有兰姆（Charles Lamb）、赫兹利特（William Hazlitt）、德·昆西（De Quincey）、科贝特（William Cobbett）和斯蒂文森（Robert Stevenson）等人。兰姆是十九世纪最杰出的散文家，代表作为《伊利亚随笔》（*Essays of Elia*, 1823）。他的随笔多以日常小事为题材，个人的亲身经历为内容，娓娓道来，语气亲切幽默，笔调细腻委婉，语言流畅自如，忽儿通俗，忽儿古奥，形成了奇谲典雅的风格。他善于把一种生活体验刻划得细致入微，真切动人，让读者分享内中的喜悦和风趣，感受到文章所流露的忧伤与心酸。赫兹利特的散文恢宏博大，犹如滔滔大江，一泻千里，文句有时奔腾急越，有时平稳畅达，议人论事，直言不讳，没有丝毫的躲闪和遮掩，笔触有时甚至于近乎辛辣。尽管他主张平易文体，但自己却常免不了使用丽辞长句，摆弄典故。他还好用比喻，他的比喻不是通过一词一句来表达，

而是勾勒出一种情景，因此即便在论述一个抽象的问题时，他的文章也很形象化。德昆西风格华丽雕琢，幽默风趣；科贝特的文体明白晓畅，充满活力；斯蒂文森虽以撰写小说而驰名世界文坛，但他的散文清新隽永，别具一格。十九世纪的众多散文家犹如璀灿的群星，在英国文学的天穹中放射出耀眼的光芒，使散文这一体裁长久为人所瞩目。

到了二十世纪，一方面随笔的传统仍被一部分作家继承着，出现了诸如卢卡斯（E. V. Lucas）、贝洛克（Hilaire Belloc）、比尔博姆（Max Beerbohm）、切斯特顿（G. K. Chesterton）、林德（Robert Lynd）、伍尔夫（Virginia Woolf）、米尔恩（A. A. Milne）、赫胥黎（Aldous Huxley）、普里斯特莱（J. B. Priestley）等一大批擅长于短小活泼的随笔作家；另一方面早就存在于散文领域的正式评论（formal essay），因为这个充满纷争的时代的需要，而迅速发展起来，见诸于与日俱增的报刊，撰写这些评论的佼佼者有怀特黑德（A. N. Whitehead）、罗素（Bertrund Russel）、毛姆（W. S. Maugham）、尼尔（A. S. Neil）、奥威尔（George Orwell）等。尽管这些评论形式的散文日见其普遍，撰写的人也越来越多，而且也不乏佳作，但是代表英国散文传统的随笔却是无可挽回地衰落了。第二次世界大战以来尤其如此。这种状况的产生是有着深刻的社会原因的。当代英国社会，商品经济高度发展，生活节奏加快，在“时间等于金钱”的信条支配下，人们阅读报刊多半为了获取信息，了解社会状况，而不是去摩挲品评小摆设一般的随笔，那种闲情逸致只属于逝去的时代。随笔一旦失去了读者，报纸和刊物也就剥夺了它昔日的显赫地位。此外，二次大战以后，无线电和电视相继发展起来，大众娱乐方式发生了根本变化。在紧张工作之余，人们很难再有兴致

去阅读需要具有高度文化修养才能欣赏的随笔。电台和电视台播出的幽默小品和盲谈家的表演，既具有随笔的功能，却远比阅读随笔轻松，因而吸引力也就要大得多，随笔的衰落也就势所必然了。

经历了漫长发展历史的随笔，虽然有着众多的形式和不同的风格，每个时代的随笔都留下了它那个时代的烙印，但是它们却有着一些共同的特点。英国随笔的篇幅一般都比较短小，唯其如此，才显得活泼精悍，有较强的可读性；英国随笔多少都带有某种教化的目的，虽然有的明显一些，有的隐蔽一些，有的表现为直接，有的表现为间接，某些时代的随笔家教化意识强些，某些则弱些，有的并不表现在每篇具体的文章中，而是多篇文章所形成的总体之中；英国随笔的文字一般都明白、清晰、简洁，华丽庄重的文体不是英国随笔的主流；英国随笔的语气亲切随和，笔调轻松活泼，幽默风趣；英国随笔总是流荡着作者个人的情感，因此是一种富有作者个性的体裁；最后，它的结构一般都比较精巧，也许由于篇幅短小，写作者有足够的时间来考虑精密的构思，并有能力将其付诸实现的缘故。无论是在发端时期，还是尔后的阶段，随笔都不是英国的专利，但是英国的随笔却是有特色的，就其总体来讲，属于随笔中的上品。

四、学习英国散文的一得之见

学习英国散文的方法仁者见仁，智者见智，笔者所述纯属个人体会，仅供参考而已。

我觉得首先应当注意英国散文的立论方法。随笔作家大都有这样的本事，抓住一件事情，层层敷染，演化开去，讲

得头头是道，在漫不经心中引出一番人生的道理来。要做到这点，作者不仅需要见微知著的慧眼，而且要能够运用发散性思维，让思想的光芒向四处辐射，使文章显得丰富充实。然后，再把这些光束聚集在题旨上，折射出深刻的哲理，给人以启迪。这个选本中的“金色的果子”(Golden Fruit)、“反讽原则”(The Ironic Principle)、“民族偏见”(National Prejudice)都属于这类文章。发散性思维的运用还见诸于正式的评论或近乎正式评论的散文，只不过采用的技巧不同罢了。在这里，作者提出一个论点，然后或旁证博引，或如剥笋壳般层层剖析，或夹叙夹议，或举例说明，将文章加以铺陈，然后再慢慢收拢，自然地得出结论，与文章的开首相呼应。“论平易文体”(On Familiar Style)、“守时之恶习”(The Vice of Punctuality)、“惩罚无济于事”(Punishment Never Cures Anything)等等都是用这种手法写成的。通过联系、比较、分析、举例等，对问题进行论证的方法，与我国“触类旁通”的治学方法是一致的，但要做到这点必须以广博的知识为基础，否则任何联想和比较都是一句空话。

阅读英国散文还应当注意其遣词造句、谋篇布局的技巧。大多数英国散文家都是运用语言的高手。尽管他们的语言风格各异，但文字一般都明白洗炼，表意干脆利落，从不噜苏拖沓。能用简单字处则不用大字眼，能用短句处则不用长句，如需长短句交错，以显示变化，则恰当地运用标点，把长句按语段切开，常常恰到好处，并插入一定的修饰语，使整个句子工整沉稳，文风明晰而典雅。在用词时，还十分注意使用形象的词汇或比喻，来表达抽象的概念，以唤起读者的想象，也使文章生动好读。在篇章结构上，英国的散文也是多姿多彩的。如果用图形来表达的话，有的呈蛛网状，纵横交

义，十分繁复；有的呈辐射状，每根线条虽然互不相交，但都有着同一个出发点；有的则呈直线形，问题——论证——结论，一竿子到底，简明而有力；有的呈圆形，从一点开始，绕了一周，又回到了同一点上，但此时其质不同了，已经升华到了一个新的境界。我们在阅读英国散文时，既要作为有心人，注意字字句句的运用，又要统观全局，留心整篇文章的结构，这样才能学得作文的基本方法。

古人有言"熟读唐诗三百首，不会吟诗也会吟"，说明只有使模仿对象烂熟于心，才能把它学到手。对待英国散文也一样，光靠学会欣赏还是不够的，还必须熟读直至能背诵，这样才能真正领略其神韵，使自己的写作有所进步。书中所选的不少散文，文字流畅优美，很值得反复吟诵。培根的"论读书"(Of Studies)、邱吉尔的演说词、罗素的"我的生活目的"(What I Have Lived for)、毛姆的"明晰、简洁和悦耳"(Lucidity, Simplicity and Euphony)、尼尔的"惩罚无济于事"(Punishment Never Cures Anything)、奥威尔的"政治和英语"(Politics and English Language)、斯托里的"穿越隧道之行"(Journey through a Tunnel)等都是不可多得的佳作，值得熟读。

还应说明的是，这里所选的不过是英国散文这一大花园中的几束鲜花，它们虽然娇艳悦目，却远不能反映全貌，热心的赏花者还应当到大花园中去徜徉，愿这些花束成为你的导引。

本书共收散文三十篇，力求有代表性，但考虑到实用意义，对十九世纪和二十世纪的散文有所侧重。编选过程中，难免有所偏爱。疏漏和谬误之处，敬请专家读者匡正。

黄源深

1989年10月 于华东师范大学

CONTENTS

FRANCIS BACON

作者简介：

弗朗西斯·培根(Francis Bacon, 1561—1626)，英国哲学家、散文家，生于伦敦，受教于剑桥大学三一学院。此后仕途一帆风顺，历任副检察长，检察总长，掌玺大臣，大法官等职，但1621年被指控犯有贿赂罪而削官为民。余生在文学和哲学创作中度过。蒲柏说他是“人中之俊杰，亦是人中之败类”。

培根的作品大致可分三类。一类是哲学作品，其中著名的有《学术的进展》(*Advancement of Learning*, 1605)，《新工具》(*Novum Organum*, 1620)等，主要反映他的宏图大志，想以一种新的哲学体系取代亚里斯多德的哲学体系；另一类是有关他的法律职业的作品；最后一类是文学作品，其中最负盛名的是《随笔集》(*Essays*, 1625)，以及《新大西岛》(*New Atlantics*, 1627)和《亨利七世传》(*History of Henry the Seventh*, 1622)。

培根的主要作品皆以拉丁文写作，因他认为这可保持它的永久性，传诸后世。但事与愿违，真正传诸后世的却是他用漂亮的英文写出的散文名作《随笔集》。文中，作者以洞幽烛微的眼睛和细腻生动的笔触，对世事人情，人间百态无不有精辟独到的见解，字字珠玑的描绘。其中许多句子都有格言的价值。它不仅开英国散文之先河，而且堪称后世散文大家之楷模。

Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring;[1] for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business;[2] for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one;[3] but the general counsels, and the plots[4] and marshalling of affairs[5] come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules,[6] is the humour of a scholar;[7] they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.[8] Crafty men[9] contemn studies, simple[10] men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.[11] Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and

digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously;[12] and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy,[13] and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments[14] and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.[15] Reading maketh a full man; conference[16] a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little,[17] he had need have[18] a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit;[19] and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.[20] Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy,[21] deep; moral,[22] grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores*;[23] nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies:[24] like as[25] diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins,[26] shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like;[27] so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations,[28] if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again;[29] if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen;[30] for they are *Cumini sectores*.[31] If he be not apt to beat over matters,[32] and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers'

cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.[33]

题解：

这是一篇短小精悍、含意隽永的散文，仅数百来字，却把读书的妙用和读书的方法两个问题，说得非常透彻。培根在谈到读书的用处时，既强调了它对人们立身行事、自我修养的帮助，又指出了书本知识的局限，认为学问应当受到经验的规范，体现了一个哲人对读书所持的辩证态度。作者还针对不同书籍，提出了不同的读书方法，"有些书浅尝即可，有些只须囫囵吞枣，少数却要细细咀嚼消化"，这些话形象生动，见解独到，对于今人读书治学仍不失其参考价值。当然全篇主要强调读书的功效，相信头脑中一切病端都有办法救治，而读书便是一帖万应的良药。这种对人的自我完善的渴求及确信必达目的之抱负，反映了文艺复兴时代崇尚理性，相信人的力量和人无限的潜力的"人文主义精神"。

本文的风格也充分体现了作者的自信态度。文句简短有力，如开宗明义的第一句写得干净利落，让人听来仿佛觉得作者是在述说一条千真万确的真理；全篇语气肯定，读来恰似医师开方，说一不二，不允许有半点争辩的余地；用词上除个别处之外，未用 possibly, perhaps, probably, in my opinion等表示谦逊、客气、缓和语气的字眼，似乎落笔之处都是不容置疑的。

培根好用形象的比喻，深入浅出地说明一个道理，因而文中充满了诸如 taste, swallow, chew, digest 等等的比喻，这就使他的散文生动有趣，十分好读。喜用警句是培根散文的又一个特点，他的不少篇章都是用成串的座右铭式的警句写成的，这篇"论读书"除了连结句外，几乎句句都是警句。

JONATHAN SWIFT

作者简介：

乔纳森·斯威夫特 (Jonathan Swift, 1667—1745)，英国讽刺文学作家，生于爱尔兰的都柏林，曾在都柏林的三一学院(Trinity College) 就学，后在牛津大学获硕士学位。他曾任退休官员邓波尔爵士的私人秘书，有机会接触大量文学、政治、哲学等方面的书籍，对其后来的文学生涯产生了影响。1694 年他加入英国国教会，成为教士。此后，他曾投身于辉格与托雷两党政治，但频频失意，便于 1713 年离开政界回都柏林担任神职，同时仍和伦敦的文学家们保持密切联系。在都柏林，他目睹英国统治者剥削与奴役爱尔兰人的暴行，心中激起满腔义愤，写了不少讽刺性政治文学作品，严厉抨击英国政府，并为爱尔兰人民的痛苦而呼喊。其中包括：《木桶的故事》(*Tale of a Tub*, 1704)，《书籍之争》(*Battle between Books*, 1704)，《论废除英国基督教之不便》(*Argument to Prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may be Attended with some Inconveniences*, 1711)，《布商信札》(*The Draper's Letters*, 1724)，《一个小小的建议》，(*A Modest Proposal*, 1729) 等。

他的作品中最脍炙人口的当推《格列佛游记》(*Gulliver's Travels*, 1726)。这部小说含沙射影地抨击了英国政客们的残酷、狡诈和腐败，同时也揭露了人性的丑恶。当然，《格列佛

游记》也以其展示的奇妙世界而成为一部经久不衰的儿童读物。斯威夫特还写过不少诗作，他的情书于1948年结集出版，集名为《致斯黛拉的信》(*Journal to Stella*)。

斯威夫特是英国文学史上的重要人物。他的《格列佛游记》早已被译成多种文字，享誉世界文坛。他的政治性散文针砭时弊，讽刺社会，揭露权贵，毫不留情。其态度之冷峭，文笔之辛辣，在英国文坛无出其右者。因而有人诋毁他为仇恨人类的疯子。其实，从他的真实思想来看，他十分热爱人类，只不过渴求实现一个公正向善、天下大同的理想社会罢了。他绝不是为讽刺而讽刺，却把文学当作实现自己理想的武器。他犀利而平易的文学风格被评论家称作"斯威夫特式"(Swiftian)风格，成为文学批评的术语，从而在世界文坛留下了影响，

A Modest[1] Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from Being a Burden to Their Parents or Country

It is a melancholy object[2] to these who walk through this great town [Dublin], or travel in the country,[3] when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin-doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ[4] all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants, who, as they grow up, either turn[5] thieves for want[6] of work, or leave their dear native country to

fight for the Pretender in Spain,[7] or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.[8]

I think it is agreed by all parties,[9] that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is, in the present deplorable state of the kingdom,[10] a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth,[11] would deserve so well of the public, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.[12]

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars;[13] it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in[14] the whole number of infants at a certain age, who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our charity in the streets.[15]

As to my own part,[16] having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors,[17] I have always found them grossly[18] mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child, just dropped from its dam, may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment;[19] at most, not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps,[20] by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I proposed to provide for

methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country,) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old,[30] except where they are of towardly parts;[31] although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can, however, be properly looked upon only as probationers;[32] as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan,[33] who protested[34] to me, that he never knew above one or two instances[35] under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom[36] so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.[37]

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no saleable[38] commodity: and even when they come to this age they will not yield[39] above three pounds, or three pounds and half-a-crown at most, on the exchange;[40] which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom,[41] the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now, therefore, humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.[42]

I have been assured by a very knowing American[43] of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or

boiled; and I make no doubt[44] that it will equally serve in a fricassee[45] or a ragout.[46]

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed,[47] whereof only one-fourth part to be males, which is more than we allow to sheep, black-cattle,[48] or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage,[49] a circumstance not much regarded by our savages,[50] therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune,[5] through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table.[52] A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter[53] will make a reasonable dish, and, seasoned[54] with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day,[55] especially in winter.

I have reckoned, upon a medium,[56] that a child just born will weigh twelve pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to twenty eight pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.[57]

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician,[58] that fish being a prolific diet,[59] there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent,[60] than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants[61] is at least three to one in this kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the Papists among us.[62]

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers,[63] labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included;[64] and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend, or his own family, to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants;[65] the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require[66]) may flay[67] the carcass; the skin of which, artificially dressed,[68] will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer-boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles [slaughter houses] may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers, we may be assured, will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, then dressing them hot from the knife,[69] as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my scheme.[70] He said, that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison[71] might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age, nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But, with due deference to so excellent a friend, and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments;[72] for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience,[73] that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys, by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge.[74] Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission,[75] be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be

apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly,) as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, has always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.[76]

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa,[77] who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty;[78] and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins[79] of the court, in joints from the gibbet,[80] at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that, if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who, without one single groat[81] to their fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a chair,[82] and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries[83] which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.[84]

Some persons of a desponding spirit[85] are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts, what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not

in the least pain upon that matter,[86] because it is very well known, that they are every day dying, and rotting, by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition[87]: they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment,[88] to a degree, that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.[89]

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return o my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly over-run,[90] being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home[91] on purpose to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender,[92] hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good Protestants,[93] who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an Episcopal curate.[94]

Secondly, the poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress,[95] and help to pay their landlord's rent; their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing un-

known.

Thirdly, whereas the maintenance of a hundred thousand children, from two years old and upwards, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a piece[96] per annum, the nation's stock[97] will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom, who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, the constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, this food would likewise bring great custom[98] to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection,[99] and, consequently, have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating;[100] and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, this would be a great inducement to marriage,[101] which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards, or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life[102] to the poor

babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit or expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow;[103] nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barrelled beef;[104] the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our table,[105] which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling[106] child, which, roasted whole, will make a considerable figure[107] at a lord mayor's feast, or any other public entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of brevity.[108]

Supposing that one thousand families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings,[109] I compute that Dublin would take off[110] annually about twenty thousand carcasses, and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

goodness[119], nor could ever ye be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like[120] expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope, that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But, as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts,[121] and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon[122] this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it has something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power,[123] and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England.[124] For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country, which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.[125]

After all, I am not so violently bent upon[126] my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author, or authors,[127] will be pleased maturely[128] to consider two points. First, as things now stand,[129] how they will be able to find food and raiment for a hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And, secondly, there

being a round[130] million of creatures in human figure[131] throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock[132] would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession, to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and labourers, with the wives and children who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture,[133] and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like, or greater miseries, upon their breed for ever.[134]

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country,[135] by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny;[136] the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past childbearing.[137]

本篇是英国讽刺散文的代表作，几乎每一本英语散文读本以及英国文学读本都必收此文。作者的风格平易典雅，用词巧妙，字里行间显出了作者不逐浮华，而追求真善美的品格。反讽是本文修辞的一大特色，其运用之精妙，效果之成功，都说明了作者深厚的文学和语言功力之所在。

注释：

1. Modest: 这里有“小小的”，“不过分的”等意思，还表现出提建议者的谦恭态度。作者故意使文章的题目与文中的内容形成强烈的反差，以达到讽刺的效果。
2. object: 景象。
3. in the country = in the countryside.
4. employ = spend.
5. turn = turn into.
6. want: 缺乏。
7. the Pretender in Spain: 指英王詹姆士二世之子詹姆士·爱德华·斯图亚特 (James Edward Stuart)。1688 年，任荷兰国王的詹姆士二世之侄威廉 (William) 击败詹姆士二世的军队，成为英王。詹姆士二世流亡国外，其子詹姆士·爱德华·斯图亚特仍力图继承王位，自称詹姆士三世，世人称其为 Pretender (觊觎王位者)。在西班牙和法国的支持下，他企图夺取英国王位未遂。爱尔兰的天主教徒和贫民因反英情绪强烈，而充作雇佣军。Pretender: 僭位者，英国史上特指詹姆士二世的儿子和孙子。
8. the Barbadoes: 巴巴多斯群岛。位于西印度群岛，曾是英国的殖民地。当时许多爱尔兰人为生活所逼，移民到

dam：母兽，作者在文中用 dropped，dam 等词，意在揭示爱尔兰穷人的非人生活境遇。a solar year：365 天又 5 小时 48 分 46 秒。此处献策者故意显示其精确性，以表示他非同一般。

20. value in scraps：残羹冷饭的价值。
21. being a charge upon their parents, or the parish：成为他们家长或教区的负担。charge：靠人抚养或照管。the parish：教区。
22. bastard children：私生子女。
23. sacrificing the poor ... than the shame：我想牺牲这些可怜而又无辜的小生命，与其说是出于羞惭，倒不如说为了节省开支。sacrificing：(此处)杀婴。babes = babies. doubt = fear. more ... than：与其说……毋宁说。
24. which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast：就是最野蛮最无人性的人也会洒下怜悯之泪的。which：指前面的 sacrificing the poor innocent babes 之事。move：激起。breast = heart.
25. souls：人。
26. breeder：育龄期妇女。
27. this being granted：假定这点是正确的话；如同意这一点的话。
28. within the year：一周岁期间。
29. this number：上文中，作者有意把人和数字等同，这里更是直接用 this number 来代替 this number of children，暗指当时爱尔兰人民在英国统治下已失去了做人的价值。
30. they can very seldom ... six years old：满六岁之前，他们也很少能够靠偷窃谋生。反语，作者故意用一种理

所当然的语气写来，更使读者感到不合理社会的荒谬。

31. except where they are of towardly parts: 除非他们具有这方面（偷窃）的天赋。 towardly = promising. parts: ability, endowment, etc.

32. they learn the rudiments ... only as probationers: 他们很早就学会了行窃的基本方法，不过确切地说他们那时只能算是实习生。

33. the county of Cavan: 读作 ['kævən]。卡文郡，位于爱尔兰北部。

34. protested: （古）告诉，使知道。

35. instances: 指偷窃案件。

36. the kingdom: 指爱尔兰。

37. the quickest proficiency in that art: 最精于此道（行窃）。

38. saleable = salable.

39. yield: 原义：产生（经济效益）。这里作者再一次有意把男女儿童写成了无生命的生产资料，其用意自然是显而易见的。

40. on the exchange: 在市场上。exchange = market.

41. which cannot turn ... or kingdom: 对父母与国家都毫无利用价值。turn to account: 利用。

42. which I hope ... the least objection: 我希望它不会招致任何异议。be liable to: 易招致……危险的。

43. a very knowing American: 一位见多识广的美国人。

44. I make no doubt = I have no doubt.

45. fricassee: 读作 [friko'si:]，原汁煨肉块。

46. ragout: 读作['rægu:]，浓味蔬菜燉肉片。

47. twenty thousand may be reserved for breed: 两万名留种。

48. black-cattle: 英格兰和威尔士高地上放养的一种黑牛。

49. seldom the fruits of marriage: 很少为正当婚姻所生(即为私生子)。

50. not much regarded by our savages: 不为我国的乡野百姓所重视。

51. the persons of quality and fortune: 有财有势的人们。quality: 地位，势力。

52. a good table: 一桌佳肴。

53. the fore or hind quarter: 前腿或后腿(多用于动物)。

54. seasoned: 加佐料。

55. will be very good boiled on the fourth day = will be very good if boiled on the fourth day.

56. upon a medium = on an average.

57. have the best title to the children: 最有资格啖食孩子。

58. a grave authur, an eminent French physician: 指弗朗索瓦·拉伯雷 (François Rabelais, 1494?—1553)，法国人文主义讽刺幽默作者，著有政治讽刺小说《巨人传》(*Gargantua*)。拉伯雷的作品充满谐趣，人物间插科打诨很多。斯威夫特把他说成一位严肃作家，是为了把下面那句玩笑话(fish being a prolific diet)当作真理来引用。

59. fish being a prolific diet: 鱼是一种促进生育的食品。由于鱼多卵，因此古代欧洲人认为多吃鱼就能促进人的生殖能力。

60. Lent: 大斋节(指复活节前为期40天的斋戒及忏悔，以

纪念耶稣在荒野禁食，其间教徒戒肉而食鱼）。

61. Popish infants: 天主教徒的婴孩。popish: (蔑)天主教的。

62. and therefore it ... Papists among us: 因此，我的建议还有一项附带的好处，即能够减少国民中天主教徒的人数。爱尔兰人大多不信英国国教而信仰天主教。这也是爱尔兰和英国之间争战的原因之一。

63. cottagers: 爱尔兰佃农。

64. rags included: 包括给孩子穿的破衣烂衫。

65. grow popular among his tenants: 与佃农搞好关系。

66. as I must confess the times require: 我必须承认那是时世要求他们那么做的。the times: 时代。当时爱尔兰社会普遍贫困，所以许多人都不得不精打细算。

67. flay: 剥皮。

68. artificially dressed: 经过人工处理。

69. dressing them hot from the knife: 刚一宰好就加佐料(准备烹制)。dress: 加佐料以备烹制。hot from the knife: 刚刚屠宰好。

70. to offer a refinement upon my scheme: 对我的计策提出改进意见。

71. want of venison: 缺乏肉类食品。

72. I cannot be altogether in his sentiments: 他的想法我难以苟同。

73. my American acquaintance ... from frequent experience: 我那位美国友人常有这方面经历，他曾告诉我说……。这里暗指欧洲殖民者在美洲屠杀当地印第安土著的行径，斥责殖民主义者的行为等于是在吃人。

74. and to fatten them would not answer the charge: 把他们养肥会亏本。answer: (废)偿还。charge: 指少年们吃穿等方面的开销。

75. I think, with humble submission: 窃以为、依鄙人愚见。with humble submission: 谦语，不一定有实义。

76. which, I confess ... well soever intended: 就我而言，任何办法，无论动机多么好，(只要稍有残忍之嫌)，我都会强烈反对。

77. this expedient was ... the island Formosa: 他的这一权宜之计是受了那个大名鼎鼎的台湾岛民萨尔曼纳扎的启示。Psalmanazar: 乔治·萨尔曼纳扎 (George Psalmanazar, 1679—1763)，一个臭名昭著的法国大骗子。他自称台湾岛民，在英国主教、绅士及科学家中招摇撞骗，胡编乱造了一部有关台湾岛的书，内中曾描写人祭以及吃人习俗。island Formosa: 16 世纪葡萄牙殖民者对我国台湾岛的称呼。

78. a prime dainty: 一种珍馐美味。

79. mandarins: 政府官员们。语源汉语的"满大人"。

80. in joints from the gibbet: 从示众架上的尸体上把肉大片割下来出卖)。

81. groat: 一种银币。

82. cannot stir abroad without a chair: 每次出门必坐轿子。stir: 走动。abroad: 室外，户外。chair: 轿子。

83. appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries: 穿着进口的华丽服饰出现在剧院和社交场所。fineries: 华丽的服装。

84. the kingdom would not be the worse: 国家不会因此

变糟。此句与前面 if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town 相接。意即：那些饱食终日，靠民脂民膏过着奢靡生活的贵族子女，如果宰了吃掉倒可能更好，国家也不会因此受到什么损失。

85. Some persons of a desponding spirit: 一些意志消沉的人。

86. I am not in the least pain upon that matter: 我对于那些事丝毫不感到伤脑筋。

87. as hopeful a condition: 处于同样有希望的境地。此处作者故意以统治阶级的口吻说话，认为这些人会自己死去，统治者不必去费心。

88. pine away for want of nourishment: 因为缺乏营养而消瘦衰竭。pine away: 日益憔悴。

89. thus the country ... evils to come: 因此，(如果按照我的建议来办的话）国家以及他们自己也就都可免遭未来的恶运了。to come: 未来的，即将到来的。

90. over-run: 泛滥成灾。

91. stay at home: 留在国内。

92. to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender: 把国家交给觊觎王位者(即 James Stuart, 见注 7)。

93. Protestant: 新教徒，信奉英国国教的教徒。

94. who have chosen ... Episcopal curate: 他们宁肯离开爱尔兰，也不愿留下来违背良知地向圣公会牧师交纳什一税。

95. which by law ... to distress: 根据法律可以扣押财物来抵债。

96. a piece: 此处指每名儿童。

other = no other nation.

114. absentees: 住在爱尔兰境外，但收取爱尔兰地租的人。

115. the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness and gaming:(妇女们)自以为是、摆阔气、游手好闲、赌博所造成的奢华。gaming: 赌博。

116. a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: 节俭、审慎和克制的风气。

117. of learning to ... inhabitants of Topinamboo: 诸如学会爱我们的国家，在这方面我们甚至不如拉普兰人和托品南布的土著居民。Lapland: 指挪威、瑞典、芬兰等国的北部和苏联科拉半岛地区。Laplander: 指该地区的居住者。Topinamboo: 巴西的一处原始森林。意即：即使是拉普兰人，他们也热爱自己居住的寒冷而又贫瘠的土地，即使是托品南布的土著也热爱他们自己居住的丛林，而英国人却不爱爱尔兰。

118. nor acting any ... city was taken: 不要再象那些犹太人那样，当外敌攻陷他们的城市时还在自相残杀。这是指公元70年时，罗马皇帝提特斯(Titus)攻下耶路撒冷时，城内的犹太人派系之间相互残杀，不顾外敌入侵之事的史实。作者借此讽喻英格兰人和爱尔兰人间的争斗。

119. goodness: 货物的质地等。

120. the like: 诸如此类的。

121. vain, idle, visionary thoughts: 徒劳无用，纯属空想的见解。

122. fell upon: 忽然想到。fall upon = fall on.

123. full in our own power: 完全力所能及。

124. and whereby we ... in disobliging England: 而我们也不会有得罪英国的危险。暗指爱尔兰当权者诚惶诚恐,生怕得罪英国官吏的心理。

125. For this kind ... nation without it: 因为这种商品不能出口,原因是肉太嫩,不能在盐里腌得太久(来做咸肉)。然而,也许我能说出一个国家,它将乐于吃掉我们整个民族,连腌也不用腌。a country: 指英国。without it: 不用盐。意即:英国在爱尔兰巧取豪夺、横征暴敛,仿佛直接在爱尔兰当地把人全吃掉,因此也就毋须把肉腌好带回英国去吃了。

126. bent upon: 顽固地执着。

127. the author, or authors: 指上述提出其它建议的明智人士。

128. maturely: 周密地。

129. as things now stand: 根据眼下的情况。

130. round: 整整。

131. creatures in human figure: 人形动物,指徒有人形而过着非人生活的爱尔兰人民。

132. put into a common stock: 加成一笔总数。common: 总体的。

133. overture: 建议。

134. entailing the like ... breed for ever: 使他们的子孙后代永远遭受同样、甚至更糟的悲惨厄运。entail: 使人承担,蒙受。

135. having no other ... of my country: 除了国家公众的利益,我别无他图。

136. by which I ... a single penny: 可以让我卖掉换来一

文钱。

137. past childbearing: 过了育龄期。此处暗指此举对提建议人无利可图，以说明其并非出自个人目的而献计，而同时也因为自家无婴儿可供宰杀，所以大胆出此决策，也说明了献策者的卑劣。

JOSEPH ADDISON

作者简介：

约瑟夫·艾迪生(Joseph Addison,1672—1719)，英国散文家、诗人、剧作家和政治家，生于威尔特郡的密尔斯顿。其父是考文垂的副主教和利奇菲尔德的教长。他十四岁入伦敦查特豪斯公学，在该校与斯梯尔结成莫逆之交，后在牛津大学学习并任教。1699—1704年间，艾迪生遍游欧洲大陆，回伦敦后，与辉格党领袖和文人们往来密切；1706年任副国务大臣，不久又任议会议员；1710 年辉格党政府下台，艾迪生不再担任公职，全力为斯梯尔创办的《闲谈者》撰稿；1719 年卒，葬于威斯敏斯特教堂。

艾迪生的文学生涯始于诗歌，继而弃诗写剧，最后转向散文和戏剧。早在十七岁时，他便用拉丁文写成《献给陛下(威廉三世)的一首诗》(*A Poem to His Majesty* (*William* Ⅲ)，1695)，得到当时颇有影响的辉格党政治家K.萨默斯勋爵的赏识，后来引起哈利法克斯勋爵的注意。他为德莱登所译维吉尔的《农事诗》(*Georgics*, John Dryden 1697 年译) 作的序使他初享名声。由于他的诗歌几乎纯用拉丁文写成，因此流传不广。

除诗歌外，他还写剧本。他先协助斯梯尔完成了剧本《温柔的丈夫》(*The Tender Husband*, 1705)，又根据传奇《美丽的罗莎蒙德》(*Fair Rosamond*)写了一部英文歌剧。他的悲剧《卡托》(*Cato*,1713) 在伦敦公演时，极为成功，后在十八世纪

仍继续上演，历久不衰。1716 年 3 月，他的喜剧《鼓手》(*The Drummer*, 1716)正式上演。

艾迪生文学上的最大成就不在诗，不在剧本，而在散文方面。他与斯梯尔合办《闲谈者》(*The Tattler*, 1709—1711) 杂志，后又主编《旁观者》(*The Spectator*, 1711—1712)，假托"旁观者俱乐部"成员乡绅罗杰·地·考夫利等人的讨论或笔谈，内容五花八门，无所不包，涉及时事、道德风尚、文学评论，乃至时装式样等。这些文章长短不一，皆可独立成篇。他写文章的目的，主要是提倡道德教养，提高读者的文学鉴赏力，具有明显的启蒙教育意义。

艾迪生文笔优雅清丽，出语不俗，虽不象培根那样字字珠玑，但是也篇篇可读，其中不乏精辟之见，隽永之语。他对英国散文的影响在于，使人们的眼睛转向了普通平凡的日常生活，从中发掘出新意和情趣。

Sunday in the Country

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution,[1] it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind.[2] It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time,[3] in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits,[4] to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects,[5] hear their duties explained to

them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.[6] Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village.[7] A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change,[8] the whole parish-politics[9] being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts[10] of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table[11] at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate[12] he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses,[13] he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book:[14] and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master,[15] who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms;[16] upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation,[17] he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer[18] nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he

has been surprised into a short nap[19] at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities[20] break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion,[21] he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion.[22] This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.[23]

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes

to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechizing day,[24] when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon[25] to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place;[26] and that he may[27] encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent,[28] who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.[29]

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good,[30] is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the squire,[31] who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers;[32] while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order,[33] and insinuates to

充分表现自己的好机会。

交代好人物生活的环境后，作者便运用细节描写的方法刻划了这位乡绅的个性。在做礼拜时自己呼呼大睡却不允许旁人打盹；不顾他人已唱完圣歌，独自把歌词拖长半分钟；一时兴起会连叫三四声“阿门”；在仪式中间大声苛斥某位“走神”的教民；甚至会在众人下跪之时，站起来如农场主数牲口般数起参加仪式的佃户来；仪式结束，其余的人分立两旁，向他叩头作揖，先送他离去……通过这一系列细节，一位倚仗权势、粗鲁庸俗的乡绅形象便赫然站立在读者面前了。

如果罗杰爵士只是一味靠权势压人，他未必能使他的教民驯服，这个形象也会流于简单化。但作者笔下的这位乡绅是个“恩威并施”的人物，一方面严厉管束教民；另一方面又以小恩小惠笼络他们。如送给教义回答出色的孩子一部圣经；给其母亲一块腌肉；给教堂执事增加五英镑年薪；出资刷新教堂内壁，改善祈祷条件，等等，俨然是一位关心良民百姓的父母官。从而也显示出了这个人物的丰富性和复杂性。

艾迪生运用散文的形式来写人，而且又刻划得如此之生动，不啻是对散文的一种发展。通过典型环境和细节描写来塑造人物，是后来小说创作所采用的手段。不难看出，这类散文为后来小说样式的出现创造了条件，无疑也是英国小说的先声。

注释：

1．if keeping holy ... a human institution：如果礼拜天用来供奉上帝算是一种民俗……

2．for the polishing and civilizing of mankind：为使人类文明而有教养。

3．a stated time：规定的时间。

4. cleanliest habits: 最整洁的衣服。cleanly: ['klenli] 整洁的、清洁的。habits: (古) clothes.
5. indifferent subjects: 无关紧要的话题。
6. the Supreme Being: 上帝。
7. as it puts ... eye of the village: 无论男女，都穿戴整齐，彬彬有礼，使出浑身解数，为的是在村民眼中出一出风头。
8. the 'Change: 交易所。
9. parish-politics: 教区事务。
10. texts: 《圣经》的铭文。
11. railed in the communion-table: 在祭坛周围装上一道栏杆，把圣桌围了起来。
12. at his coming to his estate: 初次掌管他的产业时。
13. the responses: (礼拜仪式中会众同牧师)轮流应答(或吟唱)的祈祷文。
14. a common-prayer book: 英国国教的祈祷书。
15. an itinerant singing-master: 一个巡回音乐教师。
16. the Psalms [sa:m]: (大写)《旧约》中的赞美诗。
17. congregation: 全体教徒。
18. suffer: (古) allow。
19. if by chance ... a short nap: 如果他偶尔身不由己打了一会儿瞌睡…… to be surprised: 古义为 to be overcome。
20. particularities: 怪癖。
21. the matter of his devotion: 他祈祷的内容。
22. kicking his heels for his diversion: 正踢着脚后跟消遣呢。

23. This authority ... good qualities: 虽然无论在何种场合，爵士都是以这种古怪的方式行使权力，但对全教区效果颇佳，会众并不十分讲究礼仪，所以对其行为并无滑稽可笑之感。加之他本人知书达礼，颇有声望，朋友们都认为，这些微不足道的生活细节不仅未使他因之减色，反而大增其辉。

24. a catechizing day: 进行教义问答的日子。catechize ['kætikaiz].

25. a flitch of bacon: 一块咸猪肉。

26. clerk's place: 教会执事的职位。

27. that he may ... = so that he may ...

28. the present incumbent: 现任教区牧师。

29. bestow it according to merit: 根据功绩，授予职位。

30. their mutual ... doing good: 他们通力合作，乐善好施。

31. the squire: 乡绅。

32. tithe-stealer: 不向教会纳税的人。tithe [taið]: (向教会交纳的)农产品什一税。

33. in the dignity of his order: 以神职的尊严。

34. patron: 赞助人，指乡绅。

35. are come = have come.

36. to be bazzled with riches: 被财富弄得眼花缭乱。

37. a man of an estate: 有地产的人。

38. regard: 尊重。

39. five hundred a year: five hundred pounds a year (在当时这笔钱十分可观)。

SAMUEL JOHNSON

作者简介：

塞缪尔·约翰逊博士(Dr Samuel Johnson,1709—1784)，英国散文家、评论家、传记作家和辞书编纂家。他早年因家境困顿，不得不从牛津大学辍学，早早地与一位比他年长二十多岁的富孀成婚。从 1747 年起，他精心编纂《英语词典》(*A Dictionary of the English Language*)，历时七年之久。在编写过程中，为了筹措资金，他开始了卖文生涯，创作了悲剧《爱莉耐》(*Irene*, 1749)，诗歌《人类愿望之徒劳》(*The Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749)，《加里克先生所作的开场白》(*Prologue Spoken by Mr Garrick*, 1747)，期刊小品文集《漫谈者》(*The Rambler*, 1750—1752)和《懒散者》(*The Idler*, 1758—1760)。1755年，他的《英语词典》终于问世，从此名声鹊起，直至成为十八世纪英国文坛至关重要的人物。

约翰逊还著有寓言小说《拉塞拉斯》(*Rasselas*, 1759)。他同时又是一位出色的传记作家，在早年就写过《理查德·萨维奇传》(*Life of Richard Savage*, 1744)，但一生中所撰最重要的一部传记是著名的《诗人传》(*Lives of the Poets*, 1779—1781)。这部著作评介了 52 位诗人，巧妙地熔文学批评和传记文学于一炉。

塞缪尔·约翰逊有着自己独特的散文风格。他的文句华丽，节奏感强，讲究排比与对仗，还喜用拉丁词源的词汇。他的

散文典雅工整，气势磅礴，但有时不免藻饰过分。

约翰逊道德意识十分强烈，对人生有独到的见解。他的作品常反映出一种幻灭感，认为人类的一切愿望都是空虚的、不可实现的幻想。但是，又深信道德是指引人生的明灯与航标，因而并未放弃驶向目的地的努力。

Rambler[1] 4—On Fiction

No.4: Saturday, March 31, 1750

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae. *Horace*[2]

And join both profit and delight in one. *–Creech.*[3]

The works of fiction, with which the present generation seems more particularly delighted, are such as exhibit life in its true state, diversified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by passions and qualities which are really to be found in conversing with mankind.[4]

This kind of writing may be termed, not improperly, the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comic poetry.[5] Its province is to bring about natural events by easy means, and to keep up curiosity without the help of wonder[6]: it is therefore precluded from the machines[7] and expedients[8] of the heroic romance,[9] and can neither employ giants to snatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder its personages in deserts, nor lodge them in imaginary castles.

I remember a remark made by Scaliger[10] upon Pontanus,[11] that all his writings are filled with the same images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roses, his satyrs and his dryads,[12] he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner,[13] almost all the fictions of the last age will vanish, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a shipwreck.

Why this wild strain of imagination[14] found reception so long in polite[15] and learned ages, it is not easy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained some fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his closet, let loose his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities;[16] a book was thus produced without fear of criticism, without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The task of our present writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence,[17] but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expresses it, "*plus oneris quantum veniae minus*,"[18] little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactness of resemblance. Other writings are safe,

except from the malice of learning, but these are in danger from every common reader;[19] as the slipper ill executed was censured by a shoemaker who happened to stop in his way at the Venus of Apelles.[20]

But the fear of not being approved as just copiers of human manners,[21] is not the most important concern that an author of this sort ought to have before him. These books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they serve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurnished with ideas[22], and therefore easily susceptible of impressions;[23] not fixed by principles, and therefore easily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and consequently open to[24] every false suggestion and partial account.[25]

That the highest degree of reverence should be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent should be suffered[26] to approach their eyes or ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue from an ancient writer,[27] by no means eminent for chastity of thought.[28] The same kind, though not the same degree, of caution, is required in everything which is laid before them,[29] to secure them from unjust prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every transaction and sentiment was so remote from all that passes among men,[30] that the reader was in very little danger of making

any applications to himself; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his sphere of activity; and he amused himself with heroes and with traitors, deliverers[31] and persecutors, as with beings of another species, whose actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellencies in common with himself.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the rest of the world, and acts in such scenes of the universal drama, as may be the lot of any other man,[32] young spectators fix their eyes upon him with closer attention, and hope, by observing his behaviour and success, to regulate their own practices, when they shall be engaged in the like part.[33]

For this reason these familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions.[34] But if the power of example is so great as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken,[35] that, when the choice is unrestrained,[36] the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not be mischievous or uncertain in its effects.[37]

The chief advantage which these fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to select objects, and to cull from the mass

the object; for, otherwise, though it should be allowed that gratitude and resentment arise from the same constitution of the passions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reason is consulted;[60] yet, unless that consequence be admitted, this sagacious maxim[61] becomes an empty sound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident that even the first motions to these effects are always in the same proportion.[62] For pride, which produces quickness of resentment, will obstruct gratitude, by unwillingness to admit that inferiority which obligation implies;[63] and it is very unlikely that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.[64]

It is of the utmost importance to mankind that positions of this tendency should be laid open and confuted;[65] for while men consider good and evil as springing from the same root, they will spare the one for the sake of the other,[66] and in judging, if not of others at least of themselves, will be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices.[67] To this fatal error all those will contribute who confound the colours of right and wrong,[68] and, instead of helping to settle their boundaries, mix them with so much art, that no common mind[69] is able to disunite them.

In narratives where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor

above probability[70]---for what we cannot credit, we shall never imitate---but the highest and purest that humanity can reach, which, exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform.[71] Vice, for vice is necessary to be shown, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety, nor the dignity of courage, be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind.[72] Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems: for while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred.[73] The Roman tyrant[74] was content to be hated, if he was but feared;[75] and there are thousands of the readers of omances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits.[76] It is therefore to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.

题解：

从塞缪尔·约翰逊的这篇散文中，我们可以清楚地看到他的文学思想和文学风格。

从文学思想来看，约翰逊是一个主张文学具有教化作用

1426—1503)，意大利诗人。斯卡利杰曾批评过旁塔纳斯的拉丁诗立意陈旧、毫无新意。

12. his satyrs and his dryads: 他（诗中）的塞提亚神和德律阿得斯神。satyr: 希腊神话中长有马耳马尾或山羊角山羊尾的半人半兽的森林之神，好酒好淫。dryad: 希腊神话中的森林女神。这些神（以及前面提到的百合花与玫瑰花）都是旁塔纳斯时代人们喜欢入诗的内容。
13. in like manner: 同样。
14. this wild strain of imagination: 这股凭空臆造的狂热潮流。strain: 趋势，势头。
15. polite: 文明的，有教养的。
16. heat his mind with incredibilities: 意为：头脑发热地编出些令人难以置信的故事。
17. solitary diligence: 一个人埋首钻研。
18. plus oneris quantum veniae minus: 拉丁语，其后的 little indulgence and therefore more difficulty 为其英译，意为"享受少而困难多"。语出贺拉斯《书信集》中的第二封信。
19. Other writings are ... every common reader: 其它作品十分安全，只是会受到学者尖锐的批评。而这类作品则不然，即使一个普通的读者也会对它构成威胁。意即：如果不描摹现实而随心臆造，那么也就不存在现实与作品情节间不相符的问题了。反之则不然，普通读者因为熟悉生活，便会对作品提出质疑。malice of learning: 学者对这些作品的尖锐批评。
20. as the slipper ... the Venus of Apelles: 例如某个鞋匠就因为正好在阿佩利斯的维纳斯画像前驻足，而指出

了那只画错了的拖鞋。Apelles：阿佩利斯，系公元前4世纪希腊科斯的画家。据记载，一位鞋匠指出了阿佩利斯所作维纳斯画像中一只拖鞋的谬误之处。阿佩利斯即按其意见对画作了修正。(载于小普利尼的《自然历史》(*Naturalis Historia*)) execute：绘制。ill executed: executed mistakenly. Venus：维纳斯。即罗马神话中的阿佛洛狄特 (Aphrodite)，爱与美的女神。此处指维纳斯的画像，故前面加上了定冠词 the。

21. just copiers of human manners：人类行为的忠实描摹者。just：忠实于原型的。
22. minds unfurnished with ideas：头脑中缺乏思想的人。此处作者把头脑喻为居室，将思想比作室内的陈设。
23. easily susceptible of impressions：易受到影响。
24. open to：容易受……，经不起(诱惑)。
25. partial account：失之偏颇的传闻。
26. suffered：此处等于 allowed，permitted。
27. are precepts extorted ... an ancient writer：是人们按照情理与道德从一位古代作家的作品中推断出来的信条。extorted：原义为"曲解，歪曲"，这里意为"从……中推断"。an ancient writer：指尤维纳利斯 (Juvenal, 60?—140?)，古罗马讽刺诗人，有讽刺诗16首传世。这里所说推断出的信条，是他第14首讽刺诗前58行中的内容。
28. by no means eminent for chastity of thought：决非因其思想纯洁正统而著称。尤维纳利斯的诗作讽喻权贵，抨击宗教当局，故而说他的思想亦不正统。
29. The same kind ... is laid before them：置于他们面前

的一切都必须同样小心从事，尽管其程度不必强求一律。这里the same kind of caution 是指年轻人接触到的每一件事物都必须审慎地选择。

30. every transaction and sentiment ... that passes among men：（书中的）各种人物交往和思想感情都与（现实中）人与人之间的情形相差甚远。all that: that 指 every transaction and sentiment。这里 transaction 和 sentiment 被视为一体，故后接第三人称单数动词 was，后用单数指示代词 that 代替。

31. deliverers：救星。此处 deliver 意为"拯救，解救"。

32. But when an adventurer ... any other man：然而当（书中的）冒险者与其余的世人平等，演出遭际与常人无异、带有普遍意义的戏剧的时候。be levelled with：与……平等，和……一样。universal：具有普遍性的，与常情相符的。

33. when they shall ... the like part：在他们将来也处于同样情况下的时候。the like part：在现实生活中扮演与上文中提到的书中人物同样的角色。

34. For this reason ... axioms and definitions：因为这个原因，这些通俗故事也许应该使它比严肃的道德说教对读者更有用，比格言与规戒更有效地让人明白善恶。familiar histories：通俗故事。history：故事，传说。definitions：规范，戒条。

35. But if the power ... ought to be taken：但是，倘使书中榜样人物的力量如此之大，致使读者的头脑不由自主地摄下了他的形象，结果产生了几乎连意志都难以干预的效果，那么就得小心从事了。

36. when the choice is unrestrained: 当可供选择的榜样很多的时候。unrestrained: 不受限制的，范围极广的。

37. and that which ... in its effects: 那种可能会强烈地打动读者的榜样在效果上不应该是有害，或者不明确的。

38. The chief advantage ... to be employed: 与真实生活相比，这些小说的主要优点是，它们的作者虽然不能凭空臆造，却能自由地选择(写作的)对象，在芸芸众生之中选出最应当注意的那些人。have an advantage over: 比……好/有利。at liberty: 自由地。

39. greater care is ... deformed by wickedness: 在表现生活的时候，就需要更加小心，因为情感常会改变生活的真相，邪恶的心理也会歪曲生活的本来面目。

40. promiscuously: (此处)不加区别地，混同地。

41. or why it may not ... without discrimination: 意即：象这样把人类生活照搬进小说里去反映，岂不象一面不加鉴别地映出一切影象的镜子一样? a mirror which... without discrimination: 一面不加筛选地映出一切影象的镜子。

42. It is therefore ... as it appears: 因此，按照生活的原样来描写一个人物并不完全都是正确的。it is drawn as it appears: 依照一个人物在生活中的原样来描写他。

43. nor of a narrative: 即 nor a sufficient vindication of a narrative。

44. that the train ... observation and experience: 小说中的一系列事件与人们在生活中观察到、体验到的一致。train: 一连串，一系列。这一从句与前面 that it is drawn as it appears 相并列。

45. The purpose of ... with less hazard: 这些作品的目的不光是为了表现人类，而且是为了保证使读者在将来少冒风险。show:(文学作品中的)表现，描写。provide:保证。

46. TREACHERY for INNOCENCE:在作者生活的时代，人们把各种品德(包括善与恶)看作是某种超自然的神灵的化身，因此文学作品中常把这类品性拟人化，以大写表示。

47. without infusing any ... flatters his vanity: 而同时不会使读者向往背叛者在虚荣心得到满足时那种志得意满的心情。wish for: 向往。betrayer: 指前面提及的作品中"欺诈"为"纯真"设下的圈套中充当背叛者的人物。flatter: 满足(虚荣心、欲望)。

48. to initiate youth ... without impairing virtue: 用虚构的遇敌情形来教导年轻人必要的防身之术，使他们更加小心谨慎，同时又不损害其美德。initiate: 教会……基本的技巧。encounters: 指小说中虚构的遭遇战。

49. following nature: 忠实于自然的天性。

50. they: 指 good and bad qualities。

51. interest ourselves in their favour: 我们自己对他们产生了好感。

52. they: 指 their faults。下面的 they 亦然。

53. for being united with so much merit: 因为这些缺点与这么多的优点结合在一起。

54. splendidly wicked: 坏得令人叫绝。

55. whom scarce any villainy made perfectly detestable:不管他们干了什么坏事，也不能使我们完全痛恨他们。

scarce: (古)=scarcely。

56. such: 即 such men。

57. and their resemblance… murdering without pain: 而其邪恶的品性就和无痛谋杀术一样，不应该流传下去。resemblance: 特性。

58. Some have advanced … deviate from probability: 有些人提出，(人心之中)善恶相生。因此，如将两者割裂开来在作品中加以表现，就会使人感到不可信。他们对这种观点所能造成的后果并未给予应有的注意。advance: 提出(建议、观点等)。correspondent=corresponding:相应的。exhibit either apart: 把 virtues 和 faults 分开向读者展示。

59. Swift:乔纳森·斯威夫特(Jonathan Swift,1667—1745)，英国讽刺作家。

60. though it should … reason is consulted: 尽管我们必须同意感激与怨恨之情都源于激情的同一体，然而，并不是说诉诸理性之后，这两种情绪仍将同样地得到放纵。be allowed:同意，承认。the same constitution of the passions: 当时欧洲人认为人心由 passion (激情) 和 reason (理性)两者构成，激情使人盲目冲动地行事，而理性则控制和引导人的行动。it follows not: 意为：文中的理由并不会导致下文的结果。这里 follow 的意思是"导致……结果"。they: 指 gratitude and resentment。

61. this sagacious maxim: 即斯威夫特那句"人有感激之情与怨怼之心，其程度相同"的话。

62. Nor is it … the same proportion: 这些结果所产生的初步心理反响是否一致并不十分明显。意即：上述的那

些结果会在读者心理上产生一定的反应，然而这些反应在程度上并不一样。motion：心理情感，心理冲动。in the same proportion：（各种结果的）大小相当。

63. unwillingness to admit that inferiority which obligation implies：不愿承认由于受人恩惠而产生的自卑感。意即：如果一个人受人恩惠，就必须承认自不如人。而不承认这一点，也就无从谈什么感激之情了。that inferiority which obligation implies：受恩而产生的那种自不如人感。

64. it is very unlikely ... or repay it：那种否认自己受恩的人绝不可能承认别人所给予的恩惠，也绝不可能再去报恩。

65. positions of this tendency should be laid open and confuted：表达这种倾向的观点应当公诸于世，任人质疑。position：见解，观点。be laid open＝be exposed.

66. spare the one for the sake of the other：因为一个方面而宽恕其另一个方面。意义上接近于中国谚语"一俊遮百丑"，此处意为：由于一个人的善而无视其恶。

67. be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices：容易根据他们的恶来估价他们的德。

68. To this fatal error ... right and wrong：现代英语的正常语序应是：all those who confound the colours of right and wrong will contribute to this fatal error。

69. common mind：普通人的头脑。

70. of virtue not angelical, nor above probability：不是那种天使般的、不可企及的德行。

71. but the highest and purest ... what we can perform：

(虽然不是那种天使般的、不可企及的德行，)但应当是人所能达到的最崇高、最纯洁的境界。要达到这个境界，就必须经受一连串的各种考验，去克服一些灾难，承受一些灾难，只有这样，那种(小说中所描绘的)崇高纯洁的境界才能教导我们该企望些什么，又能够做到些什么。revolutions of things: 错综复杂的一系列事件。

72. to reconcile it to the mind: 使人在心里向恶行妥协。意即：不再痛恨恶行。

73. for while it ... seldom heartily abhorred: 因为只要一个人的才智或灵魂还在助长恶行，他就不会真心痛恨它。while: 只要。support: 鼓励。parts: 才华(只有复数形式才有此义)。

74. The Roman tyrant: 指提贝利斯大帝(Emperor Tiberius, 公元前42—公元后37, 14—37年在位)，他认为只要能使百姓畏惧，一个君主宁可被臣民痛恨。

75. if he was but feared＝if only he was feared: 只要人们能畏惧他。

76. and there are ... to be wits: 而且有许多浪漫小说的读者，为了被人视为智者就甘愿充当人们心目中的恶人。be allowed to be wits: 被人们认为是智者。

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

作者简介：

奥利佛·哥尔德史密斯(Oliver Goldsmith, 1730—1774)，英国诗人、小说家、剧作家、散文家、传记作家、历史学家，生于爱尔兰中部帕拉斯的牧师家庭，先在都柏林大学三一学院学习文学，后又到苏格兰爱丁堡大学和荷兰莱顿大学学医。1755—1756年间，他携一杆长笛，只身徒步旅行，遍游巴黎、德国、瑞士和意大利等地。回伦敦时囊空如洗，身无分文，靠为报纸撰稿为生。在短短十五年内，他一跃成为著名的散文家、小说家、诗人、剧作家，同时还结识了很多文学家，并成了约翰森博士文学俱乐部中的常客。

哥尔德史密斯的作品计有两本诗集《荒村》(*The Deserted Village*, 1770)和《旅行者》(*The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society*, 1764)，一部长篇小说《威克菲尔德牧师传》(*The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale*, 1766)，两个剧本《委曲求全》(*She Stoops to Conquer: or, The Mistakes of a Night*, 1773)和《好脾气的人》(*The Good Natur'd Man*, 1768)，一本传记《理查德·纳什的生平》，(*The Life of Richard Nash, of Bath, Esq.*, 1762)，四卷英国史，两卷希腊史，两卷罗马史。这些史书都曾用作英、美学校的标准教科书，时间长达一百年之久。此外还有一本散文集《世界公民》(*The Citizen of the World*, 1762)，该书假托一旅居伦敦的华人之

笔，以通信的方式，反映了十八世纪英国社会的风气和时尚。

哥尔德史密斯一生的信条是："观察研究人性。"他乐天知命，醉心于人生，为人处世皆以友情为重，乐善好施，得乐且乐。他靠写作获得的巨资，不是豪饮纵赌挥霍殆尽，便是慷慨解囊，悉数借与朋友。他的作品也反映出他对人的特别兴趣，以及他在描写刻划人物性格方面的功力。对书中人物，他时而奚落嘲笑，时而为之动情，但他始终不忘一个目的：写书是为了使人们更加热爱生活。

他的诗歌对仗工整，音节响亮，散文则诙谐幽默，委婉动人。

National Prejudices

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals,[1] who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns,[2] coffee-houses, and other places of public resort,[3] I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn,[4] is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities[5] of art or nature. In one of these, my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me,[6] which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics,[7] we took

occasion to[8] talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches;[9] the French a set of flattering sycophants;[10] that the Germans were drunken sots,[11] and beastly gluttons;[12] and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency,[13] and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the rest of the world.

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company — all, I mean, but your humble servant;[14] who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping by these means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself ...

But my pseudo-patriot[15] had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company;[16] for which purpose addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my

opinion,[17] especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments.[18] I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain,[19] unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy: that, perhaps, a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate,[20] than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to regard me with a jealous[21] eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done, than the patriotic gentleman observed,[22] with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love and to enjoy the protection of a government, to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies.[23] Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question,[24] and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men

who were so very full of themselves,[25] I threw down my reckoning[26] and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.[27]

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of[28] a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher, who, being asked what 'countryman he was', replied, that he was, 'a citizen of the world'. — How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession![29] — We are now become[30] so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people,[31] perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice,[32] which however, in my opinion, ought to

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons?[43] Most certainly it is; and if it were not — But why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible? -- But if it were not, I must own, I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, viz,[44] a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever.

题解：

民族偏见有很大危害性，轻则导致民族歧视，造成民族之间的对立，重则被人利用，作为发动战争消灭别民族的借口。第二次世界大战中的希特勒就是以"日尔曼民族优越论"作为幌子，把世界人民投入战争血海的。

此文发表之际，正是英国资本主义处于蓬勃上升时期、很多英国人都陶醉在本民族的优越性中之时，作者却清醒地看到了别民族的长处和本民族的缺点。"众人皆醉我独醒"，是只有修养很深的人才能做到的。作者认为民族偏见和爱国主义是风马牛不相及的，绝不能以提倡爱国主义为由，宣扬民族偏见，并严厉地批判了那些庸俗不堪的假爱国者。作者在文末坦率地指出，他喜欢"世界公民"的称号，显出作者有着宽广的胸怀。作为一个资产阶级文人，这实在是难能可贵的。

作者以幽默的口吻开头，不慌不忙，娓娓道来，颇显气度，与后文中某些同胞急迫、偏执，甚至狂热的态度形成

个鲜明的对照。文中"我"的坦荡胸怀与客观的立场无疑有助于赢得读者对其观点的赞同。文章条理清楚，结构严谨。开头的五段提出了民族偏见的问题；第六段针锋相对地亮出了作者自己的观点，赞成"世界公民"的提法；第七、八段分析了形成民族偏见的原因，并明确区分民族偏见与爱国主义；结尾的一段再次强调了"世界公民"之说，这既是治疗民族偏见的良药，又为文章作了有力的总结。

作者喜用长句，使文章显得严肃稳重，由于巧用逗号，所以句子虽长，却并未失之臃肿。作者在说理时，还用了很多生动的比喻，使文章大为增色。

注释：

1. sauntering tribe of mortals: 喜欢逍遥自在的那种人。
2. tavern: 酒店。
3. places of public resort: 游人纷至的公共场所。
4. a person of a contemplative turn: 一个好沉思默想的人。
5. curiosities: 珍品。
6. the decision of which, as ... proper to refer to me: 由于他们意见各不相同，互有分歧，因此认为最好由我来作决断。sentiments: 意见，观点。
7. a multiplicity of other topics: 一大堆话题。
8. took occasion to (do sth): 利用机会(作某事)。
9. a parcel of avaricious wretches: 一群爱财如命的可怜虫。
10. a set of flattering sycophants: 一帮阿谀逢迎、溜须拍马的家伙。

11. drunken sots: 烂醉如泥的酒鬼。
12. beastly gluttons: 狼吞虎咽的老饕。
13. clemency: 仁慈，宽厚。
14. your humble servant: [谑] 戏指作者本人。
15. pseudo-patriot: 假爱国主义者。
16. he was determined ... in the company: 他打定主意，非让在座各位表示同意不可。suffrage: 原意为"投票(赞成)"。
17. I am never forward ... opinion: 我从不急于发表意见。
18. I always ... sentiments: 我的座右铭一向是，不言则已，言必求真。
19. in such a peremptory strain: 以这样一种专断的口吻。
20. staid and sedate: 沉着冷静。
21. jealous: 猜疑的，戒备的。
22. observe: 说。
23. inveterate enemies: 不共戴天的仇人，死敌。
24. to call ... question: 对我的政治原则表示疑问。
25. men who were so very full of themselves: 自以为是的人。
26. reckoning: 帐单。
27. national prejudice and prepossession: 民族的偏见和偏爱。
28. if he be a person of ...: if he should be a person of, 如果他是一个……的人的话。
29. profession: 表白。
30. We are now become ... = We have now become...

31. Did these prejudices prevail ... of the people= if these prejudices ...: 假如这些偏见仅仅是在下层人民中流传。

32. who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice: (他们)完全够得上这个称呼(指绅士)，但却免不了带有偏见。

33. let a man's birth be ever so high: 即便一个人的出身如此高贵。let...be 相当于 even if...

34. station: 地位。

35. make bold: 冒昧。

36. had no just claim to: 对……无正当权利。

37. those are most...depend on: 本身无甚长处或毫无长处可言的人，经常最喜欢吹嘘国家的长处。

38. than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: 肯定没有比这更自然的了。

39. the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter: 要否定前者不可能不损害后者。former 指 national prejudice。latter 指 love。

40. I will allow: 我尚可苟同。

41. the bastard sprouts: 杂枝。

42. the parent stock: 主干。

43. poltroons: 懦夫。

44. viz: (拉丁语)即。

A Shooter

Thursday,

Wednesday, 26 Oct. 1825.

I was once acquainted with a *famous shooter* whose name was William Ewing. He was a barrister of Philadelphia,[1] but became far more renowned by his gun than by his law cases.[2] We spent scores of days together a-shooting,[3] and were extremely well matched, I having excellent dogs and caring little about my reputation as a shot,[4] his dogs being good for nothing, and he caring more about his reputation as a shot than as a lawyer. The fact which I am going to relate respecting this gentleman, ought to be a warning to young men, how they become enamoured of this species of vanity.[5] We had gone about ten miles from our home, to shoot where partridges were said to be very plentiful. We found them so. In the course of a November day, he had, just before dark, shot, and sent to the farm-house, or kept in his bag, *ninety-nine* partridges. He made some few *double shots*, and he might have a *miss* or two, for he sometimes shot when out of my sight, on account of the woods.[6] However, he said that he killed at every shot; and, as he had counted the birds, when we went to dinner at the farm-house and when he cleaned his gun, he, just before sun-set, knew that he had killed *ninety-nine* partridges, every one upon the wing,[7]

and a great part of them in woods very thickly set with largish trees.[8] It was a grand achievement; but, unfortunately, he wanted to make it a *hundred*. The sun was *setting*, and, in that country, darkness comes almost at once; it is more like the going out of a candle than that of a fire;[9] and I wanted to be off, as we had a very bad road to go, and as he, being under strict petticoat government,[10] to which he most loyally and dutifully submitted, was compelled to get home that night, taking me with him, the vehicle (horse and gig) being mine. I, therefore, pressed him to come away, and moved on myself towards the house (that of old John Brown, in Bucks county, grandfather of that General Brown, who gave some of our whiskered heroes such a rough handling last war, which was waged for the purpose of "Deposing James Madison"),[11] at which house I would have stayed all night, but from which I was compelled to go by that watchful government,[12] under which he had the good fortune to live. Therefore I was in haste to be off. No: he would kill the *hundredth* bird! In vain did I talk of the bad road and its many dangers for want of moon. The poor partridges, which we had scattered about, were *calling* all around us; and just at this moment, up got one under his feet, in a field in which the wheat was three or four inches high. He shot and *missed*. "That's it," said he, running as if to *pick up* the bird. "What!" said I, "you don't think you *killed*, do you? Why there is

the bird now, not only alive, but *calling*, in that wood"; which was at about a hundred yards distance. He, in that *form of words* usually employed in such cases,[13] asserted that he shot the bird and saw it fall; and I, in much about the same form of words, asserted, that he had *missed*, and that I, with my own eyes, saw the bird fly into the wood. This was too much! To *miss* once out of a hundred times! To lose such a chance of immortality![14] He was a good-humoured[15] man; I liked him very much; and I could not help feeling for him,[16] when he said, "Well, Sir, I killed the bird; and if you choose to go away and take your dog away, so as to prevent me from *finding* it, you must do it; the dog is *yours*, to be sure." "The *dog*," said I, in a very mild tone, "why, Ewing, here is the spot; and could we not see it, upon this smooth green surface, if it were there?" However, he began to *look about*; and I called the dog, and affected to *join him in the search*. Pity for his weakness got the better of my dread of the bad road.[17] After walking backward and forward many times upon about twenty yards square with our eyes to the ground, looking for what both of us knew was not there, I had *passed him* (he going one way and I the other), and I happened to be turning round just after I had passed him, when I saw him, putting his hand behind him, *take a partridge out of his bag and let it fall upon the ground*! I felt no temptation to detect him, but turned away my head and kept

looking about. Presently he, having returned to the spot where the bird was, called out to me, in a most triumphant tone: "*Here*! *here*! Come here!" I went up to him, and he, pointing with his finger down to the bird, and looking hard in my face at the same time, said, "There, Cobbett; I hope that will be a *warning* to you never to be obstinate again!" "Well," said I, "come along": and away we went as merry as larks. When we got to Brown's, he told them the story, triumphed over me most clamorously; and, though he often repeated the story to my face, I never had the heart to let him know, that I knew of the imposition which puerile vanity had induced so sensible and honourable a man to be mean enough to practise.[13]

题解：

"射手"写的并不是英国的情况，而是作者触景生情，想起自己在旅美期间所遇到的一件小事。本文所费笔墨不多，却淋漓尽致地活画出了一个律师射手的虚荣心。作者巧妙地抓住了这位射手千方百计要猎获第一百只鹧鸪这一细节，层层铺染，勾勒出了他性格上的致命弱点。文章一开头就交代，他重射手的美名胜过于律师的声誉，点明了他打下了九十九只鹧鸪后非要打中第一百只不可的原因。基于这种虚荣心，他先是置天黑路险于不顾，接着又在射击失手后，装模作样地在一片空旷地上搜寻实际并不存在的猎物，一时难以自圆其说，所以从猎物袋里取出一只鹧鸪，丢在地上，谎称自己已找到了第一百只被击中的鹧鸪，并反过来指责朋

友“固执”；随后虚荣心又使他滑得更远，大言不惭地当着朋友的面，吹嘘自己“非凡的成就”。文章的层次非常清楚，作者一步一步地向我们展示可恶的虚荣心可以诱使人干出怎样卑俗的事情来。文章十分引人入胜，射手是否击中第一百只这一悬念，紧紧地抓住了读者，使他欲罢不能。而随着故事的发展，读者的兴趣渐渐地从第一百只鹧鸪的命运，转向在虚荣心驱使下射手所会采取的下一步行动，对他的认识也随之从表层渗透到了灵魂。

文章通篇皆为描绘，虽然议论不多，但涉笔之处却鞭辟入里，如“它应当成为对年轻人的忠告，告诫他切勿染上这类虚荣恶习”，“我完全知道一个知书达理、品格高尚的人怎样在幼稚的虚荣心的引诱下，竟卑鄙地干出骗人的勾当来”等都起了画龙点睛的作用。

本篇写得浅显、明白、生动，语调略带嘲讽，体现了科贝特平易的散文风格。

注释：

1. Philadelphia: 美国费城。
2. became far more ... his law cases: 他办案还不如他打枪出名。
3. scores of days ... a-shooting: 一起打了好多天的猎。a-shooting＝on shooting, a 起介词作用，为 on 的变体，但现已不常用。
4. caring little about ... as a shot: 我并不在乎自己是否有个好射手的美誉。
5. The fact which ... species of vanity: 我想讲一件有关这位绅士先生的事，青年人当引以为训，不要轻易染上

这种虚荣恶习。

6. He made some ... of the woods: 他有时一枪击中两只，但也可能有一、两枪没有击中，因为隔着树林，有时我并未亲眼看见。

7. every one upon the wing: 每只都打在翅膀上。

8. in woods very thickly set with largish trees: 在长满大树的密林中。

9. it is more ... of a fire: 更象蜡烛熄灭而不象炉火冷却时的情景。

10. under strict petticoat government: 在家妻子管束颇紧。petticoat government: 妻子的管束。

11. that of old John Brown ... "Deposing James Madison": 那间约翰·勃朗老人在布克斯郡的房子，老人系勃朗将军的祖父，将军曾在上次旨在"逼迫詹姆斯·麦迪逊退位"的战争中给予我们的大胡子英雄以迎头痛击。last war: 指1812年的美英战争。whiskered heroes: 大胡子英雄，指英军。James Madison: 詹姆斯·麦迪逊(1751—1836)，美国第四届总统 (1808—1816)。

12. watchful government: 严厉管束。

13. in that form ... in such cases: 在这类场合常用的那种字眼。

14. This was too ... chance of immortality! 这太严重了！一百次里失手一次！竟丢掉了一个名垂千古的好机会。

15. good-humoured: 脾气好的。

16. feeling for him: 同情他。

17. Pity for his ... the bad road: 我可怜起他的这个弱点来，连路不好走也不怕了。

18. I never had ... enough to practise: 我不忍心告诉他，我完全知道一个知书达理、品格高尚的人怎样在幼稚的虚荣心的引诱下，竟卑鄙地干出骗人的勾当来。

CHARLES LAMB

作者简介：

查尔斯·兰姆(Charles Lamb, 1775—1834)，英国著名散文作家，生于伦敦。兰姆自幼嗜书如命，入伦敦基督慈幼学校后，与柯尔律治和利·亨特同学，同柯尔律治结下终身友情。自1792年到1825年，他一直在东印度公司当职员。1796年，他母亲不幸被他患有严重精神病的姐姐杀死。此后，他倾毕生精力照护姐姐，终身未娶。他姐姐平日清醒时，也给他不少帮助，如替他管家，帮其编书等。

兰姆虽有从事文学创作、当作家的志向，但在三十五岁之前，成就不大，写诗不成转写剧，写剧不成转而进行儿童文学创作，旋又编辑他人作品，辗转多年，一直默默无闻。1820年，他才开始以“伊利亚”的笔名，在《伦敦杂志》上发表散文，至此一举成名，在这方面达到了最高成就。从他的散文文体上讲，他师承前一代大师罗伯特·伯顿和托马斯·布朗恩爵士，从内容来说，他的散文与古代或同时代人的作品大相径庭，既不为启发教育时人，也不图唤起人们想象，唯一目的是向读者倾吐一个热爱生活、热爱书籍的人的一生经历，最富于“随笔”和“个人”的情趣。文章写得古怪晦涩，好用典故，常涉及到历史上的名人轶事，但人情味很浓，感情纯真朴实。了解历史的人读来甘之如饴，讨厌者则认为不堪卒读。

兰姆早期诗歌作品大都不成功，只有《昙花一现的婴儿》(*On an Infant Dying as soon as It Was Born*, 1828)，是他最优秀的诗篇。现在仍具可读性的是《赫斯特》(*Hester*, 1803)和《熟悉的旧面孔》(*The Old Familiar Faces*, 1789)。他的剧本亦不大成功。不过，他与姐姐玛丽·兰姆合著的《莎士比亚故事集》(*Tales from Shakespeare*, 1807) 深受儿童读者的欢迎，但全书仅有情节，已失原作精深博大之气。

兰姆还是个书简家，许多优美的文章，都可在他和同时代一些著名文人的信件中找到。

The Convalescent

A pretty severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself.[1] Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed,[2] and draw daylight curtains about him;[3] and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude,[4] it is a sick bed. How

that things went cross-grained[17] in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word 'friend', and the word 'ruin', disturb him no more than so much jargon.[18] He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on his strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering, he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage,[19] under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing[20] and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself;[21] his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.[22]

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction,[23] into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members.[24] Sometimes he meditates — as of a thing apart from him — upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers.[25] He compassionates himself all over;[26] and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.[27]

He is his own sympathizer; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him.[28] He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials.[29] He likes it[30] because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings[31] and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit[32] of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call; and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients,[33] but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch[34] the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin douceur[35] so carefully for fear of rustling — is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen[36] to him

he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker,[37] and closes it again without asking 'Who was it?' He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state,[38] and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchal prerogatives.[39] Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry,[40] almost by the eye only, with which he is served — with[41] the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants when he is getting a little better — and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.[42]

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature![43] where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities,[44] his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies — how is it reduced to a common bedroom! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four

day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated;[45] then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.[46]

Hushed are those mysterious sighs — those groans — so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs[47] are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and philoctetes[48] is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with everything else! Can this be he — this man of news — of chat — of anecdote — of everything but physic — can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?[49] — Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.[50]

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous — the spell that hushed the household — the desert — like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers — the mute attendance — the inquiry by looks — the still softer

delicacies of selfattention[51] — the sole and single eye of distemper alonely fixed upon itself[52] — world-thoughts excluded — the man a world unto himself — his own theatre:[53]

What a speck is he dwindled into![54]

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma[55] of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me requesting — an article. In Articulo Mortis,[56] thought I; but it is something hard — and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption — the puffy[57] state of sickness — in which I confess to have lain so long insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike;[58] to its law, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus[59] is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over — for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself — are wasting to a span;[60] and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions[61] — the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant Essayist.

itself 指句首提到的 fit of indisposition。

2. to lie a-bed=to lie on bed.

3. draw daylight curtains about him: 拉上窗帘，挡住强光。

4. a regal solitude: 帝王之幽居。

5. to the ever ... temples: 按着"怦怦"跳动的太阳穴上不断变换的要求。

6. tergiversation: 变节行为。(在本篇中，作者多处故意使用庄重的词汇，以达到诙谐幽默的效果。)

7. Mare Clausum: [拉]领海。

8. he is ... object: 他心中唯有他自己。

9. Two Tables of the Law: 此处用了《圣经·旧约》中的典故。在《出埃及记》中，摩西从塞纳山上下来，手中拿着两块石板，上刻耶和华授予犹太人的十诫，即：一、钦崇耶和华为唯一神；二、勿呼上帝圣名，以发虚誓；三、守安息圣日；四、孝敬父母；五、勿杀人；六、勿行邪淫；七、勿偷盗；八、勿妄证；九、勿贪他人妻女；十、勿贪他人财物。

10. so he ... the jarring of them: 只要他不听见门的"吱轧"声。so (古)=provided that. "so"后面的句子用的是虚拟语气。

11. which was to ... dearest friend: 此事关系到他最亲密的朋友的成败。

12. upon this man's errand: 为此人跑腿。

13. jogging ... solicitor: 一会儿提醒这个旁证，一会儿又帮助那个律师振作精神。

14. cause: 诉讼，案件。

36. burthen=burden.

37. muffled knocker: 蒙布的门环。

38. he lies in state: 他堂而皇之,高卧榻上。

39. To be ... monarchal prerogatives: 患病在身无异于享有君权。

40. quiet ministry: 一声不响的服侍。

41. with: 与 "quiet ministry" 相关。

42. from the bed ... deposition: 从病榻(不如叫宝座更合适)到病人的扶手椅,真好比罢官免职,降了一格。

43. How ... stature: 大意为,康复使人又回复到了原来的状况。

44. The scene of his regalities: 他王权管辖的范围。

45. How unlike to ... deprecated: 床铺跟不久前那副大海一般波涛起伏、纵横交错的模样相比,看起来何等不同。那时,床三四天才铺一次,病人要忍着疼痛和悲伤被人从床上抬走一会儿,顺从地让不受欢迎的洁净和他那颤抖的身体所讨厌的体面入侵他的领地。

46. the shrunken ... coverlid: 皱巴巴的皮肤并不见得比皱巴巴的床罩更说明真实情况。

47. The Lernean pangs: 不详。

48. Philoctetes: 菲罗克忒忒斯,希腊传说中的英雄。由于他帮助杀死了帕里斯而使特罗伊城陷落。

49. can this be ... party: 他受大自然郑重其事的派遣,前不久来到病人和残忍的敌人之间,居间调停,从中斡旋,这能是他吗? cruel enemy: 指疾病。 herself: 指大自然。

50. 'tis some old woman: 简直是个老太婆。前文提到那位

医疗护士喋喋不休，唠唠叨叨地大谈毫无实质意义的轶闻琐事，与刚才奉造化差遣、治病救人的形象判若两人。因此作者说："呸，简直活象个老太婆！"

51. the still softer delicacies of self-attention: 意为：对自身的眷顾要比上文中屋内的静谧、别人的关心照顾更令人感到温柔体贴。

52. the sole and ... fixed upon itself: 郁郁不乐的目光只是一味地向内盯着它自己。

53. the man ... theatre: 人进入自我的世界、自我的剧场。unto=to.

54. "What a speck ... into!": "他变得多么渺小！"(出处不详。)

55. terra firma: [拉]大地，陆地。

56. Articulo Mortis: [拉]临终末刻。

57. puffy: 虚荣的。此处为"孤芳自赏的"。

58. insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike: 一切与我无关痛痒，书籍杂志也好，君主政体也好，都是一样。

59. hypochondriac flatus: 疑病症肠胃胀气(或屁)。

60. the acres ... to a span: 在我的想象中所扩展的广阔地盘——因为病人一味想着自己的痛苦而自我膨胀起来，直至自己变得就象一个泰提乌斯般的巨人——现在已缩小成弹丸之地。Tityus:泰提乌斯，希腊神话中的一个巨人。

61. for the giant ... my natural pretensions: 近来我成了这个自命不凡的巨人，可正是因为你，使我又回到了本相中来了。

WILLIAM HAZLITT

作者简介：

威廉·哈兹里特(William Hazlitt, 1778—1830)，英国散文家，生于梅德斯通，早年与柯尔律治和华兹华斯过从甚密，后记在《我与诗人的初交》这篇散文中。他是个很有思想和文学气质的人，开始想学习绘画，但不久便放弃初衷，转而从事哲学研究和文学创作，为《纪事晨报》撰稿，集中写文评和随笔，也发表讲稿，并著有《莎士比亚戏剧中的人物》(*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, 1817)，以及两本著名的集子《席间闲谈》(*Table Talk*, 1821—1822)和《直言者》(*The Plain Speaker: Opinions on Books, Men and Things*, 1826)。1824年后他曾去国外游历，回国后写成《法国和意大利旅行杂记》(*Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, 1826)。在法国，他写成《拿破仑传》(*The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, 1828—1830)，1825年，发表名著《时代精神》(*The Spirit of the Age*, 1825)。

他的哲学思想主要表现在摒弃霍布斯和洛克的机械唯物论。他认为，社会欲保障人的权利，不能通过理智，而要通过同情，即与他人达到情感上的认同才能做到。

在文艺批评方面，他强调想象力的重要性，认为批评必须依据批评家个人对作品的感受和体验。

他的随笔比他的政论和哲学专论要精彩，往往语言尖锐

泼辣，充满激情，想象力汪洋恣肆，闪露着智慧的光彩，个性十分突出。他所有的著作都可看成对反对权威、习俗和狭隘思想的个人主义的肯定。他对所处时代的思潮作了颇具洞察力的评论。

On Familiar Style

It is not easy to write a familiar style.[1] Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style,[2] and suppose that to write without affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision, and, if I may so say, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning pomp, but all low, cant phrases,[3] and loose, unconnected, *slipshod* allusions.[4] It is not to take the first word that offers,[5] but the best word in common use; it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language. To write a genuine familiar or truly English style is to write as any one would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes.[6] Or, to give another illustration, to write naturally is the same thing in regard to common conversation as to read naturally is in regard to common speech.[7] It does not follow that it is an easy thing to give the true accent and

inflexion to the words you utter, because you do not attempt to rise above the level of ordinary life and colloquial speaking.[8] You do not assume, indeed, the solemnity of the pulpit, or the tone of stage-declamation;[9] neither are you at liberty to gabble on at a venture,[10] without emphasis or discretion or to resort to vulgar dialect or clownish pronunciation. You must steer a middle course. You are tied down to a given and appropriate articulation, which is determined by the habitual associations between sense and sound,[11] and which you can only hit by entering into the author's meaning, as you must find the proper words and style to express yourself by fixing your thoughts on the subject you have to write about. Any one may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts;[12] but to write or speak with propriety and simplicity is a more difficult task. Thus it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express: it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. Out of eight or ten words equally common, equally intelligible, with nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety and discrimination to pick out the very one the preferableness of which is scarcely perceptible but decisive.[13] The reason why I object to Dr Johnson's style is that there is no discrimination, no selection, no variety in it. He uses none but 'tall, opaque words', taken from the 'first row of the rubric' — words with the greatest number of syllables, or

employ plain words and popular modes of construction, as, were I a chapman and dealer, I should common weights and measures.[26]

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a fine-sounding word, of an unusual length, and very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connexion in which it is introduced may be quite pointless and irrelevant. It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea, that clenches a writer's meaning:[27] — as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch; or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises may strike out twenty varieties of familiar everyday language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind.[28] This would seem to show that Mr Cobbett[29] is hardly right in saying that the first word that occurs is

always the best. It may be a very good one; and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time. It should be suggested naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception of the subject. We seldom succeed by trying at improvement, or by merely substituting one word for another that we are not satisfied with, as we cannot recollect the name of a place or person by merely plaguing ourselves about it. We wander farther from the point by persisting in a wrong scent;[30] but it starts up accidentally in the memory when we least expected it, by touching some link in the chain of previous association.

There are those who hoard up and make a cautious display of nothing but rich and rare phraseology—ancient medals, obscure coins, and Spanish pieces of eight.[31] They are very curious to inspect, but I myself would neither offer nor take them in the course of exchange. A sprinkling of archaisms is not amiss, but a tissue of obsolete expressions is more fit *for keep than wear*.[32] I do not say I would not use any phrase that had been brought into fashion before the middle or the end of the last century, but I should be shy of[33] using any that had not been employed by any approved author during the whole of that time. Words, like clothes, get old-fashioned, or mean and ridiculous, when they have been for some time laid aside. Mr Lamb[34] is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure; and he is so thoroughly

imbued with the spirit of his authors that the idea of imitation is almost done away.[35] There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein, both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress.[36] The matter is completely his own, though the manner is assumed. Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual as to require their point and pungency to be neutralized by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance.[37] Tricked out[38] in the prevailing costume, they would probably seem more startling and out of the way. The old English authors, Burton,[39] Fuller,[40] Coryate,[41] Sir Thomas Browne,[42] are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities. I do not, however, know how far this is the case or not, till he condescends to write like one of us. I must confess that what I like best of his papers under the signature of Elia[43] (still I do not presume, amidst such excellence, to decide what is most excellent) is the account of 'Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist',[44] which is also the most free from obsolete allusions and turns of expression—[45]

A well of native English undefiled.[46]

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes,[47] these *Essays*[48] of the ingenious and highly gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish that Erasmus's

speech is never short of an hyperbole, splendid, imposing, vague, incomprehensible, magniloquent,[58] a cento of sounding common-places.[59] If some of us, whose *'ambition is more lowly'*, pry a little too narrowly into nooks and corners to pick up a number of 'unconsidered trifles', they never once direct their eyes or lift their hands to seize on any but the most gorgeous, tarnished, threadbare, patchwork set of phrases, the left-off finery of poetic extravagance, transmitted down through successive generations of barren pretenders.[60] If they criticize actors and actresses, a huddled phantasmagoria[61] of feathers, spangles,[62] floods of light, and oceans of sound float before their morbid sense, which they paint in the style of Ancient Pistol.[63] Not a glimpse can you get of the merits or defects of the performers: they are hidden in a profusion of barbarous epithets and wilful rhodomontade.[64] Our hypercritics[65] are not thinking of these little *fantoccini*[66] beings—

That strut and fret their hour upon the stage—[67]

but of tall phantoms of words,[68] abstractions, *genera* and *species*,[69] sweeping clauses,[70] periods that unite the Poles,[71] forced alliterations, astounding antitheses —

And on their pens Fustian *sits plumed.*[72]

If they describe kings and queens, it is an Eastern pageant.[73] The Coronation at either House is nothing to

it.[74] We get at four repeated images — a curtain, a throne, a sceptre, and a footstool. These are with them the wardrobe of a lofty imagination; and they turn their servile strains to servile uses.[75] Do we read a description of pictures? It is not a reflection of tones and hues[76] which 'nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on', bu- piles of precious stones, rubies, pearls, emeralds. Golcon da's[77] mines, and all the blazonry of art.[78] Such persont are in fact besotted with words, and their brains are turns ed with the glittering but empty and sterile phantoms of things. Personifications, capital letters, seas of sunbeams, visions of glory, shining inscriptions, the figures of a ransparency, Britannia with her shield,[79] or Hope[80] lean- tng on an anchor, make up their stock-in-trade.[81] They may be considered as *hieroglyphical* writers.[82] Images stand out in their minds isolated and important merely in them- selves, without any groundwork of feeling — there is no ontext in their imaginations. Words affect them in the same way, by the mere sound, that is, by their possible, not by their actual application to the subject in hand. They are fascinated by first appearances, and have no sense of consequences. Nothing more is meant by them than meets the ear: they understand or feel nothing more than meets their eye.[83] The web and texture of the uni- verse, and of the heart of man, is a mystery to them: they have no faculty that strikes a chord in unison with it.[84] They cannot get beyond the daubings of fancy, the varnish

of sentiment.[85] Objects are not linked to feelings, words to things, but images revolve in splendid mockery, words represent themselves in their strange rhapsodies.[86] The categories of such a mind are pride and ignorance — pride in outside show, to which they sacrifice everything, and ignorance of the true worth and hidden structure both of words and things. With a sovereign contempt for what is familiar and natural, they are the slaves of vulgar affectation — of a routine of high-flown phrases. Scorning to imitate realities, they are unable to invent anything, to strike out one original idea. They are not copyists of nature, it is true; but they are the poorest of all plagiarists, the plagiarists of words. All is far-fetched dear-bought, artificial, oriental in subject and allusion; all is mechanical, conventional, vapid, formal, pedantic in style and execution.[87] They startle and confound the understanding of the reader by the remoteness and obscurity of their illustrations; they soothe the ear by the monotony of the same everlasting round of circuitous metaphors. They are the *mock-school*[88] in poetry and prose. They flounder about between fustian in expression and bathos in sentiment. They tantalize the fancy, but never reach the head nor touch the heart. Their Temple of Fame[89] is like a shadowy structure raised by Dulness to Vanity, or like Cowper's[90] description of the Empress of Russia's palace of ice, 'as worthless as in show 'twas glittering' —

It smiled, and it was cold!"[1]

题解：

本篇虽然题为"论平易文体"，却用了大部分篇幅来批判平易文体的对立面——华丽的风格。认为它往往匠气十足，华而不实，用耀眼的外表把空洞的思想掩盖起来。结果废话膨胀，文风臃肿，效果极坏。这里作者借"论平易文体"之名，行批判十八世纪某些古典主义作家的文风之实，目的在于肃清其影响，倡导一种朴实准确的文体，使散文从死胡同中解脱出来。为了避免人们对平易文体的误解，作者又指出平易并不等于信手落笔，胡涂乱抹。恰恰相反，它比任何文体都需要精确和纯粹。第一个闪入脑际的词，并不一定是最好的词，最佳的选择往往是反复推敲的产物。作者严密的思路使文章显得雄辩而富有说服力。

这篇散文气势磅礴，一泻千里，给人有一种痛快淋漓的感觉，虽说是一篇近乎论文的随笔，却并不使人感到枯燥。在论述时，作者每每诉诸于形象，通过众多生动的比喻，唤起读者的视觉形象，如：把塞缪尔·约翰逊喜用的庄重字眼描绘成是来自"用红字印出的教规"；把空洞无物的文章说成是"一大堆空纸盒招摇过市"；又如说"词汇犹如衣服，弃置不用便会过时"等等。这种生动的描绘既说明了一个深奥的道理，又给人以美的享受。当然归根结底，文字的魅力来自于敏锐的思想，无怪乎本篇妙语联珠，诸如"How simple is it to be dignified without ease, to be pompous without meaning." "Words are like money, not the worse for being common, but that it is the stamp of custom alone that

明显，但却具有决定意义的词来，需要有明察秋毫的眼力。

14. He uses none...English terminations: 他所用的是第一行红字标题挑出来的"大而无当、晦涩难懂的字眼"，不是那些音节最多的字，就是那些只不过加了英语词尾的拉丁字。first row of the rubric: 法典或祈祷书中用红字标出的规程，此处用来比喻 Dr Johnson 所喜欢使用的庄重古奥的字眼。

15. If a fine...the mother-tongue: 风格的好坏若是以这种武断作为依据，那么测量一下作家所用词汇的长度，及所用累赘的外来语（与内容无密切关系）代替本国语的多少，就可公正地评判其风格的典雅与否了。

16. Surely it is...affected: 只要卖弄学问、装腔作势，就可避免流于粗俗，那当然是一条机械的规律。

17. to cut an acquaintance...unexceptionable: "不睬熟人"这句话并非无懈可击。

18. cum grano salis: [kʌm 'greinəu 'seilis] (拉丁语)有保留地，留心地。

19. All provincial...reprobation: 举凡村野俚俗之语或生僻的字句都成了谴责的对象。

20. coterie: ['kəutəri] (文人等)排外的小圈子，志同道合的一伙。

21. I conceive...or value: 我认为，语言好比金钱，金钱的价值并不因常见而降低，语言的流传或价值也仅仅只是因为约定俗成而获得。

22. I am fastidious...King's English: 我对此十分挑剔，与其杜撰标准英语，倒不如伪造国币的好。

King's English: (英国"上流社会"所谓的)标准英语。

23. I plead guilty...expressions: 我招认，我是坚定不移地使用那些公认的习惯用语和普通的省略表达方式的。

24. the critics in question: 指前面提到的批评者。

25. distinguish...solecism: 在一本正经的掉书袋和文理不通的瞎说一气两者之间辨认出适中的表达方式来。

26. As an author...weights and measures: 我作为作家力求文字明白晓畅，结构通俗易懂，就好比假如我是小贩或商人，也要尽量运用普通的度量衡一样。

27. It is not...a writer's meaning: 要确切表达作者的意思并不在于文字的花哨浮艳，而在于它是否切合内容。

28. A person...in his mind: 人若无意用厚厚的帐幔和薄薄的伪装遮掩其思想，便总会想出二十来个熟悉的日常用语，一个更比一个接近他所要表达的情感，但最终却没有把握住那个与他的思想完全吻合的词汇。

29. Mr Cobbett: (1763—1835) 科贝特，十九世纪英国政治家。

30. in a wrong scent: 错误的线索，错道。

31. Spanish pieces of eight: 西班牙八里尔钱币。它与"ancient medals, obscure coins"一起比喻有些人搜藏辞藻的癖好。

32. A sprinkling...than wear: 文字古朴偶尔为之尚不为过，倘若只是满纸陈腔滥调，与其说实用倒不如说更适合收藏。

33. be shy of: 不敢…….此处为"谨慎小心……"。

34. Mr Lamb: (1775—1834)兰姆，英国散文家及批评家。

35. he is so...done away: 他和这些作家已融为一体，因而

几乎已与"模仿"这一概念无干。authors: 指古代的大作家，见注39，40，41，42。

36. There is an...and dress: 他的思想和感情中，有一种内在的热情，一种凝炼的气质，他对自己的论题往往具有一种深邃而生动的直觉感，这使他的文章一扫旧式文体和外衣所造成的古怪和别扭。

37. Perhaps ... conveyance: 或许是因为他的思想与众不同，富有个性，所以才不得不借用独特的传统方式收敛其咄咄逼人的锋芒。

38. trick out: 修饰，打扮。

39. Burton: (1577—1640)伯顿，英国学者、作家。

40. Fuller: (1608—1661)富勒，英国学者，十七世纪最具才华的多产作家之一。

41. Coryate: (1577—1617)科里埃特，英国旅行家，早期游记的作者。

42. Sir Thomas Browne: (1605—1682) 托马斯·布朗，英国医生及作家。

43. Elia: 兰姆的笔名。

44. "Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist": "巴特尔太太关于惠斯特牌的看法"，为兰姆《伊利亚随笔》中的一篇。

45. which is...expression: 它完全未用过时的典故和套语。

46. A well...undefiled: "一井纯净、道地的英语"。此句出自英国著名诗人 Edmund Spenser (1552?—1599) 的长诗 "Faerie Queene" 的第四部，原是用来赞美乔叟的。

47. prototypes: 原义为"原型，典范"，此处指古代名作家。

48. Essays: 指兰姆的散文。

49. Erasmus's *Colloquies*: Erasmus(1466?—1536)伊拉兹马

斯，荷兰学者，文艺复兴运动领导者之一，*Colloquies*（《对话集》）为其拉丁文作品。

50. I do not...I have here been speaking: 我不知道还有谁比我此处读到的这位笔力更雄健或更恰如其分。

51. It is as...transparency: 言之无物，浮华艳丽的文章很好写；那就好比在调色板上抹出一片花哨的色彩或把洁白透明的物体涂鸦弄脏一样，做来毫不费力。

52. want=lack.

53. When there...fine: 如果除了文字之外无事可记，那把文字写得漂亮便是轻而易举之事。

54. Look through...the natural complexion: 翻翻字典，采一束 florilegium（花），然后跟 tulippomania（种植郁金香狂）比个高下，再把脸 rouge（用胭脂）涂得红红的，且不管本来的面色了。

55. Keep to your...will be well: 你只要坚持把文章写得笼而统之，字用得响而亮之，就会万事大吉。

56. Swell out...style: 毫无意义的废话，也可以膨胀为绝妙的臃肿文体。tympany: ['timpəni] 膨胀。

57. Sermo humi obrepens: 拉丁语，意为"在地上爬行的习语。"

58. magniloquent: 华而不实，夸张的。

59. a cento of sounding common-places: 一堆响亮的陈词滥调大杂烩。

60. If some of us...barren pretenders: 如果我们之中一些人"雄心不大"，钻进角落，捡出一堆"无人光顾的小东西"，那么，他们的眼睛不看则已，他们的手不抬则已，一睁眼，一抬手便选中了那些华而不实，黯然失色，陈旧不

堪，七拼八凑的句子，诗兴大发之后剩下的片言只语，那都是从前那些才思枯竭的冒牌学者通过几个世代传下来的。

61. phantasmagoria: (梦中)幻影。

62. spangles: 衣服上装饰用的闪光金属片。

63. Ancient Pistol: 莎士比亚剧本《亨利四世》中福尔斯塔夫手下的一个人物，爱吵嚷，又喜欢胡乱引用诗文。

64. rhodomontade＝rodomontade: 大话。

65. hypercritics: 苛刻的批评家。

66. fantoccini: (意)木偶戏。fantoccini being: 木偶。

67. "That strut...the stage": "他们端着架子，在台上苦度光阴。"语出莎士比亚《麦克佩斯》一剧第五幕第五场。That ＝who.

68. tall phantoms of words: 夸夸其谈的词汇的影子。

69. genera and species: (生物)属和种。

70. sweeping clause: 连绵不断的从句。

71. periods that...the Poles: 长到足以连接南北两极的圆周句。period＝periodic sentence.

72. And on...plumed: 浮夸在笔端，搔首弄姿。 plume: 打扮，装饰。

73. an Eastern pageant: 东方的华丽展览会，意谓玩弄辞藻。

74. The Coronation...to it: 无论上院、下院的加冕仪式都不能与之相比。

75. These are...servile uses: 在他们眼中，这是崇高想象的全副行头，他们把奴颜媚骨的诗句，用于奴性的目的。

76. tones and hues: 色调和色彩。

77. Golconda: 印度旧时的宝石产地，现转义为"宝藏"。

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

作者简介：

托马斯·德·昆西(Thomas De Quincey, 1785—1859)，英国散文家、评论家，出身商人家庭，十七岁逃离学校到威尔士各地流浪。1804年他为减轻牙痛开始服用鸦片而成为"瘾君子"，这反倒成了他一部名著的创作源泉，即《一个英国鸦片服用者的自白》(*Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, 1822)，该作一方面历数吸毒之害，一方面又大谈吸毒之后的快感。1807年，他成为华兹华斯和柯尔律治的密友，很喜欢他们的诗歌，受华兹华斯影响很大。

他的传记性作品有《湖畔诗人回忆》(*Reminiscences of the Lake Poets*)，文学评论有《论〈麦克佩斯〉剧中的敲门声》(*On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth*, 1823)，散文有《来自深处的叹息》(*Sighs from the Depths*, 1845)，《英国邮车》(*The English Mail Coach*, 1849)和《谋杀艺术论》(*On Murder as One of the Fine Arts*, 1827)。

德·昆西的散文语汇丰富，节奏感强，形象生动，富于幻想和情感，他承继了十七世纪早期散文家的某些风格，扩展了散文的诗歌特色。

On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*

From my boyish days I had always felt a great per-

plexity on one point in *Macbeth*: it was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan,[1] produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account: the effect was — that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity:[2] yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I could never see *why* it should produce such an effect. —

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it *stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind*.[3] The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted: and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes.[4] Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science — as for instance to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity.[5] Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make

the smallest approximation to it.[6] Yet why? — For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is — that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes.[7] His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line; a line, that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle,[8] would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails of course to produce the effect demanded. Here then is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes as it were: for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (which is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad*[9] his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life. But to return *from this digression*,[10] — *my* understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* should produce any effect direct or reflected: in fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did: and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should

enable me to solve it.—At length, in 1812, Mr Williams[11] made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders[12] which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur[13] in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his:[14] and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, 'There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of.' But this is wrong: for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr Williams. — Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs)[15] the same incident (of a knocking at the door soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakespeare had invented: and all good judges and the most eminent dilettanti[16] acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here then was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem: at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and

vulgar horror; and for this reason — that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life;[17] an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures; this instinct therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of 'the poor beetle that we tread on', exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purpose of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer: our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them, — not a sympathy* of pity or approbation): in the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him 'with its petrific mace'.[18] But in the murderer, such a murderer

* It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word in a situation where it should naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper use, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word *pity*; and hence, instead of saying, 'sympathy *with* another', many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of 'sympathy *for* another'.

as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion, — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred,—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look. In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers: and as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but though in *Macbeth* the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake,[19] and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both.[20] This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, 'the gracious Duncan', and adequately to expound 'the deep damnation of his taking off'[21], this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, i.e., the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, — was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration;[22] and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have

observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle, is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near to the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed'; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed.

But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess: we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice:[23] time must be annihilated; relation to things without[24] abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion.[25] Hence it is that when the deed is done—when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish: the pulses of life are beginning to beat again: and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them. . . .

Oh! mighty poet! — Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers,—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties,[26] and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or

喻，忽儿是老吏拆狱般的细致分析，而更多的是两者水乳交融，比喻中有分析，分析时用比喻。因此虽是篇论文，却未见板起面孔的说教和学究式的广征博引，而既能把问题说透，又具有相当的可读性。细致入微的心理分析是本文的一个特点，作者将敲门声前后剧中人物的复杂心理以及观众心态的细微变化，淋漓尽致地展示在读者面前，使人觉得很有说服力。此外，这种抓住一个问题，透辟地加以论述，而不是面面俱到、蜻蜓点水似的评论方法，对于我们也不无参考价值。

注释：

1. Duncan: 邓肯一世，苏格兰国王（1034—1040在位），被麦克佩斯杀害。莎剧《麦克佩斯》即基于此史料，此处系指莎剧中的邓肯一世。
2. that it reflected...depth of solemnity: 它使弑君行为显得格外阴森可怖，威严肃穆。
3. Here I pause...of his mind: 在此，我想稍停片刻，规劝读者诸君，当您的领悟力和其它心力发生冲突时，切莫在意。
4. which may do...purposes: （领悟力）对付日常生活还马马虎虎，但用于哲学思维就难以胜任了。
5. Ask of any person...one extremity: 随便向一人提出要求，但必须是在他事先没有准备、不知道透视画法的情况下，请他依照透视画法粗略勾勒出事物最普通的外形——如绘出成直角相交的两堵墙或从街道尽头看去的沿街两侧房屋的外观。in the rudest way: 从最粗略的方式。that science＝perspective.
6. he will be...approximation to it: 即使让他画出最近似

的线条，他也决不可能做到。

7. he allows his...overrule his eyes: 他的理解力胜过了眼力。

8. that made any...a right angle: 使与垂直线相交的角小于直角的(线)。

9. quoad [拉]=as far as.

10. to return from this digression: 言归正传。

11. Mr Williams: 著名莎剧演员。

12. executed those unparalleled murders: (在《麦克佩斯》一剧中)对谋杀作了举世无双的表演。

13. the connoisseur: 内行，鉴赏家。

14. All other murders...crimson of his: 在他那鲜血淋漓的表演面前，其它一切谋杀皆显得黯然失色。

15. the Marrs: 马尔，疑为演员名。

16. the most eminent dilettanti: 最著名的文学爱好者。

17. it flings the...cleave to life: 它将人们的兴趣完全集中在人们赖以依恋生活的天生而猥琐的本能上。

18. the fear of...its petrific mace: 对迫在眉睫的死亡的恐惧使他犹如泥塑木雕一般。petrific=petrifactive: 有石化能力的。mace: 钉头棍(中古武器)。

19. the tiger spirit not so awake: 残暴之性略逊一筹。

20. as both were...presumed in both: 由于两人最后都参与谋杀，因此，可以推定两人都产生过杀心。

21. ‘the deep damnation of his taking off’: 对他暴行的诅咒。

22. so it is...consideration: 采用经过考虑后的措施，使这个效果达到了出神入化的地步。

23. the world of ordinary...armistice: 世上的日常生活嘎然而止，沉沉入睡，神思恍惚，进入了恐怖的休战状态。

24. things without: 外界的事物。

25. and all must...of earthly passion: 一切都得自动地进入昏厥的状态，世俗的激情也暂时停顿。

26. which are to...our own faculties: 需要使出浑身解数对之加以研究。

27. and in the...useless or inert: 而且坚信，在你的作品中不存在过份或不足、无用或呆滞的问题。

28. the further we...nothing but accident: 我们越深入研究探索，就越能看到精巧的构思和天衣无缝的布局，而马马虎虎的读者，除了偶发事件，什么也看不到。

29. N.B.=nota bene:[拉] 注意，留心。

30. the porter's comments: 这里指在麦克佩斯谋杀邓肯后响起敲门声时，门房对敲门声所发的议论。

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

作者简介：

罗伯特·路易斯 斯蒂文森（Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850—1894），英国长篇小说家、散文家，生于爱丁堡。17岁上大学，先学土木工程，后改学法律；二十三、四岁时立志成为专业作家，在去法国疗养期间，写下了《内河旅行》（*An Inland Voyage*, 1878）一书，七十年代在期刊上发表多篇散文。1879年他旅居美国加利福尼亚，次年与奥斯本夫人结为伉俪，几年后返回英国。80年代初，他开始写作《金银岛》（*Treasure Island*, 1883），叙述一个荒岛寻宝的惊险故事，书成后极受大众欢迎，无论对成人或儿童，都具有很强的吸引力。这部小说使他名声鹊起，同时也开了寻宝小说的先河。1886年，他出版了另一部影响较大的小说《化身博士》（*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, 1886），运用独特的艺术手法探讨了人性善恶的问题。

自1890年10月起，他在萨摩亚岛定居，创作了一系列小说，其中他的杰作《赫米斯顿的韦尔》（*Weir of Hermiston*, 1896）由于他的突然去世而未终篇。在小说创作方面，他是十九世纪末新浪漫主义的代表。

除小说外，斯蒂文森还创作有一本诗集《儿童诗园》（*A Child's Garden of Verses*, 1885），记述他儿时的感受。

他的散文文笔流畅，细致生动。

out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song.[7] Strange sea-tangles, new to the European eye,[8] the bones of whales, or sometimes a whole whale's carcase, white with carrion-gulls and poisoning the wind, lie scattered here and there along the sands. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long keyboard of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm, sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing colour, or such degrees of thunder[9] in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep.[10]

Inshore, a tract of sand-hills borders on the beach. Here and there a lagoon, more or less brackish, attracts the birds and hunters. A rough, spotty undergrowth partially conceals the sand. The crouching, hardy live-oaks flourish singly or in thickets[11]—the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among—and here and there the skirt of the forest extends downward from the hills with a floor of turf and long aisles of pine-trees hung with Spaniard's Beard.[12] Through this quaint desert the railway cars drew near to Monterey from the junction at Salinas City—though that and so many other things are now

forever altered—and it was from here that you had the first view of the old township lying in the sands, its white wind-mills bickering in the chill, perpetual wind, and the first fogs of the evening drawing drearily around it from the sea.

The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean.[13] A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland canyons; the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney; go where you will,[14] you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific. You pass out of the town to the southwest, and mount the hill among pine woods. Glade, thicket, and grove surround you. You follow winding sandy tracks that lead now thither. You see a deer; a multitude of quail arises. But the sound of the sea still follows you, as you advance, like that of wind among the trees, only harsher and stranger to the ear; and when at length you gain the summit,[15] out breaks on every hand[16] and with freshened vigour, that same unending, distant, whispering rumble of the ocean; for now you are on the top of Monterey peninsula, and the noise no longer only mounts to you from behind along the beach towards Santa Cruz, but from your right also, round by Chinatown and Pinos lighthouse, and from down before you to the mouth of the Carmello river.[17] The whole woodland is begirt with thundering surges. The silence that immediately surrounds

you where you stand is not so much broken as it is haunted by this distant, circling rumour.[18] It sets your senses upon edge,[19] you strain your attention; you are clearly and unusually conscious of small sounds near at hand; you walk listening like an Indian hunter; and that voice of the Pacific is a sort of disquieting company to you in your walk.

题解：

这是一篇描写 Monterey 海湾的散文。海湾中新奇的东西比比皆是，如一一用笔，则势必失之平淡。作者巧妙地抓住了太平洋上的浪涛，着意用墨，反复渲染。文章的四个自然段中，除第三段外都写到了海涛。有时白浪滔天，势如奔马，有时却平静得犹如一条银色的花边，装饰着海岸，勾勒出它的轮廓。而那巨雷般的声响，则似乎超越时空，使人感到它无时不在，无处不有。短短的一篇文章，很快可以读完，但那喧嚣的涛声，却始终萦洄脑际，拂之不去。

作者在描绘 Monterey 海湾时，采用由远而近，又由近及远的方法，仿佛那海涛的声响，从远处传来，如人耳语，细细有声，随着它离你越来越近，则越来越响，直至如五雷轰顶一般。而当它渐渐离你远去时，那声音又变得只是隐约可闻了。第一段只是粗粗地交代一下 Monterey 海湾的地理位置，以及站在远处所看到的海湾外观，第二段与第三段把读者引入了海滩与内岸，仔细展示了那里动人的情景，第四段又把读者带向远处，直至半岛的顶端，听那从四面八方传来喁喁私语般的浪涛声。在这里技巧与描述对象已经巧妙地融为一体了。

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

作者简介：

阿尔弗雷德·诺斯·怀特黑德（Alfred North Whitehead, 1861—1947），英国哲学家、数学家，生于肯特郡。他曾在剑桥大学攻读数学，后成为三一学院院务委员会成员，此后又在伦敦大学学院理科系教授数学，并任系主任。1924年怀特黑德到哈佛大学，任哲学教授。

怀特黑德所从事的研究范围很广，他对数学、逻辑学、科学哲学以及玄学的研究都作出了重要贡献。他与罗素合写的《数学原理》（*Principia Mathematica*, 1910—1913）一书，阐述了数学和逻辑思维的基本原理。他对传统的哲学分类法进行了批判，认为它们未能起到对物质、时间、空间的交互关系加以阐释的作用。因此，他提出了表达自己的观点的一个概念——有机哲学，试图将二十世纪物理学、社会学以及宗教观综合加以抽象。怀特黑德不仅关注数学与自然科学，而且致力于美学、道德、宗教的研究，籍以纠正当时偏重自然科学的倾向。

怀特黑德在数学、逻辑学方面的研究对形式逻辑起着某种决定性的影响。在英国，他的教育哲学颇见实效，但人们对他的广义哲学系统的价值仍有争论。

怀特黑德的散文反映了一个哲学家和数学家的写作风格：句子工整流畅，表达清晰、准确，逻辑性强、很有说服力。

Universities and Their Function

The universities are schools of education, and schools of research. But the primary reason for their existence is not to be found either in the mere knowledge conveyed to the students or in the mere opportunities for research afforded to the members of the faculty.[1]

The justification for a university is that it preserves the connection between knowledge and the zest of life, by uniting the young and the old in the imaginative consideration of learning.[2] The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively. At least, this is the function which it should perform for society. A university which fails in this respect has no reason for existence. This atmosphere of excitement, arising from imaginative consideration, transforms knowledge. A fact is no longer a bare fact: it is invested with all its possibilities. It is no longer a burden on the memory: it is energizing as the poet of our dreams, and as the architect of our purposes.[3]

Imagination is not to be divorced from the facts: it is a way of illuminating the facts. It works by eliciting the general principles which apply to the facts, as they exist, and then by an intellectual survey of alternative possibilities which are consistent with those principles.[4] It enables men to construct an intellectual vision of a new world, and it preserves the zest of life by the suggestion of satisfying

purposes.[5]

Youth is imaginative, and if the imagination be strengthened by discipline this energy of imagination can in great measure be preserved through life. The tragedy of the world is that those who are imaginative have but slight experience, and those who are experienced have feeble imaginations. Fools act on imagination without knowledge; pedants act on knowledge without imagination.[6] The task of a university is to weld together imagination and experience.

These reflections upon the general functions of a university can be at once translated in terms of the particular functions of a business school.[7] We need not flinch from the assertion that[8] the main function of such a school is to produce men with a greater zest for business.

In a simpler world, business relations were simpler, being based on the immediate contact of man with man and on immediate confrontation with all relevant material circumstances. To-day business organization requires an imaginative grasp of the psychologies of populations engaged in differing modes of occupation;[9] of populations scattered through cities, through mountains, through plains; of populations on the ocean, and of populations in mines, and of populations in forests. It requires an imaginative grasp of conditions in the tropics, and of conditions in temperate zones. It requires an imaginative grasp of the interlocking interests of great organizations, and of the reactions of the

whole complex to any change in one of its elements.[10] It requires an imaginative understanding of laws of political economy, not merely in the abstract, but also with the power to construe them in terms of the particular circumstances of a concrete business. It requires some knowledge of the habits of government, and of the variations of those habits under diverse conditions.[11] It requires an imaginative vision of the binding forces of any human organization, a sympathetic vision of the limits of human nature and of the conditions which evoke loyalty of service.[12] It requires some knowledge of the laws of health, and of the laws of fatigue, and of the conditions for sustained reliability. It requires an imaginative understanding of the social effects of the conditions of factories. It requires a sufficient conception of the role of applied science in modern society. It requires that discipline of character which can say "yes" and "no" to other men, not by reason of blind obstinacy, but with firmness derived from a conscious evaluation of relevant alternatives.[13]

The universities have trained the intellectual pioneers of our civilization — the priests, the lawyers, the statesmen, the doctors, the men of science, and the men of letters. The conduct of business now requires intellectual imagination of the same type as that which in former times has mainly passed into those other occupations.

There is one great difficulty which hampers all the higher types of human endeavor. In modern times this

disciplined by detailed facts and by necessary habits.[16]

Thus the proper function of a university is the imaginative acquisition of knowledge. Apart from this importance of the *imagination, there is no reason* why business men, and other professional men, should not pick up their facts bit by bit as they want them for particular occasions.[17] A university is imaginative or it is nothing — at least nothing useful.

题解:

培养想象力，通过想象获得知识是大学教育头等重要的任务。这一论点虽然是本文作者在六十年前提出的，但至今仍不失其启迪作用。它至少使我们意识到死记硬背的旧传统的弊端和发展学生想象和思维能力之重要。

在论述想象力的重要性时，作者的态度十分辩证。认为想象不能离开实际，应当从实际中总结出一般规律来，然后再去指导实际。当然他同时又批评了那种一味让人干琐细的实际工作，导致人们想象力麻木的陈规陋习，正确的做法是把想象和经验结合起来。

本文的结构十分严谨，首段是个引子，巧妙地将读者的注意力引导到本文所要论述的想象力问题上。此后，文中的每一段都紧扣"想象力"，或阐述，或论证，或举例，目的在于说明想象力之重要。文章末句"一所大学没有想象力就一文不值——至少没有什么用处"，铿锵有力，为全文作了总结，并产生了回肠荡气，发人深省的效果。

本篇在文风上颇有英国散文开山祖师培根的古风。首先，在语气上显得十分肯定，诸如"A university which fails in

this respect has no reason for existence." "Imagination is not to be divorced from the facts." "Youth is imaginative." 等句，其表达方式给人这样一种印象：所表达的内容都是颠扑不破的真理。这与培根在"Of Studies"一文中充满自信的语气十分相似。其次，作者用了很多警句，文中的第四段几乎全段都是字字珠玑、掷地有声的格言，如"The tragedy of the world is that those who are imaginative have but slight experience, and those who are experienced have feeble imaginations. Fools act on imagination without knowledge; pedants act on knowledge without imagination. The task of a university is to weld together imagination and experience"等均不失为金玉良言，值得人玩味。最后，本文作者也象培根一样喜用排比句，文中第六段整个段落都由排比句组成，使文章显得很有气势和说服力。

注释：

1. But the primary reason...of the faculty: 但它们存在的首要原因既不在于纯粹向学生传授知识，也不在于为教员的研究提供机会。
2. The justification for...consideration of learning: 大学之所以有理由存在，是因为它使老少两代在富于想象力的学习中，保持了知识与对生活热情之间的联系。
3. it is energizing...of our purposes: 它充满活力，犹如能描绘我们梦境的诗人，能实现我们意图的建筑师。
4. It works by...with those principles: 想象是通过引出适用于具体事实本身的一般规律，并随之对与这些规律一致的种种可能性进行理性概括而起作用的。

5. it preserves the zest...of satisfying purposes: 通过暗示令人满意的目标，来使人保持对生活的热情。

6. Fools act on...knowledge without imagination: 蠢人们无知地凭想象行事，学究们死抠知识，缺乏想象。

7. These reflections...a business school: 关于大学之一般功能的见解，可立即用某所商业学校的特定功能来说明。

8. We need not flinch from the assertion that...: 我们无须讳言……。

9. engaged in differing modes of occupation: 从事不同职业的。

10. It requires an...of its elements: 它要求凭想象把握各大企业之间交织着的利益关系，以及把握整个综合企业对其各分企业任何变化的反应。

11. It requires some knowledge of... under diverse conditions: 它要求能对政府的决策规律有所了解，并对在不同条件下这些规律的变化有所了解。

12. It requires an imaginative vision...loyalty of service: 要求能够设想各组织机构的种种制约力、合情合理地预见人的局限性和激发人的耿耿忠心的条件。

13. It requires that...of relevant alternatives: 在性格上必须受过这样的训练，即对别人的看法表示赞同或反对时，不是出自于固执己见，而是理智地权衡各种相关选择方案，从而变得果断的结果。

14. its possibilities for evil: 产生弊端的可能性。

15. There can be...dulls the imagination: 这种惯例本身无可指摘，但可能有令人遗憾的副作用——长期、机械的工作削弱了想象力。

16. Hence, instead of...by necessary habits: 因此，训练有素的人所面临的不再是单调乏味的工作所导致的墨守陈规，而是有希望获得一种受详尽的事实和必要习惯所规范的想象力。

17. Apart from this importance...for particular occasions: 排除了这一想象的重要性，从事商业或其它职业的人们就完全有理由依照各种场合的需要去就事论事了。

the days of the week have given us; since Monday is not alone in possessing a positive and peculiar character. Why not 'Tuesdayish' or 'Wednesdayish'? Each word would convey as much meaning to me, 'Tuesdayish' in particular, for Monday's cardinal and reprehensible error of beginning the business week seems to me almost a virtue compared with Tuesday's utter flatness.[2] To begin a new week is no fault at all, though tradition has branded it as one. To begin is a noble accomplishment; but to continue dully, to be the tame follower of a courageous beginner, to be the second day in a week of action, as in Tuesday's case—that is deplorable, if you like.

Monday can be flat enough, but in a different way from Tuesday. Monday is flat because one has been idling, perhaps unconsciously absorbing notions of living like the lilies;[3] because so many days must pass before the week ends; because yesterday is no more. But Tuesday has the sheer essential flatness of nonentity;[4] Tuesday is nothing. If you would know how absolutely nothing it is, go to a week end hotel at, say Brighton,[5] and stay on after the Saturday-to-Monday population[6] has flitted. On Tuesday you touch the depths.[7] So does the menu — no *chef* ever exerted himself for a Tuesday guest. Tuesday is also very difficult to spell, many otherwise cultured ladies[8] putting the *e* before the *u*: and why not? What right has Tuesday to any preference?

With all its faults, Monday has a positive character.

Monday brings a feeling of revolt; Tuesday, the base craven, reconciles us to the machine.[9] I am not surprised that the recent American revivalists[10] held no meetings on Mondays. It was a mark of their astuteness; they knew that the wear and tear of overcoming the Monday feeling of the greater part of their audience would exhaust them before their magnetism began to have play;[11] while a similarly stubborn difficulty would confront them in the remaining portion sunk in apathy by the thought that to-morrow would be Tuesday.[12] It is this presage of certain tedium which has robbed Monday evening of its 'glittering star'. Yet since nothing so becomes a flat day as the death of it, Tuesday evening's glittering star (it is Wordsworth's phrase) is of the brightest[13] — for is not the dreary day nearly done, and is not to-morrow Wednesday the bland?

With Wednesday, the week stirs itself, turns over, begins to wake. There are matinées on Wednesday; on Wednesdays some of the more genial weekly papers come out. The very word has a good honest round air[14] — Wednesday. Things, adventures, might happen very naturally on Wednesday; but that nothing ever happened on a Tuesday I am convinced. In summer Wednesday has often close finishes at Lord's,[15] and it is a day on which one's friends are pretty sure to be accessible. On Monday they may not have returned from the country; on Friday they have begun to go out of town again; but on Wednesday they are here, at home — are solid.[16] I am sure it is my favourite day.

(Even politicians, so slow as a rule to recognize the kindlier, more generous, side of life, realized for many years that Wednesday was a day on which they had no right to conduct their acrimonious[17] business for more than an hour or so. Much of the failure of the last Government may be traced to their atheistical decision no longer to remember Wednesday to keep it holy.[18])

On Thursday the week falls back a little;[19] the stirring of Wednesday is forgotten; there is a return to the folding of the hands.[20] I am not sure that Thursday has not become the real day of rest. That it is a good honest day is the most that can be said for it. It is certainly not Thor's[21] day any longer — if my reading of the character of the black-smith-god is true.[22] There is nothing strong and downright and fine about it.[23] Compared with Tuesday's small beer,[24] Thursday is almost champagne; but none the less they are related. One can group them together. If I were a business man, I should, I am certain, sell my shares at a loss on Monday and at a profit on Wednesday and Friday, but on Tuesday and Thursday I should get for them exactly what I gave.[25]

I group Friday with Wednesday as a day that can be friendly to me, but it has not Wednesday's quality. Wednesday is calm, assured, urbane; Friday allows itself to be a little flurried and excited.[26] Wednesday stands alone; Friday to some extent throws in its lot with Saturday.[27] Friday is too busy. Too many papers come out, too many

man it is an interruption of the week; to another it is the week itself, and all the rest of the days are but preparations for it. One cannot analyse Saturday and Sunday.

But Monday? There we are on solid ground again.[34] Monday — but I have discussed Monday already: that is one of its principal characteristics,[35] that it is always coming round again, pretending to be new. It is always the same in reality.

题解：

散文是一种主观色彩很浓的文学体裁，无论是写景状物还是议人论事，作者都倾注了自己个人的感情，毫不隐晦地以"我"的观点来解释和描摹世界，因此在一篇好的散文中，作者的个性特色是非常鲜明的，本篇就是一例。

作者是带着满腔热情来评价一周日子的。他力排众议，竭力为"星期一"辩护，称赞它为勇敢的开拓者；他贬抑"星期二"，认为它平淡寡味，无足轻重，甚至连它拼写上的困难也成为受指责的口实。他对"星期三"与"星期五"的喜爱之情溢于言表，直言不讳地说星期三是他最喜爱的日子，星期五是一周中最好的一天。星期四在他的笔下似乎也属于平庸之辈，与星期二相比，不过是"淡啤酒"与"香槟"之别。而星期六与星期日则难以规范，因为它们因人而异。也难为作者，对一周的日子，居然能分出高下，而且还讲出很多道理来。

从作者对一周七天的议论中，读者还可以看出人们对待生活的态度。星期一人们似乎总是带着星期天所造成的倦意，还感到一周才刚刚开始，需要等待很多天才能迎来休息日。星期三是走亲访友的好日子，因为朋友们在一星期的中间人

都守候在家；星期五，人们在兴奋和激动中盼望着假日的到来，期待似乎比成功还使人感到愉快。星期六和星期日对一部分人来说是享受的日子，而对另一部分人来说，却是其余日子的继续。本篇以写星期一开始，而又以写它作结，仿佛一星期中的日子那样，周而复始，星期日过去，星期一又到来了。结构上颇见匠心。

注释：

1. Mondayish: 疲劳，困倦，不想干工作。
2. Each word ... flatness: 对我来说，每个词的意义都同样重要，特别是Tuesdayish这个词。星期一，一周生意开始，这固然是它该受责备的主要错误，但与星期二的平淡寡味相比，它几乎又是美德了。
3. notions of living like the lilies: 见《圣经·新约》中《马太福音》第六章第28—29节："你们观察，田野中的百合花是怎样生长的？它们不劳作，也不纺织。我告诉你们，就是所罗门在他最光荣的时候，所穿着的，也比不上这花中的一朵！"
4. But ... nonentity: 然而，星期二枯燥无味，无足轻重。
5. say Brighton: 比如说布赖顿吧。Brighton: 英国南部一城市。
6. Saturday-to-Monday population: 周末休假的人。
7. On Tuesday you touch the depths: 星期二你会感到情绪低落。
8. otherwise cultured ladies: 在其它方面很有教养的女士。
9. Tuesday, the base craven ... to the machine: 星期二这个卑鄙的懦夫使我们同机械的生活握手言和。

10. revivalists: 信仰复兴者。

11. they knew ... to have play: 他们明白，他们的魅力还来不及显露，自己就已为克服大部分听众的星期一厌倦心理，而被折腾得精疲力尽了。wear and tear: 磨损，折磨。

12. while a similarly ... Tuesday: 与此同时，一想到明天将是星期二，这一天余下的时间里，他们就会堕入一种冷漠的状态，面临一种顽固的困境。

13. Yet since ... of the brightest: 然而，死气沉沉的气氛正适合平淡乏味的日子，因此星期二之夜闪烁的星光(套用华兹华斯之语)最为明亮不过。become: 适合。

14. The very ... air: 这个词本身念起来就很好听，深厚而诚实。

15. In summer, ... at Lord's: 夏季的星期三，勋爵板球场常有势均力敌的比赛。

16. solid: 此处意为"聚在一起"。

17. acrimonious: 剧烈的。此处意为"繁忙的"。

18. Much of the failure ... holy: 上届政府失败的很大一部分原因，是他们作出了渎神的决定，不再记住星期三，使它保持神圣。

19. On Thursday ... a little: 到了星期四，一周的时间好象放慢了一点。

20. there is ... hands:又回到想歇歇手的念头上来。

21. Thor: 北欧神话中的雷神。

22. if my reading ... true: 如果我没看错雷神的性格的话。black-smith-god: 即指雷神。

23. There is nothing ... about it: 星期四毫无强烈、干脆、

细腻之处。

24. small beer: 淡啤酒。

25. If I were ... I gave: 假如我是做生意的，我敢肯定星期一卖股票会亏本，星期三、星期五净赚，而星期二和星期四是既不亏又不赚的。

26. Friday ... excited: 星期五则容许自已有些许激动和兴奋。

27. Friday ... with Saturday: 星期五在某种程度上和星期六共命运、同甘苦。 throw in one's lot with: 与……为伍，与……共命运。

28. That it ... doubt: 我很怀疑它真的不幸。

29. But here ... days: 在这里，分析者有些踌躇起来，因为星期六和星期日不在可明确规定的日子范围内。

30. But Saturday ... them: 然而我们对星期六和星期天的看法因人而异，各不相同。

31. Socrates and Xantippe: 苏格拉底(469—399 BC)，希腊哲学家。赞提皮：苏格拉底之妻，以泼悍著名。

32. To the godly ... by muffled: 对于善男信女，它是压低声音的一天，它二十四小时的分分秒秒都是捂着嘴巴过去的。

33. To the ungodly ... too poignant: 对于不敬鬼神的人，这一天全因为对晴雨表产生了过于强烈的兴趣而毁了。

34. There we are ... again: 我们又脚踏实地了(暗喻，又回到出发点了)。

35. but I have ... characteristics: 我所谈的话题本身就是星期一的一个主要特征。

HILAIRE BELLOC

作者简介：

希莱尔 贝洛克 (Hilaire Belloc, 1870—1953)，生于法国，父亲系法国人，母亲为英国人。贝洛克全名约瑟夫·希莱尔·皮埃尔·贝洛克。最初在伯明翰的一所教会学校就读，随后曾在驻土尔的法国炮兵部队服役一年。1893年，他进入牛津大学贝利沃尔学院攻读历史，仅两年后就以优异成绩通过学位考试。1900 年，他认识了散文家切斯特顿 (G. K. Chesterton, 1874—1936)，两人遂成为好友，在写作风格上互相影响，并合作撰写了几部著作，因而被肖伯纳谑称为"切斯特贝洛克(The Chester-Belloc)"。1906—1910 年，贝洛克曾出任南索福特市的自由党议员。但他一生中主要从事写作，1906—1909 年，任《晨报》(*Morning Post*) 文学编辑。1938年，在 E. V. 卢卡斯 (E. V. Lucas, 1868—1938) 去世后，负责分管《星期日泰晤士报》(*Sunday Times*)中"漫游者笔记"(A Wanderer's Notebook)专栏。

贝洛克多才多艺，著有散文、小说、诗歌、游记、历史、自传和评论等。小说《通往罗马的路》(*The Road to Rome*, 1902)是他的一部佳作。书中描写了一次从法国北部土尔出发，经瑞士和意大利北部，最后到达罗马的徒步旅行经历，并对许多问题作了借题发挥。贝洛克的散文《论无》(*On Nothing*, 1908)、《论一切》(*On Everything*, 1909)是他散文的范例。他

擅长于撷取微不足道的事件和现象，写出富于机智和哲理的文章。贝洛克还写历史，主要取材于法国革命以及往昔的战争和战役。他笔力刚健，语言形象化。

贝洛克还写过一些抒情诗和喜剧性滑稽诗，一般认为较有价值的是1954年出版的抒情诗集《希莱尔·贝洛克诗歌》(*The Verse of Hilaire Belloc*)。

The Crooked Streets[1]

Why do they pull down and do away with the Crooked Streets, I wonder, which are my delight, and hurt no man living?[2]

Every day the wealthier nations are pulling down one or another in their capitals and their great towns: they do not know why they do it; neither do I.

It ought to be enough, surely, to drive the great broad ways which commerce needs and which are the life-channels of a modern city, without destroying all the history and all the humanity in between: the islands of the past.[3] For, note you,[4] the Crooked Streets are packed with human experience and reflect in a lively manner all the chances and misfortunes and expectations and domesticity and wonderment of men. One marks a boundary,[5] another the kennel of an ancient stream, a third the track some animal took to cross a field hundreds upon hundreds of years ago; another is the line of an old defence, another shows where a rich man's garden stopped long before the first ancestor one's family can trace

was born; a garden now all houses, and its owner who took delight in it turned to be a printed name.[6]

Leave men alone in their cities,[7] pester them not with futilities of great governments, nor with the fads of too powerful men, and they will build you Crooked Streets of their very nature as moles throw up the little mounds[8] or bees construct their combs. There is no ancient city but glories, or has gloried, in a whole foison and multitude of Crooked Streets.[9] There is none, however, wasted and swept by power, which, if you leave it alone to natural things, will not breed Crooked Streets in less than a hundred years and keep them for a thousand more.[10]

I know a dead city called Timgad,[11] which the sand or the barbarians of the Atlas[12] overwhelmed fourteen centuries ago. It lies between the desert[13] and the Algerian fields, high up upon a mountain-side. Its columns stand. Even its fountains are apparent, though their waterways are choked. It has a great forum or market-place, all flagged and even, and the ruined walls of its houses mark its emplacement on every side.[14] All its streets are straight, set out with a line,[15] and by this you may judge how a Roman town lay when the last order of Rome sank into darkness.[16]

Well, take any other town which has not thus been mummified and preserved[17] but has lived through the intervening time, and you will find that man, active, curious, intense, in all the fruitful centuries of Christian

dead love from the earth on his returning from the wars?[32]

Crooked Streets will never tire a man, and each will have its character, and each will have a soul of its own. To proceed from one to another is like travelling in a multitude or mixing with a number of friends. In a town of Crooked Streets it is natural that one[33] should be the Moneylender's Street[34] and another that of the Burglars, and a third that of the Politicians, and so forth through all the trades and professions.

Then also, how much better are not the beauties of a town seen from Crooked Streets![35] Consider those old Dutch towns where you suddenly come round a corner upon great stretches of salt water,[36] or those towns of Central France which from one street and then another show you the Gothic in a hundred ways.[37]

It is as it should be when you have the back of Chartres Cathedral towering up above you from between and above two houses gabled and almost meeting.[38] It is what the builders meant when one comes out from such fissures[39] into the great Place,[40] the parvis of the cathedral, like a sailor from a river into the sea. Not that certain buildings were not made particularly for wide approaches and splendid roads, but that these, when they are the rule, sterilize and kill a town.[41] Napoleon was wise enough when he designed that there should lead up all beyond the Tiber to St Peter's a vast imperial way.[42] But the modern non-

descript horde,[43] which has made Rome its prey,[44] is very ill advised to drive those new Straight Streets foolishly, emptily, with mean façades of plaster and great gaps that will not fill.[45]

You will have noted in your travels how the Crooked Streets gather names to themselves which are as individual as they, and which are bound up with them as our names are with all our own human reality and humour.[46] Thus I bear in mind certain streets of the town where I served as a soldier.[47] There was the Street of the Three Little Heaps of Wheat, the Street of the Trumpeting Moor, the Street of the False Heart, and an exceedingly pleasant street called 'Who Grumbles at It?' and another short one alled 'The Street of the Devil in his Haste', and many others.

From time to time those modern town councillors[48] from whom Heaven has wisely withdrawn all immoderate sums of money, and who therefore have not the power to take away my Crooked Streets and put Straight ones in their places, change old names to new ones. Every such change indicates some snobbery of the time: some little battle exaggerated to be a great thing; some public fellow or other in Parliament or what not; some fad of the learned or of the important in their day.[49]

Once I remember seeing in an obscure corner a twist of dear old houses[50] built before George III[51] was king, and on the corner of this row was painted 'Kipling Street:

late Nelson Street'.[52]

Upon another occasion I went to a little Norman[53] market town up among the hills, where one of the smaller squares was called 'The Place of the Three Mad Nuns', and when I got there after so many years and was beginning to renew my youth I was struck all of a heap to see a great enamelled blue and white affair upon the walls.[54] They had renamed the triangle. They had called it 'The Place Victor Hugo'![55]

However, all you who love Crooked Streets, I bid you lift up your hearts. There is no power on earth that can make man build Straight Streets for long.[56] It is a bad thing, as a general rule, to prophesy good or to make men feel comfortable with the vision of a pleasant future; but in this case I am right enough. The Crooked Streets will certainly return.

Let me boldly borrow a quotation which I never saw until the other day, and that in another man's work,[57] but which having once seen it, I shall retain all the days of my life.

'*O passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem*',[58] or words to that effect.[59] I can never be sure of a quotation, still less of scansion,[60] and anyhow, as I am deliberately stealing it from another man, if I have changed it so much the better.[61]

题解：

贝洛克有着丰富的历史知识，同时周游过列国，见多识广，因此他的散文往往妙趣横生，且典故频繁，又用得恰到好处，加之他的笔致幽默、机俏，这就形成了他诙谐、轻灵的风格特色。

《老街》一文可以说是作者这种风格的极好体现。贝洛克是主张遵从自然的。城市、街道、乃至于文学风格，都必须取法于自然。任何人为的矫饰只能使事物失去生命力。

《老街》提出的是一个当代社会的矛盾：在加快现代化建设步伐的同时，如何保持古城的自然风貌，因为它们是人类历史的忠实记录。如果无视这一点，再现代化的城市也会象西北非的那座古城一样沦为陈迹，让后人来怀古凭吊了。贝洛克在文中还鞭挞了小市民趋炎附势的庸俗价值观。这里我们可以看出贝洛克的审美观念与价值意识：真正美的东西只能是自然产生的，哪怕再旧再古老，也还具有其内在的生命力。

本文洒脱无羁，却又质朴无华。他那幽默、机智，博大的性格跃然于纸上。贝洛克深得古典文化的精髓，因此在平白的文句中也透出一股古典美的深沉意韵来。如果用“文如其人”这句老话来形容贝洛克和他的散文，大概是再恰当不过了。

注释：

1. The Crooked Streets：弯弯曲曲的街道、老街，指城市中古旧的街巷。与本文中 Straight Streets（笔直的街道）相对应。
2. no man living = no living man， 这是文学作品中常

见的定语后置。

3. all the history and all the humanity in between: the islands of the past: 指处于一条条又大又宽的新街之间的历史与人文故迹，就象一个个处在现代海洋中的历史孤岛一样。

4. note you = you note please: 请您注意。类似的短语还有：mind you.

5. One marks a boundary: 某条街是一条疆界的标志。one = one crooked street.

6. a garden now ... a printed name: 这个花园现在已盖满了房子，当年曾在这里赏花的园主现在已成了历史陈迹。a garden now all houses = a garden where now there are all houses. a printed name: 门牌上的名字(虽然花园已易主，但原来的门牌尚在)。

7. Leave men alone in their cities: 不要去干预城市里的人们。

8. as moles throw up the little mounds: 犹如鼹鼠垒起土堆。鼹鼠善打地洞作穴，因此在其洞口常有一堆堆泥土。这里作者用鼹鼠打洞与蜜蜂筑巢作比喻，说明城市里由人类活动而形成的老街都出于自然的天性。

9. There is no ... of Crooked Streets: 每一座老街众多的古城都有着或曾有过它的辉煌。no ... but: 没有……不。foison: (古)大量的，此处与 multitude 同义。作者用两个同义词，起强调作用。

10. There is none ... for a thousand more: 每一座城市，无论在权力的争斗过程中曾变得如何荒凉残败，只要任其自然发展，那么不出一百年就一定会出现几条老街，

而且它们还会延续千年。leave it to natural things: 意为"任其自然发展"。此处 it 指 city。breed: 原义是"滋生",此处作者用此词,依然是为了说明老街是自然产生的。

11. Timgad: 提姆该德,西北非的一座古城遗址,由罗马人于公元前 100 世纪建造,七世纪被毁,遗址包括一座凯旋门、几个公共浴室、一座剧院、一个图书馆和一个讲坛。它被称作"北非的庞贝"。
12. the Atlas: 阿特拉斯山脉,西北非洲的一列山系,从摩洛哥西南部延伸至突尼斯北部。
13. the desert: 指撒哈拉大沙漠。
14. It has a great forum ... on every side: 城里有一个讲坛,也许那是个市场吧。地上铺着石板,十分平坦,四面的残垣断壁标示出古城的疆界。
15. set out with a line: 以一根绳子作准绳来修路。set out: 铺设。
16. how a Roman ... sank into darkness: 当罗马帝国的末代皇朝衰微时,一个罗马城镇的布局是怎样的。
17. has not thus been mummified and preserved: 没有象提姆该德城那样成为文物古迹。mummified: 原义为"制成木乃伊"。
18. the fruitful centuries of Christian time: 基督教鼎盛时期的几百年,指从十一世纪初到二十世纪初这段时期。
19. Arles: 阿尔勒。中世纪时是法国东部与东南部的一个王国,现在是法国南方中部的一个城市。
20. Nimes: 尼姆,法国东南部一城市。
21. on which by ... of little lanes: 仰仗于一种特殊的神

百态的感受)。Chartres Cathedral: 沙特尔教堂。沙特尔为法国北部，位于巴黎西南方的一个城市。

39. fissures: 指类似上句中所说的两幢房子之间的空隙。

40. Place: (法语)广场。

41. Not that certain ... kill a town: 并不是因为人们不为宽阔的大道和壮丽的通衢修造建筑物，而是由于一旦这些大路遍布城市，就会使城市丧失生机，变得死气沉沉。approach: 进路，这里指通往广场的道路。when they are the rule: 当它们无处不在时。意即：城内到处都是大道时。they: 指 wide approaches and splendid roads。

42. there should lead ... vast imperial way: 修造一条皇家大道，从台伯河边直通圣彼得大教堂。Tiber: 台伯河，又名特韦雷河 (Tevere)，发源于意大利中部，全长 404 公里，穿过罗马市内注入第勒尼安海。St Peter's: 梵蒂冈的圣彼得大教堂。

43. the modern nondescript horde: 庸庸碌碌的现代群氓。nondescript: (此处)不出众的，平庸的。

44. which has made Rome its prey: (他们) 霸占了罗马。make sth one's prey: (原义)使某物成为自己的猎物。注意，这个修饰 horde 的定语从句的引导词用了 which，意即把群氓视为无生命的或非人的群体，而 Rome 反被喻作 prey，成了有生命的小动物。另外，此处捕猎的比喻和前面 horde (游猎牧民)一词相契。

45. with mean façades ... will not fill: (街边)一幢幢房子的正墙抹着灰泥，十分难看。房子间的间隙也大得难以填补。façade: 房屋的正面，这里指临街的那一面。

46. You will have noted ... reality and humour: 当你旅行

时，你一定会注意到老街的名字也和它们本身一样不同寻常。人的名字与人的实际情况和性格气质密切相关，老街也是如此。gather = get. which 指 names。they: 指 Crooked Streets。which are bound up with them: 街名与街道本身有着密切的联系。humour: 气质，个性。

47. the town where I served as a soldier: 贝济克曾在部队服过役，参见本篇的《作者简介》部分。

48. town councillors: 镇议会议员。

49. Every such change ... in their day: 每一次名字的更换都表明了当时的人趋炎附势的品性，或把某次小战役夸大为显赫战役（因而以此战役为某条街命名），或用某个议员或诸如此类的公务人员(的名字来命名)；或以某一时代学者或要人的时尚(来命名)。such change: 为老街换上新名。or what not: 诸如此类。

50. a twist of dear old houses: 一条曲曲折折的街道上可爱的老房子。

51. George III: 英王乔治三世（1738—1820），1760—1820年在位。

52. "Kipling Street; late Nelson Street": "吉卜林街——原名纳尔逊街"。Nelson: 霍雷肖·纳尔逊 (Horatio Nelson, 1758—1805)，英国海军上将，曾率英国皇家海军击败西班牙，荷兰和法国海军，从而恢复了英国的海上优势。Kipling: 约瑟夫·拉迪亚德·吉卜林 (Joseph Rudyard Kipling, 1865—1936)，英国作家，曾获诺贝尔文学奖。此句的含义为：当年由于纳尔逊的战功，人们便用他的名字为该街命名，但时过境迁，一百年之后人们便忘了他，改用另一位名人的名字。

53. Norman: 诺罗底的，此处指法国西部及西北部沿海地区。

54. when I got ... upon the walls: 多年以后，我来到那儿，正想重温我的年轻时代，却吃惊地看到那儿墙上有一块很大的蓝白两色的搪瓷玩意儿。be struck all of a heap: 被击作一团，被弄得昏头昏脑。affair: (口) 东西，玩意儿。此处指广场标牌，作者将它称之为"很大的蓝白两色搪瓷玩意"，既含有轻蔑之意，又给人幽默之感。

55. The Place Victor Hugo: 维克多·雨果广场。Victor Hugo: 维克多·雨果(1802—1885)，法国文豪，著有《悲惨世界》等。这里 The 是英语，Place Victor Hugo 是法语，作者有意用这样不伦不类的表达方式，来讽刺那儿的市民将原来充满情趣的"三疯尼广场"改成了"维克多·雨果广场"的势利做法。

56. However, all you ... Straight Streets for long: 然而，一切喜爱老街的人，请你们振作起来。尘世的力量是不能长久让人铺设新街的。这里，作者仿用《圣经》中先知作预言时的口吻，给人一种亦庄亦谐的感觉。

57. which I never saw ... in another man's work: 直到前儿天才在别人的一部作品中看到它。意为：这是最近在一本书里看来的一句引言。

58. "O passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem": (拉丁语)，大意为：瞅，步履沉重地前行的人，上帝将把你引到旅途的尽头。

59. or words to that effect: 或大意如此。

60. I can never ... less of scansion: 我从来记不准引文，

更不用说记清其诗律、音步划分了。scansion：诗句的格律、音步的划分。

61. as I am … much the better：既然这句话是我有意从别人那儿借用来的，那么与原文出入越大，也就越好了。

WINSTON CHURCHILL

作者简介：

邱吉尔(Sir Winston Churchill, 1874—1965)，英国政治家、演说家、作家，生于牛津附近的布兰希姆府邸。父亲是英国政治家，保守党内颇具影响的人物。1888年，他进入哈罗公学，由于不愿学习古典文学，中途辍学，未继续深造。1894年，他毕业于皇家军事学院；1895年在第四骑兵团服役，兼任记者，为伦敦报刊撰写报道；1900年参加保守党竞选获胜，进入国会，开始了政治生涯，历经数届政府，先后出任商务大臣，内政大臣，军需部长，国防大臣，财政大臣，最后于1940—1945年间和1951—1955年间两次当选为英国首相。1953年获诺贝尔文学奖。1955年正式退出政界。1963年获得美国国会授予他的荣誉美国公民称号。1965年，他于90岁高龄在伦敦逝世，被誉为世界公民，并按英雄的仪式安葬。

邱吉尔不仅是一个叱咤风云的政治家，还是一个享有国际盛誉的文学家。他在朝当政，在野握笔，风云变幻的一生在政治和文学的生活中度过。他的早期创作多为纪实性作品，如《马拉坎德野战军纪事》(*The Story of the Malakand Field Force*, 1898)、《青尼罗河之战》(*The River War*, 1899)和《非洲之旅》(*My African Journey*, 1908)等，此外还写有小说《萨夫洛拉》(*Savrola*, 1900)。他的杰作《第二次世界大战史》(*The Second World War*, 1948—1954)及其它最好的作

品皆出自中期，即 1953 年获诺贝尔文学奖之前。这些作品是：回忆录《世界危机》(*The World Crisis*, 1923—1929)，自传《我的早年生活》(*My Early Life*, 1930)，《思想与冒险》(*Thoughts and Adventures*, 1932)等。

邱吉尔的散文明白晓畅，文字优美，富有幽默感，娓娓动听，亲切感人，恰与他的战时演讲形成鲜明对照。后者大气磅礴，慷慨激昂，听后令人热血沸腾，激动不已。这里所选的是 1940 年 5 月 13 日邱吉尔在成为英国首相后的第三天对下院所发表的演说。

I Have Nothing to Offer but Blood, Toil, Tears, and Sweat"

On Friday evening last I received His Majesty's commission to form a new administration.[1] It was the evident wish and will of Parliament and the nation that this should include all parties, both those who supported the late Government and also the parties of the Opposition.[2] I have completed the most important part of this task. A War Cabinet[3] has been formed of five Members, representing, with the Opposition Liberals,[4] the unity of the nation. The three party leaders have agreed to serve, either in the War Cabinet or in high executive office.[5] The three fighting services have been filled.[6] It was necessary that this should be done in one single day, on account of the extreme urgency and rigor of events. A number of other key positions were filled yesterday, and I am submitting a further list to His Majesty tonight. I hope to complete the appoint-

ment of the principal Ministers[7] during tomorrow. The appointment of the other Ministers usually takes a little longer, but I trust that, when Parliament meets again, this part of my task will be completed, and that the administration will be complete in all respects.

I considered it in the public interest to suggest that the House[8] should be summoned to meet today. Mr. Speaker[9] agreed, and took the necessary steps, in accordance with the powers conferred upon him by the Resolution of the House.[10] At the end of the proceedings today, the adjournment of the House will be proposed until Tuesday, May 21, with, of course, provision for earlier meeting if need be.[11] The business to be considered during that week will be notified to Members at the earliest opportunity.[12] I now invite the House, by the Resolution which stands in my name, to record its approval of the steps taken and to declare its confidence in the new Government.

To form an administration of this scale and complexity is a serious undertaking in itself, but it must be remembered that we are in the preliminary stage of one of the greatest battles in history, that we are in action at many points in Norway and in Holland,[13] that we have to be prepared in the Mediterranean, that the air battle is continuous and that many preparations have to be made here at home. In this crisis I hope I may be pardoned if I do not address the House at any length today.[14] I hope that any of my friends and colleagues, or former colleagues,

who are affected by the political reconstruction,[15] will make all allowance for[16] any lack of ceremony with which it has been necessary to act. I would say to the House, as I said to those who have joined this Government: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."

We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many long months of struggle and of suffering. You ask what is our policy? I will say: It is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us: to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime.[17] That is our policy. You ask, What is our aim? I can answer in one word: Victory — victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there is no survival. Let that be realized, no survival for the British Empire; no survival for all that the British Empire has stood for, no survival for the urge and impulse of the ages,[18] that mankind will move forward towards its goal.[19] But I take up my task with buoyancy[20] and hope. I feel sure that our cause will not be suffered[21] to fail among men. At this time I feel entitled to claim the aid of all,[22] and I say, "Come then, let us go forward together with our united strength."

题解：

1940年5月10日，当不可一世的希特勒挟横扫欧洲大陆的余威，向英国进军的时候，温斯顿·邱吉尔"奉命于危难之间"，走进了白金汉宫的首相办公室，挑起了国家兴亡的重任。三天之后他在下议院发表了这篇英国历史上所仅见的如此简短而又如此闻名的演说。美国新闻媒界不得不惊叹：一位成熟的演说家一夜之间诞生了。

这是一篇简短有力的演说。如此重要的内容，演说者却仅用了几百个字来表达它。演说分两大部分，前半部分用来交代组成内阁的经过及有关具体事宜，直截了当，要言不繁；后半部分表达了自己奉献一切的决心和抗击法西斯事业必胜的信心，语气强硬，用词简洁有力。简短是客观的需要，大敌当前，千头万绪，说话非短不可；简短又是达到"有力"的前提，噜苏冗长是不可能产生激荡人心的力量的。

当然能否赢得听众更取决于演说的内容。演说者明白，在黑云压城，情势危急之时，刻不容缓的是鼓舞士气，团结力量，一致对敌。所以他在介绍内阁产生过程时，明确指出吸收了反对党入阁，强调此举"标志着国家的团结"，并在演说的结尾再次强调团结一致，勇往直前。显然呼吁团结是本篇演说的要点之一，也是他讲话深得人心之处；另一个要点是树立必胜的信心。作为一个才走马上任的首相，他首先表示了鞠躬尽瘁的决心："I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat" 接着概括地交代了对付敌人的办法："You ask what is our policy? I will say: It is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us ..." 最后表示了取得最后胜利的信心：You ask, What is our aim? I can answer in

13. we are in ... Holland: 我们目前在挪威和荷兰的许多地方进行战斗。in action: 战斗。

14. if I do not ... today: 如果我今天不对下院作长篇发言的话。at length: 时间很长地，详尽地。

15. the political reconstruction: 政治改组。

16. make all allowance for: 原谅。

17. It is to ... crime: 以上帝赋予我们的力量，竭尽全力，进行海战，陆战，空战，狠狠打击罪恶滔天的暴政，这个暴政在人类黑暗、可悲的犯罪史上是亘古未有的。

18. no survival for the urge and impulse of the ages: 时代的要求和冲动就无存在的余地。

19. that mankind will move forward towards its goal: 人类将向其目标迈进，语法上接 Let that be realized。

20. with buoyancy: 轻松地。

21. suffer: 容许。

22. I feel entitled ... all: 我有权呼吁各方的援助。

MAX BEERBOHM

作者简介：

麦克斯·比尔博姆 (Max Beerbohm, 1872—1956),英国散文家、小说家、漫画家，生于伦敦，先后就学于查特豪斯公立学校和牛津大学默顿学院。他在两地求学期间，就已在漫画及文学创作中表现出了运用讽刺的才能。1894 年发表的“化妆品辩” (A Defense of Cosmetics) 标志着他散文写作生涯的开端。尔后，直至去世，他作为散文家在文学界享有很高的声誉。1895 年比尔博姆旅美，逗留三年，广泛接触了来自伦敦的作家和艺术家，并向多家杂志投稿。1898 年他继肖伯纳成为《星期六评论周刊》(*Saturday Review*) 的戏剧评论家(1898—1910)。在这期间，他继续出版散文集。1910 年，他与一位美国演员结婚，此后客居意大利的热那亚附近。1911 年，他发表了小说《朱莱卡·多布森——即牛津风流事》(*Zuleika Dobson, or An Oxford Love Story*) 讲的是一位美貌女郎出现在牛津大学生中后引起的轩然大波。小说中作者在滑稽讽刺手法的运用上显示了很高的造诣。同年发表的《圣诞花环》(*A Christmas Garland*) 是他最有名的文学评论之一，作者有意滑稽地模仿同时代作家吉卜林、威尔斯、切斯特顿、哈代、高尔斯华绥、康拉德和肖伯纳等人的风格，因而名声大振。

比尔博姆是机智、诙谐的讽刺大师，擅长于在漫不经心

perfect farewell.

And now, here we were, stiff and self-conscious on the platform; and framed in the window of the railway-carriage was the face of our friend; but it was as the face of a stranger — a stranger anxious to please, an appealing stranger,[10] an awkward stranger. 'Have you got everything?' asked one of us, breaking a silence. 'Yes, everything,' said our friend, with a pleasant nod. 'Everything,' he repeated, with the emphasis of an empty brain.[11] 'You'll be able to lunch on the train,' said I, though the prophecy had already been made more than once. 'Oh, yes,' he said with conviction. He added that the train went straight through to Liverpool.[12] This fact seemed to strike us as rather odd. We exchanged glances. 'Doesn't it stop at Crewe?'[13] asked one of us. 'No,' said our friend, briefly. He seemed almost disagreeable. There was a long pause. One of us, with a nod and a forced smile at the traveller, said 'Well!' The nod, the smile, and the unmeaning monosyllable, were returned conscientiously.[14] Another pause was broken by one of us with a fit of coughing. It was an obviously assumed fit, but it served to pass the time. The bustle of the platform was unabated. There was no sign of the train's departure. Release—ours, and our friend's—was not yet.[15]

My wandering eye alighted on a rather portly middle-aged man who was talking earnestly from the platform to a young lady at the next window but one to ours. His fine profile was vaguely familiar to me. The young lady

was evidently American, and he was evidently English; otherwise I should have guessed from his impressive air[16] that he was her father. I wished I could hear what he was saying. I was sure he was giving the very best advice; and the strong tenderness of his gaze[17] was beautiful. He seemed magnetic, as he poured out his final injunctions. I could feel something of his magnetism even where I stood. And the magnetism, like the profile, was vaguely familiar to me. Where had I experienced it?

In a flash I remembered. The man was Hubert Le Ros. But how changed since last I saw him! That was seven or eight years ago, in the Strand.[18] He was then (as usual) out of an engagement,[19] and borrowed half-a-crown. It seemed a privilege to lend anything to him. He was always magnetic. And why his magnetism had never made him successful on the London stage was always a mystery to me. He was an excellent actor, and a man of sober habit.[20] But, like many others of his kind, Hubert Le Ros (I do not, of course, give the actual name by which he was known) drifted seedily away into the provinces;[21] and I, like every one else, ceased to remember him.

It was strange to see him, after all these years, here on the platform of Euston, looking so prosperous and solid.[22] It was not only the flesh that he had put on, but also the clothes, that made him hard to recognize. In the old days, an imitation fur coat had seemed to be as integral a part of him as were his ill-shorn lantern jaws.[23] But

now his costume was a model of rich and sombre moderation,[24] drawing, not calling, attention to itself. He looked like a banker. Any one would have been proud to be seen off by him.

'Stand back, please!' The train was about to start, and I waved farewell to my friend. Le Ros did not stand back. He stood clasping in both hands the hands of the young American. 'Stand back, sir, please!' He obeyed, but quickly darted forward again to whisper some final word. I think there were tears in her eyes. There certainly were tears in his when, at length, having watched the train out of sight, he turned round. He seemed, nevertheless, delighted to see me. He asked me where I had been hiding all these years; and simultaneously repaid me the half-crown as though it had been borrowed yesterday. He linked his arm in mine, and walked me slowly along the platform, saying with wha pleasure he read my dramatic criticisms every Saturday.

I told him, in return, how much he was missed on the stage.[25] 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I never act on the stage nowadays.' He laid some emphasis on the word 'stage,' and I asked him where, then, he did act. 'On the platform,'[26] he answered. 'You mean,' said I, 'that you recite at concerts?' He smiled. 'This,' he whispered, striking his stick on the ground, 'is the platform I mean.' Had his mysterious prosperity unhinged him?[27] He looked quite sane. I begged him to be more explicit.

'I suppose,' he said presently, giving me a light for

the cigar which he had offered me. 'you have been seeing a friend off?' I assented. He asked me what I supposed HE had been doing. I said that I had watched him doing the same thing. 'No,' he said gravely. 'That lady was not a friend of mine. I met her for the first time this morning, less than half an hour ago, HERE,' and again he struck the platform with his stick.

I confessed that I was bewildered. He smiled. 'You may,' he said, 'have heard of the Anglo-American Social Bureau?' I had not. He explained to me that of the thousands of Americans who annually pass through England there are many hundreds who have no English friends. In the old days they used to bring letters of introduction. But the English are so inhospitable that these letters are hardly worth the paper they are written on. 'Thus,' said Le Ros, 'the A.A.S.B. supplies a long-elt want.[28] Americans are a sociable people, and most of them have plenty of money to spend. The A.A.S.B. supplies them with English friends. Fifty per cent of the fees is paid over to the friends. The other fifty is retained by the A.A.S.B. I am not, alas! a director. If I were, I should be a very rich man indeed. I am only an employee. But even so I do very well. I am one of the seers-off.'

Again I asked for enlightenment.[29] 'Many Americans,' he said, 'cannot afford to keep friends in England. But they can all afford to be seen off. The fee is only five pounds (twenty-five dollars) for a single traveller; and eight

pounds (forty dollars) for a party of two or more. They send that in to the Bureau, giving the date of their departure, and a description by which the seer-off can identify them on the platform. And then---well, then they are seen off.'

'But is it worth it?' I exclaimed. 'Of course it is worth it,' said Le Ros. 'It prevents them from feeling "out of it."[30] It earns them the respect of the guard. It saves them from being despised by their fellow-passengers--the people who are going to be on the boat. It gives them a FOOTING for the whole voyage. Besides, it is a great pleasure in itself. You saw me seeing that young lady off. Didn't you think I did it beautifully?' 'Beautifully,' I admitted. 'I envied you. There was I—' 'Yes, I can imagine. There were you, shuffling from head to foot,[31] staring blankly at your friend, trying to make conversation. I know. That's how I used to be myself, before I studied, and went into the thing professionally. I don't say I'm perfect yet. I'm still a martyr to platform fright.[32] A railway station is the most difficult of all places to act in, as you have discovered for yourself.' 'But,' I said with resentment, 'I wasn't trying to act. I really FELT.' 'So did I, my boy,' said Le Ros. 'You can't act without feeling. what's-his-name, the Frenchman — Diderot,[33] yes--said you could; but what did HE know about it? Didn't you see those tears in my eyes when the train started? I hadn't forced them. I tell you I was moved. So were you, I dare say. But you couldn't have

pumped up a tear to prove it. You can't express your feelings. In other words, you can't act. At any rate,' he added kindly, 'not in a railway station.' 'Teach me!' I cried. He looked thoughtfully at me. 'well,' he said at length, 'the seeing-off season is practically over. Yes, I'll give you a course. I have a good many pupils on hand already; but yes,' he said, consulting an ornate note-book, 'I could give you an hour on Tuesdays and Fridays.'

His terms, I confess, are rather high. But I don't grudge the investment.

题解：

朋友间的送往迎来，是一件极普通的事，但内中却有很多深奥的学问。

文章的作者认为，既然分手前的离情别绪，在告别会上已经得到了痛快淋漓的表达，那就大可不必再赶往车站送行，以致双方相对无言，不得不煞费苦心，打发列车开动前的难堪时刻。然而，世上居然也有以送别为业者。陌路人之间，你走我送，竟也出现了挥泪相送，依依惜别的动人景象。送行者自然是出于谋生之国的，那么被送者呢？除了摆阔气、图虚荣之外，很大程度上还是因为感情上的需要，即排遣踏上旅程之前的失落感。这么说来车舟启动前的送行又成为必要的了。这恐怕也是这一习惯世代相传的主要原因。

当然送别是要有真情实感的，即令是那位职业送行者，恰如他自己所说，也不是在演戏，而是在亲身感受。要是仅仅出于礼节需要，那就会象作者在文中所描绘的那样，虽仅短暂的一刻，却使人有“度日如年”之感了。

作者具有敏锐的观察力又深谙常人的心理，所以能把送行者和被送者在送别前的心理状态，送别时双方的窘景纤毫毕现地刻划出来。关于"我"送别友人和"我"的朋友送走美国少妇的三大段描写，可以说是本文中写得最精彩的章节。

这篇散文的语言明白洗炼，作者用字十分俭省而又能收到传情达意的效果。就文字而言，这也是一篇值得细读的范文。

注释：

1. from Waterloo to Vauxhall: 从滑铁卢火车站到沃克斯霍尔。Waterloo: 此处指伦敦市一火车站名。Vauxhall: 沃克斯霍尔，伦敦市内，泰晤士河南岸一地名。
2. were easy enough: 用了虚拟语气。
3. But we are ... that small feat: 但我们从来都不必去表演那种微不足道的小技。
4. Our failure is ... of our feeling: 这一场合越是庄重，我们的感情越深，结果也就越是令人失望。
5. we can make the farewell quite worthily: 我们能名符其实地举行告别仪式。
6. The thread of our intimacy has not been snapped: 我们亲密的纽带没有被折断。
7. what a gulf yawns: 出现了多深的鸿沟啊！
8. Euston: 尤斯顿，伦敦一火车站名。
9. Not ignoring the shadow ... celebrated the past: 我们正视将来的阴影，因此欢庆过去的好时光。
10. a stranger anxious to please, an appealing stranger: 一个急于取悦的、富有吸引力的陌路人。

11. with the emphasis of an empty brain: 嘴上郑重其事，脑子里却空空如也。

12. Liverpool: 利物浦，英国中部一城市，英国第二大港。

13. Crewe: 克鲁，英国中西部柴郡的一自治城市。

14. The nod, the smile ... were returned conscientiously: 点头，微笑，毫无意义的单音节词都得到了一丝不苟的回报。

15. Release—ours, and our friends—was not yet: 解脱的时刻——我们的，朋友的——还未到来。

16. his impressive air: 他那富于感染力的神态。

17. the strong tenderness of his gaze: 凝视中流露出的拳拳之忱。

18. Strand: 斯特兰，伦敦一街道名。

19. He was then ... out of an engagement: 当时没人雇他(演戏)。

20. a man of sober habit: 一个举止得体的人。

21. drifted seedily away into the provinces: 无精打彩地飘泊到了外省。

22. looking so prosperous and solid: 看上去一副发了迹的殷实人派头。

23. In the old days ... his ill-shorn lantern jaws: 往昔，仿毛大衣犹如胡子拉碴的下巴一样，是他身上不可或缺的一部分。

24. of rich and sombre moderation: 华而不奢、素而有度。

25. how much he was missed on the stage: 观众是多么想念他。

26. On the platform: 在车站月台上。

27. Had his mysterious prosperity unhinged him: 是来路不明的发迹使他精神错乱了吗？

28. supplies a long-felt want: 满足了人们长期所感觉到的不足。

29. Again I asked for enlightenment: 我再次请他说明一下。

30. feeling "out of it": 向隅之感；郁郁寡欢。

31. shuffling from head to foot: 拙手笨脚。

32. I'm still a martyr to platform fright: 在站台上，我仍然惊惶不安。(platform fright 系作者套用 stage fright "舞台上怯场"一语)。

33. Diderot: 狄德罗，即 Denis Diderot (1713—1784) 法国哲学家、批评家、百科全书编纂者。

BERTRAND RUSSELL

作者简介：

伯特兰德·罗素（Bertrand Russell，1872—1970），英国哲学家、文学家，生于威尔士一个英国贵族家庭，早在十一岁时就对宗教产生了怀疑。1890年他考入剑桥"三一学院"，1950年获诺贝尔文学奖。

罗素上剑桥大学时因迷恋数学而彻底放弃了早期宗教信仰，转而研究哲学，得出如此结论："黑格尔关于数学的所有言论都是愚蠢的胡言。"第一次世界大战期间，他因持和平主义态度而遭监禁。之后，他短期出访苏联，写下了《布尔什维克主义的理论和实践》（*Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*）一书。1920—1921年，他到中国北京大学讲学。

他称自己的哲学为"逻辑原子学说"，认为哲学家的首要任务是"逻辑地分析各命题，将其分成最简单的原子或成份"。他的哲学著作通俗易懂，行文优美，达到了学术和文学技巧的完美结合。

罗素的著作主要有《意义与真理的探究》（*An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth*, 1940）、《人类知识的范围和局限》（*Human Knowledge: Its Scope and Limits*, 1948），《数学原理》（*The Principles of Mathematics*, 1903），《物的分析》（*The Analysis of Matter*, 1927），以及《心的分析》（*The Analysis of Mind*, 1921）。

1929年，他出版了《婚姻与道德》(*Marriage and Morals*)一书，书中提倡试婚和离婚手续简单化等思想，对通奸和同性恋行为也较为宽容，因为他认为，清教观念是使人们不幸的原因之一，为此，法庭不许他接受纽约市立大学的教授职位。

他对共产主义和资本主义一概持反对态度，他一生从未参政。

关于教育，他认为，思想言论应绝对自由，教育改革应包括社会、道德及性生活的改革等内容。

他的文体明晰透彻，充满机智。

What I Have Lived For[1]

Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.[2]

I have sought love, first,[3] because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss.[4] I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring

界中寻求正义和善，求索生命与生活的真谛。在《我的生活目的》一文中，他明确地提出了自己的观点。

爱、知识和怜悯，这三者可以说囊括了西方文化的主要内容，因为它们代表了基督教的宗教思想、理性主义的求知观念以及近代与现代西方文化对东方宗教哲学内涵的吸收。它们反映了西方社会中一切诚实、正直的人们的理想。

当然，从某种角度来看，罗素的生活目的并非应当就是人们生活之要旨，这三者也绝不是包治百病的济世良方。但就这位处在资本主义社会中的知识分子而言，能执着于斯而不与罪恶世界同流合污，则有其不可否定的积极意义。

罗素是英国当代散文的代表人物之一。《我的生活目的》一文虽然短小，但内涵丰富。全篇风格淡逸，用词平易，条理明晰，于平淡中透出深厚的笔力，在明白中现出潇洒的文风。罗素行文极具功力，即使是标点符号的添加也恰到好处，如同点睛之笔，凭空生出无限意蕴。可以说，只有炉火纯青地掌握了驾驭文学的能力，才能象罗素这样脱出窠臼，写出真情，道出一代人的心声。

注释：

1. What I Have Lived For: 本文是《罗素自传》的序言，因此作者在此用了现在完成时，表示这是对自己一生探寻人生真谛的一段小结。同时也含有继往开来，不断求索的涵义。
2. These passions, like ... verge of despair: 这三种因素，有如三股强劲的狂飙，卷着我到处飘零，倏忽无定，飞越深深的苦海，濒临绝望的边缘。hither and thither: 到处。in a wayward course: 沿着飘忽不定的轨迹。

"一"，由"一"生"二"，从而化成了大千世界。他的"数"是形而上学的实体。罗素也精通数学，这里他指出，自己之所以研究数学，是受了毕达哥拉斯的影响，是为了探求宇宙万物变易的奥秘。

9. led upward toward the heavens: 将我引向高高的天空。led upward ... = led me upward……，这里作者的意思是：由于爱和智慧都是积极的东西，因此使人忘却了人世间的忧患，仿佛使人超凡脱俗了似的。the heavens: 这里并非是指宗教意义上的天堂 (Heaven)，而是指超越了凡俗世界后的境界。

10. make a mockery of what human life should be: 意即，人类生活理应更加美好，但这一切(指上述的诸多苦难)却与此相悖，成为对人类理想的讽刺。what human life should be: 人类生活理当成为的样子。should: 既有虚拟意味，又带有强烈的主观色彩，表示人对生活的理想。

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

作者简介：

吉尔伯特·基思·切斯特顿（Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1874—1936），英国诗人、评论家、散文家和小说家，生于伦敦的一个资产阶级家庭，在斯莱德学院，与英国诗人H.贝洛克结成世交，两人的宗教、社会、政治观点颇为切近，十分融洽，为此有人将他们并称为“切斯特·贝洛克”。

他的作品共分五类。第一类是诗歌，包括他的第一部诗集《狂野的骑士》（*The Wild Knight*, 1900），《白胡子在玩耍》（*Greybeards at Play*, 1900），以及《新诗集》（*New and Collected Poems*, 1929）。第二类是政论文，均收在《被告》（*The Defendent*, 1901）等文集中，由于他采用非传统手法，为维多利亚后期传统思想辩护，因之被人称为“反论大师”。第三类作品是文学评论，如《罗伯特·布朗宁》（*Robert Browning*, 1903），《萧伯纳》（*George Bernard Shaw*, 1909），《乔叟》（*Chaucer*, 1932）等。这类评论独辟蹊径，自成一家，超过了许多专家学者的著作，对英国文学评论作出了重要贡献。第四类作品是有关宗教问题的文章。第五类则是系列侦探小说，这类作品最为著名，如《布朗神父的纯朴》（*The Innocence of Father Brown*, 1911），《布朗神父的秘密》（*The Secret of Father Brown*, 1927），《布朗神父的丑行》（*The Scandal of Father Brown*, 1935）。

他的散文写得清新活泼。

A Defence of Detective Stories

In attempting to reach[1] the genuine psychological reason for the popularity of detective stories, it is necessary to rid ourselves of many mere phrases.[2] It is not true, for example, that the populace prefer bad literature to good, and accept detective stories because they are bad literature. The mere absence of artistic subtlety does not make a book popular. Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* contains few gleams of psychological comedy, yet it is not read aloud uproariously on winter evenings.[3] If detective stories are read with more exuberance than railway guides, it is certainly because they are more artistic. Many good books have fortunately been popular; many bad books, still more fortunately, have been unpopular. A good detective story would probably be even more popular than a bad one. The trouble in this matter is that many people do not realize that there is such a thing as a good detective story; it is to them like speaking of a good devil. To write a story about a burglary is, in their eyes, a sort of spiritual manner of committing it.[4] To persons of somewhat weak sensibility this is natural enough; it must be confessed that many detective stories are as full of sensational crime as one of Shakespeare's plays.

There is, however, between a good detective story and

This realization of the poetry of London is not a small thing. A city is, properly speaking, more poetic even than a countryside, for while nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones.[14] The crest of the flower or the pattern of the lichen[15] may or may not be significant symbols. But there is no stone in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol—a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave.[16] Every brick has as human a hieroglyph as if it were a graven brick of Babylon;[17] every slate on the roof is as educational a document as if it were a slate covered with addition and subtraction sums.[18] Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutiae[19] of Sherlock Holmes,[20] to assert this romance of detail in civilization, to emphasize this unfathomably human character in flints and tiles,[21] is a good thing. It is good that the average man should fall into the habit of looking imaginatively at ten men in the street even if it is only on the chance that the eleventh might be a notorious thief.[22] We may dream, perhaps, that it might be possible to have another and higher romance of London, that men's souls have stranger adventures than their bodies, and that it would be harder and more exciting to hunt their virtues than to hunt their crimes. But since our great authors (with the admirable exception of Steven-

son[23]) decline to write of that thrilling mood and moment when the eyes of the great city, like the eyes of a cat, begin to flame in the dark, we must give fair credit to the popular literature which, amid a babble of pedantry and preciosity, declines to regard the present as prosaic or the common as commonplace.[24] Popular art in all ages has been interested in contemporary manners and costume; it dressed the groups around the Crucifixion in the garb of Florentint gentlefolk or Flemish burghers.[25] In the last century ie was the custom for distinguished actors to present Macbeth [6] in a powdered wig and ruffles.[27] How far we are ourselves in this age from such conviction of the poetry of our own life and manners may easily be conceived by any one who chooses to imagine a picture of Alfred the Great toasting the cakes dressed in tourist's knickerbockers, or a performance of *Hamlet* in which the prince appeared in a frock-coat, with a crape band round his hat.[28] But this instinct of the age to look back, like Lot's[29] wife, could not go on for ever. A rude, popular literature of the romantic possibilities of the modern city was bound to arise.[30] It has arisen in the popular detective stories, as rough and refreshing as the ballads of Robin Hood.[31]

There is, however, another good work that is done by detective stories. While it is the constant tendency of the Old Adam[32] to rebel against so universal and automatic a thing as civilization, to preach departure and rebellion, the romance of police activity keeps in some sense

before the mind the fact that civilization itself is the most sensational of departures and the most romantic of rebellions. By dealing with the unsleeping sentinels[33] who guard the outposts of society, it tends to remind us that we live in an armed camp, making war with a chaotic world, and that the criminals, the children of chaos, are nothing but the traitors within our gates. When the detective in a police romance[34] stands alone, and somewhat fatuously fearless amid the knives and fists of a thieves' kitchen, it does certainly serve to make us remember that it is the agent of social justice who is the original and poetic figure, while the burglars and footpads are merely placid old cosmic conservatives, happy in the immemorial respectability of apes and wolves.[35] The romance of the police force is thus the whole romance of man. It is based on the fact that morality is the most dark and daring of conspiracies.[36] It reminds us that the whole noiseless and unnoticeable police management by which we are ruled and protected is only a successful knight-errantry.[37]

题解：

文章应当发人之未发，即要有独特见解，独特见解就是新意，具有新意的文章便是好文章。一篇文章的独到之处，当然多多益善，但即便仅有一点与众不同的地方，也就算得上好文章了。

这是一篇为侦探小说辩护的散文。人们可以从不同的角度来评价侦探小说，说出它不应当受到贬抑的理由来，诸如

它所具有的娱乐功能，怡情作用以及启迪思维、勾起想象的功效等等，说上七条、八条也非难事，而且也都言之成理。但是这些看法不免给人一种浮浅、平庸的感觉，你就是不说，稍有侦探小说常识的人也都能想象得出来，因为这些都是浮在表面上的道理，没有什么新意可言。没有新意的见解，就是成打成打地发表也是没有感染力的。本文作者却标新立异，指出侦探小说的一大价值就是它表达了现代生活的诗意，使人们意识到烟囱林立、街巷纵横的现代城市有着跟骚人墨客所竭力歌颂的大自然一样的美。接着作者又作了极其形象的说明和分析，发掘出了在平凡的现实背后的不平凡，激起了人们对现实生活的热情。这一见解的确非同寻常，富有新意，且具深刻性，一篇散文有这样一点惊人之处，就称得上一篇好散文了。

注释：

1. reach: 此处为"找到"之意。
2. mere phrases: 空话。
3. Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* ... winter evenings: 尽管布拉德肖《铁路时间表》没有什么心理喜剧的风味，但谁也不会在冬天的夜晚高声朗读它，发出哄堂大笑。Bradshaw's *Railwae Guide* 通常称为 Bradshaw's *Railway Time Table*: 布拉德肖《铁路时间表》，1839 年第一次出版，后因页数过多，价钱太贵，于 1961 年停印。
4. To write ... committing it: 在他们看来，描写盗窃的故事几乎等于在精神上行窃。
5. There is ... a bad one: 然而，好的侦探故事和坏的侦探故事之间的差别与好的史诗和坏的史诗之间的差别完全

一样，或者有过之而无不及。

6. public weal: 社会福利。
7. The first ... life: 侦探故事的首要价值在于，它是能够表达现代生活诗意的最早的、也是唯一的一种大众文学形式。
8. they were poetical: 他们有着诗人的情感。
9. as rich a purple as the mountain-peaks: 宛如群山之巅，紫色浓重。
10. Of this realization ... *Iliad*: 从侦探小说帮助人们看出大城市的乡野风味这一点来说，它不愧为《伊利亚特》。*Iliad*: 《伊利亚特》，为古希腊诗人荷马所著。
11. with something ... elfland: 象神话中的王子，略显孤独，却自由自在。
12. primal colours: 原色，即红、蓝、黄三色。
13. every fantastic skyline ... mystery: 每一座烟囱管帽在天幕上的奇妙剪影似乎都以散漫、嘲弄的方式暗示着某种奥秘的意义。
14. while nature ... ones: 大自然是一种无意识的混乱，而城市则是一种有意识的混乱。
15. lichen: 石耳，地衣。
16. The narrowest street ... grave: 即便最狭窄的街道，在它含蓄的一弯一拐中，也体现出筑路人的灵魂，而筑路人也许早已长眠不醒了。
17. Every brick ... of Babylon: 每一块砖石上都有着人留下的象形文字，宛若巴比伦的刻石。hieroglyph: 象形文字。Babylon: 巴比伦(古代两河流域的城市与王国。)
18. addition and subtraction sums: 加、减数。

19. minutiae: 细节。

20. Sherlock Holmes: 英国小说家柯南·道尔侦探小说中的侦探。

21. unfathomably human character ... tiles: 反映在燧石和瓦片中难以捉摸的人类的个性。

22. It is good ... thief: 普通人养成了发挥想象的习惯，比如街上走过十个人，就要把每个人都打量一番，哪怕是臭名昭著的骗子可能是第十一个人，这也并非坏事。

23. Robert Stevenson: 罗伯特·史蒂文森（1850—1894），英国小说家、散文家、诗人。

24. the popular literature ... as commonplace: 大众文学不顾一片矫揉造作、迂腐卖弄的喧哗，不肯视现实为无聊，视普通为平庸。

25. it dressed ... burghers: 它给耶稣受难时周围的群像披上佛罗伦萨上流人士或佛兰芒自由民的服饰。

26. Macbeth:《麦克佩斯》，莎士比亚四大悲剧之一。

27. in a powdered wig and ruffles: 头戴搽粉的假发，身穿镶褶边的衣服。

28. How far ... his hat: 谁若想象一番阿尔弗雷德大帝身着旅行者的灯笼裤在烤饼，或哈姆雷特王子身穿礼服大衣，帽上绕着一段黑丧章，出现在《哈姆雷特》剧中的形象，就不难设想，我们虽生于斯时，对自己生活和习俗的诗情画意，却远非深信不疑。*Hamlet*:《哈姆雷特》，莎士比亚的剧本。Alfred the Great: 阿尔弗雷德大帝（849—899），威塞克郡的国王。

29. Lot: （圣经）罗得，为 Heran 之子，亚伯拉罕之甥，其妻自 Sodom 逃出途中因后顾而被化为盐柱。

30. A rude … to arise: 一种描绘现代都市所可能出现的浪漫主义的质朴的大众文学，必将应运而生。

31. Robin Hood: 罗宾汉，英国民间传说中劫富济贫的绿林好汉。

32. the Old Adam: 人类犯罪本性。

33. unsleeping sentinels: 头脑清醒、睡意全无的哨兵。

34. a police romance: 警察传奇。

35. while the burglars … wolves: 而盗贼们不过是宇宙间老朽温和的保守分子，他们津津乐道于对太古时代猿猴和野狼的尊敬（意思是他们身上有很多兽性）。footpad: 拦路的强盗。

36. the fact that morality … conspiracies: 道德是最为阴险狡诈，胆大包天的阴谋。

37. knight-errantry: 骑士风尚，游侠行为。

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM

作者简介：

威廉·萨默塞特·毛姆（William Somerset Maugham，1874—1965），英国小说家、剧作家，生于巴黎，父亲是英国驻法使馆的律师。父母双亡后，于十岁时回到英国，由伯父抚养成人。他从小口吃，在学校不大受人欢迎。这段经历后来反映在他的名作《人的枷锁》（*Of Human Bondage*，1915）之中。第一次世界大战期间，他从事过特工工作，战后周游世界各地。

毛姆自 1897 年发表处女作《兰贝斯的丽莎》（*Liza of Lambeth*，1897）以来，先后共出了四个长篇名作，半自传体的《人的枷锁》，以法国画家高更为原型的《月亮和六便士》（*The Moon and Sixpence*，1919），以哈代和 H·华尔浦尔为原型的《大吃大喝》（*Cakes and Ale*，1930），以及《刀锋》（*Razor's Edge*，1944），它描写一个退役美国士兵如何探索人生道路。该书一出版，印数达百万册。一般认为，他最好的小说是《人的枷锁》，而他个人则偏爱《大吃大喝》。

他的短篇小说和剧本，一如长篇小说，也十分受同时代人的欢迎。例如他的三卷本短篇小说集，描写英国人在国内或海外的生活，十分脍炙人口。他最著名的剧本为《圈子》（*The Circle*，1921）、《忠实的妻子》（*The Constant Wife*，1929）等。但这些剧本现已很少有人问津。

毛姆在创作上反对浪漫情调，反对利用小说作为“表达观念或理论”的手段，主张客观冷静地描写。

后期，毛姆转向文学评论，写了《观点》(*Points of View*, 1958)，还发表了两卷自传：《总结》(*The Summing Up*, 1938)和《作家笔记》(*A Writer's Notebook*, 1949)。

毛姆写作讲究明晰、凝炼，务去矫饰、陈言，因此，他的文章写得明白流畅，一如透底的清水。

Lucidity, Simplicity, Euphony

I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meaning. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections.[1] You may find it difficult to understand the thought of Hume,[2] and if you have no philosophical training its implications will doubtless escape you; but no one with any education at all can fail to understand exactly what the meaning of each sentence is. Few people have written English with more grace than Berkeley.[3] There are two sorts of obscurity that you find in writers. One is due to negligence and the other to willfulness. People often write obscurely because they have never taken the trouble to learn to write clearly. This sort of obscurity you find too often in modern philosophers, in men of science, and even in literary critics. Here it is indeed strange. You would have thought that men who passed their lives in the study of the great masters of literature would be sufficiently sensitive to the beauty of language to write if not beautifully at least with perspicuity. Yet you will find in their works sentence after

the subordinate clauses that give the sentence weight and magnificence, the grandeur like that of wave following wave in the open sea; there is no doubt that in all this there is something inspiring. Words thus strung together fall on the ear like music. The appeal is sensuous rather than intellectual, and the beauty of the sound leads you easily to conclude that you need not bother about the meaning. But words are tyrannical things,[18] they exist for their meanings, and if you will not pay attention to these, you cannot pay attention at all. Your mind wanders. This kind of writing demands a subject that will suit it. It is surely out of place to write in the grand style of inconsiderable things.[19] No one wrote in this manner with greater success than Sir Thomas Browne,[20] but even he did not always escape this pitfall. In the last chapter of *Hydriotaphia*[21] the matter, which is the destiny of man, wonderfully fits the baroque splendor of the language,[22] and here the Norwich doctor[23] produced a piece of prose that has never been surpassed in our literature; but when he describes the finding of his urns in the same splendid manner the effect (at least to my taste) is less happy.[24] When a modern writer is grandiloquent to tell you whether or no a little trollop[25] shall hop into bed with a commonplace young man you are right to be disgusted.

But if richness needs gifts with which everyone is not endowed, simplicity by no means comes by nature.[26] To achieve it needs rigid discipline. So far as I know ours is

the only language in which it has been found necessary to give a name to the piece of prose which is described as the purple patch;[27] it would not have been necessary to do so unless it were characteristic.[28] English prose is elaborate rather than simple. It was not always so. Nothing could be more racy, straight-forward and alive than the prose of Shakespeare; but it must be remembered that this was dialogue written to be spoken. We do not know how he would have written if like Corneille[29] he had composed prefaces to his plays. It may be that they would have been as euphuistic[30] as the letters of Queen Elizabeth.[31] But earlier prose, the prose of Sir Thomas More,[32] for instance, is neither ponderous, flowery nor oratorical. It smacks of the English soil.[33] To my mind King James's *Bible*[34] has been a very harmful influence on English prose. I am not so stupid as to deny its great beauty. It is majestical. But the Bible is an oriental book.[35] Its alien imagery has nothing to do with us. Those hyperboles,[36] those luscious[37] metaphors, are foreign to our genius. I cannot but think that not the least of the misfortunes that the Secession from Rome brought upon the spiritual life of our country is that this work for so long a period became the daily, and with many the only, reading of our people.[38] Those rhythms, that powerful vocabulary, that grandiloquence, became part and parcel[39] of the national sensibility. The plain, honest English speech was overwhelmed with ornament.[40] Blunt Englishmen twisted their tongues to speak

like Hebrew[41] prophets. There was evidently something in the English temper to which this was congenial, perhaps a native lack of precision in thought, perhaps a naïve delight in fine words for their own sake, an innate eccentricity and love of embroidery, I do not know; but the fact remains that ever since, English prose has had to struggle against the tendency to luxuriance.[42] When from time to time the spirit of the language has reasserted itself,[43] as it did with Dryden[44] and the writers of Queen Anne,[45] it was only to be submerged once more by the pomposities of Gibbon[46] and Dr. Johnson.[47] When English prose recovered simplicity with Hazlitt,[48] the Shelley of the letters[49] and Charles Lamb[50] at his best, it lost it again with De Quincey,[51] Carlyle,[52] Meredith[53] and Walter Pater.[54] It is obvious that the grand style is more striking than the plain. Indeed many people think that a style that does not attract notice is not style. They will admire Walter Pater's, but will read an essay by Matthew Arnold[55] without giving a moment's attention to the elegance, distinction and sobriety with which he set down what he had to say.

The dictum that the style is the man is well known. It is one of those aphorisms that say too much to mean a great deal.[56] Where is the man in Goethe in his birdlike lyrics or in his clumsy prose?[57] And Hazlitt? But I suppose that if a man has a confused mind he will write in a confused way, if his temper is capricious his prose will be fantastical, and if he has a quick, darting intelligence

that is reminded by the matter in hand of a hundred things, he will, unless he has great self-control, load his pages with metaphor and simile.[58] There is a great difference between the magniloquence of the Jacobean writers,[59] who were intoxicated with the new wealth that had lately been brought into the language, and the turgidity of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson, who were the victims of bad theories. I can read every word that Dr. Johnson wrote with delight, for he had good sense, charm and wit. No one could have written better if he had not willfully set himself to write in the grand style. He knew good English when he saw it. No critic has praised Dryden's prose more aptly. He said of him that he appeared to have no art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thought with vigor. And one of his Lives[60] he finished with the words: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."[61] But when he himself sat down to write it was with a very different aim. He mistook the orotund[62] for the dignified. He had not the good breeding to see that simplicity and naturalness are the truest marks of distinction.[63]

For to write good prose is an affair of good manners. It is, unlike verse, a civil art.[64] Poetry is baroque.[65] Baroque is tragic, massive and mystical. It is elemental.[66] It demands depth and insight. I cannot but feel that the prose writers of the baroque period,[67] the authors of King James's *Bible*,

must fear to bore, they must be neither flippant nor solemn, but always apt; and they must look upon "enthusiasm" with a critical glance. This is a soil very suitable for prose. It is not to be wondered at that it gave a fitting opportunity for the appearance of the best writer of prose that our modern world has seen, Voltaire.[75] The writers of English, perhaps owing to the poetic nature of the language, have seldom reached the excellence that seems to have come so naturally to him. It is in so far as they have approached the ease, sobriety and precision of the great French masters that they are admirable.

Whether you ascribe importance to euphony, the last of the three characteristics that I mentioned, must depend on the sensitiveness of your ear. A great many readers, and many admirable writers, are devoid of this quality. Poets as we know have always made a great use of alliteration.[76] They are persuaded that the repetition of a sound gives an effect of beauty. I do not think it does so in prose. It seems to me that in prose alliteration should be used only for a special reason; when used by accident it falls on the ear very disagreeably. But its accidental use is so common that one can only suppose that the sound of it is not universally offensive. Many writers without distress will put two rhyming words together, join a monstrous long adjective to a monstrous long noun, or between the end of one word and the beginning of another have a conjunction of consonants that almost breaks your jaw.

to a phrase that was grammatical. One of the differences between French and English is that in French you can be grammatical with complete naturalness, but in English not invariably. It is a difficulty in writing English that the sound of the living voice dominates the look of the printed word. I have given the matter of style a great deal of thought and have taken great pains. I have written few pages that I feel I could not improve and far too many that I have left with dissatisfaction because, try as I would, I could do no better. I cannot say of myself what Johnson said of Pope:[82] "He never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair."[83] I do not write as I want to; I write as I can.

But Fowler had no ear.[84] He did not see that simplicity may sometimes make concessions to euphony.[85] I do not think a far-fetched, an archaic or even an affected word is out of place when it sounds better than the blunt, obvious one or when it gives a sentence a better balance. But, I hasten to add, though I think you may without misgiving make this concession to pleasant sound, I think you should make none to what may obscure your meaning. Anything is better than not to write clearly. There is nothing to be said against lucidity, and against simplicity only the possibility of dryness.[86] This is a risk that is well worth taking when you reflect how much better it is to be bald than to wear a curly wig. But there is in euphony a danger that must be considered. It is very likely

to be monotonous. When George Moore[87] began to write, his style was poor; it gave you the impression that he wrote on wrapping paper with a blunt pencil. But he developed gradually a very musical English. He learnt to write sentences that fall away on the ear with a misty languor and it delighted him so much that he could never have enough of it. He did not escape monotony. It is like the sound of water lapping a shingly[88] beach, so soothing that you presently cease to be sensible of it. It is so mellifluous[89] that you hanker for some harshness, for an abrupt dissonance,[90] that will interrupt the silky concord.[91] I do not know how one can guard against this. I suppose the best chance is to have a more lively faculty of boredom than one's readers so that one is wearied before they are.[92] One must always be on the watch for mannerisms and when certain cadences come too easily to the pen ask oneself whether they have not become mechanical. It is very hard to discover the exact point where the idiom one has formed to express oneself has lost its tang.[93] As Dr. Johnson said: "He that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease." Admirably as I think Matthew Arnold's style was suited to his particular purposes, I must admit that his mannerisms are often irritating. His style was an instrument that he had forged once for all; it was not like the human hand capable of performing a variety of actions.

If you could write lucidly, simply, euphoniously and

yet with liveliness you would write perfectly: you would write like Voltaire. And yet we know how fatal the pursuit of liveliness may be: it may result in the tiresome acrobatics of Meredith. Macaulay[94] and Carlyle were in their different ways arresting;[95] but at the heavy cost of naturalness. Their flashy effects distract the mind. They destroy their persuasiveness; you would not believe a man was very intent on ploughing a furrow if he carried a hoop with him and jumped through it at every other step. A good style should show no sign of effort. What is written should seem a happy accident. I think no one in France now writes more admirably than Colette,[96] and such is the ease of her expression that you cannot bring yourself to believe that she takes any trouble over it. I am told that there are pianists who have a natural *technique* so that they can play in a manner that most executants[97] can achieve only as the result of unremitting toil, and I am willing to believe that there are writers who are equally fortunate. Among them I was much inclined to place Colette. I asked her. I was exceedingly surprised to hear that she wrote everything over and over again. She told me that she would often spend a whole morning working upon a single page. But it does not matter how one gets the effect of ease. For my part, if I get it at all, it is only by strenuous effort. Nature seldom provides me with the word, the turn of phrase, that is appropriate without being far-fetched or commonplace.[98]

题解：

毛姆主张把文字表达得明晰、简洁、悦耳，认为晦涩的原因一是疏忽，二是偏执，往往是作者自己思想的混乱，导致了笔端文字的含混；当然也有些人故意把文句写得含糊不清，故作高深。毛姆关于简洁并非天生却靠锤炼而得的见解，与我国传统文论家的观点不谋而合：有了“语不惊人死不休”的决心，下了反复“推”“敲”的工夫，才可能出现“环滁皆山也”这样千古传诵、言简意赅的名句。对于文字的悦耳，毛姆十分苛求，认为有时为了悦耳，甚至可以牺牲一些简洁，但是绝不能迁就到把意思弄得含混的地步。所以明晰、简洁、悦耳三个要求中，明晰是最基本的要求，以词害义，以音损义都是要反对的。

毛姆是自己主张的践行者。无论是他的散文还是小说，都保持着一种简洁、明晰的风格，本篇是一个范例。内中的文句简短精炼，所用的词汇普通寻常，全篇几乎找不到冷僻、深奥的字眼，却把作者所要表达的意思说得明明白白。本文犹如一泓清水，给人一种明彻见底的感觉。

当然毛姆的观点不过是一家之言，特别是在当代，有人主张含混，以便让读者多层面、多角度地发掘其丰富的内涵；至于简洁，古今中外喜爱与之相悖的华丽风格者，也大有人在，当然文字的悦耳是谁都赞成的，不过是否可以因此而牺牲简洁，则就有商榷的余地了。

注释：

1. You have ... reflections: 只要翻翻伟大的哲学家的著作，就可以看到，明晰地表达最微妙的思想是可能的。

have only to ... to ...: 只要……就能……。

2. Hume: 休谟(1711—1776), 苏格兰哲学家及历史学家。
3. Berkeley: 贝克莱(1685—1753),爱尔兰主教及哲学家。
4. The pen originates the thought: 思想产生于笔端。
5. The idea ... clarification: 用有形的文字表达后获得了具体的内容,但随后又妨碍自身意义的阐明。
6. Some writers ... appears: 一些思路不清的作家倾向于认为他们的思想比乍看之下要精辟得多。
7. It is flattering ... may read: 他们沾沾自喜地认为,他们的思想太深奥,无法清楚地表达,做到通俗易懂。"all who run may read" 套用 "He who runs may read": 通俗易懂。
8. Here ... obtains: 这儿,又是书面语言的魔力在作怪。
9. There is ... exclusiveness: 还有一种故弄玄虚的晦涩,装出一副孤芳自赏的贵族派头。
10. The author ... in it: 作者把意思裹在神秘的外衣中,好象凡夫俗子无法理解。
11. the elect: 出类拔萃者。
12. a meaningless verbiage: 一堆废话。
13. lucubrations: 学术作品。
14. Guillarme Apollinaire: 阿波利奈尔(1880—1912),法国诗人,他的诗标志着现代诗在诗体与格律上的第一次解放。
15. Mallarme: 马拉梅(1842—1898),法国诗人。
16. the materials ... his day: 他的诗歌素材是他那个时代的陈腔滥调。
17. The rolling period: 周而复始的掉尾句。period: 掉尾

句，圆周句。

18. But words are tyrannical things: 然而文字生性专横。

19. It is ... things: 以庄严之笔调叙述琐屑之事无疑是不得体的。

20. Sir Thomas Browne: 布朗(1605—1682)，英国医生及作家。

21. *Hydriotaphia*: 亦称 *Urn Burial*，系布朗1658年发表的一篇探讨历史上和英国当时实行的死者掩埋方法的论文。

22. the matter ... the language: 人类的命运这一主题与奇伟瑰丽的语言风格水乳交融。

23. Norwich doctor: 即指 Sir Thomas Browne，诺里奇为英国东部诺福克郡的首府。

24. happy: 此处作"好，佳"。

25. trollop: 娼妓。

26. comes by nature: 天生。

27. purple patch (或 passage): 华而不实的章句或段落。

28. it would not ... characteristic: 如果不是这个特点太突出，本来是无此必要的。

29. Corneille: 高乃伊(Pierre, 1606—1684)，法国剧作家。

30. euphuistic: 华丽的，浮艳的。

31. Queen Elizabeth: 伊丽莎白一世(1533—1603)。

32. Sir Thomas More: 托马斯·摩尔爵士 (1478—1535)，英国政治家及作家。

33. It smacks ... soil: 它散发出英国泥土的清香。

34. King James's *Bible*: 英王詹姆斯一世钦定《圣经》。

35. the *Bible* is an oriental book: 圣经是东方的书。指《圣经》原为犹太教所创，即《旧约》，主要用希伯来文写成。

65. Poetry is baroque: 诗歌是巴罗克式的艺术，即复杂而奇特的艺术。

66. It is elemental: 诗是充满内涵的。这里 elemental 一词是 inherent 的意思。

67. the baroque period: 巴罗克时期，指巴罗克艺术或建筑的兴盛期，约自 1550—1750 年间。

68. Glanville: 格兰维尔(1636—1680)，英格兰人，自封的怀疑论者和皇家协会辩护人。

69. ... were poets who had lost their way: 实际上是诗人，只不过未找到发挥诗才的途径罢了。

70. rococo art: 洛可可式艺术。洛可可式系指十七、八世纪欧洲流行的一种纤巧华丽的建筑和音乐形式。

71. the bit and the bridle: 马勒。

72. chassis: ['ʃæsi] 汽车底盘。

73. For rococo ... for restraint: 当巴罗克艺术甚嚣尘上，世人厌倦了宏伟的风格，并要求加以收敛的时候，洛可可艺术发展了起来。

74. horse sense: 粗浅实用的常识。

75. Voltaire: 伏尔泰(1694—1778)，法国讽刺家、哲学家、剧作家及历史学家。

76. alliteration: 头韵法，如 wailing in the winter wind。

77. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*: 福勒的《现代英语惯用法词典》。Fowler: 福勒(1858—1933)英国辞典编纂者和语言学家。

78. It is lively reading: 它写得生动活泼。

79. right of way: 通行权。

80. demesne: 领域。

81. Henry James: 亨利·詹姆斯(1843—1916),英国作家。

82. Pope: 蒲柏 (Alexander, 1688—1744),英国诗人。

83. He never ... despair: 他从不随意放过一个错误,或因无能为力而草率从事。

84. But Fowler had no ear: 但福勒的听觉欣赏能力不行。

85. He did not ... euphony: 可他并不明白,有时为了和谐悦耳,不得不牺牲简洁。

86. and against ... dryness: 而简洁可能仅因为枯燥无味而受到指责。

87. George Moore: 乔治·摩尔(1852—1933),爱尔兰小说家、批评家及剧作家。

88. shingly: 铺满卵石的。

89. mellifluous: 甜蜜的。

90. dissonance: 不和谐,不协调。

91. silky concord: 丝绸缎柔滑的谐音。

92. the best chance ... before they are: 最佳途径是,要比读者更能感受到厌倦的情绪,以便在读者厌倦之前,自己就先尝到了厌倦的滋味。

93. tang: 特有的风味,特色。

94. Macaulay: 麦考莱 (Thomas Babington, 1800—1859),英国历史学家、评论家、诗人及政治家。

95. arresting: 迷人的,引人入胜的。

96. Colette: 科莱特(1873—1954),法国二十世纪上半叶杰出的女作家。

97. executant: 演奏者。

98. Nature seldom ... or commonplace: 我没有遣词造句的禀赋,难得想出既不牵强又不平淡的恰当词句。

ROBERT LYND

作者简介：

罗伯特·林德 (Robert Lynd, 1879—1949)，英国散文家，出生于北爱尔兰的首府贝尔法斯特。他早年在当地的女王学院接受教育，后移居伦敦，在《消息纪事》杂志任文学编辑。他长期使用 Y. Y 的笔名，在《新政治家》上发表散文作品。

林德和 E. V. 卢卡斯 (E.V.Lucas) 一样，都是二十世纪初的重要散文作家。他继承了查尔斯·兰姆的小品文风格。他的散文幽默风趣和饱含个人情感，因而他和卢卡斯等人被称作是对兰姆散文风格的复兴。

林德的作品分别收入以下几部文集：《无知的乐趣》(*The Pleasure of Ignorance*, 1921)，《蓝狮》(*The Blue Lion*, 1923)，《想来令人颤栗》(*I Tremble to Think*, 1936) 和《生活异趣录》(*Life's Little Oddities*, 1941)等。

The Vice of Punctuality[1]

"Punctuality with the Englishman," says M. André Maurois,[2] "is more than a habit. It is a vice." This is a severe judgment, but, from a strictly moral point of view, it is probably a true one. To the strict moralist—at least, to the Puritan—every form of self-indulgence is a vice, and

he has to make an effort to get out of bed, expending energy on what his punctual fellow had accomplished with lazy ease. At the breakfast-table, again, his brain is working hard, calculating exactly how many seconds he can afford in which to bolt his food[10] before rushing off to an institution in which he is almost sure to be received, not with commendation, but with frowns. Only half-fed—for the unpunctual boy of necessity[11] eats sparingly, like the saints and the ascetics—he tumbles out of the house, banging the door after him with the energy of a gymnast. See him running along the street, and you will note in him none of those marks of indolence which were all too conspicuous in the deportment of his punctual predecessor.[12] His breath comes fast; his face is flushed; every step he takes is that of a boy doing his utmost, like a hero trying to score a try[13] for the honour of his school. He is so bent on doing his best and arriving at his school in good time that, when he mounts a tram, he finds that, in his absorption in duty, he has not even had leisure to tie his shoe-laces. At the school gates the empty playing-fields tell him that the bell has already rung and that he will have to face a reception in the schoolroom that only the bravest can face with equanimity. He braces himself for the ordeal; and the acute observer will perceive that the unpunctual schoolboy has to brace himself a score of times in the course of the day for once that this is required of the punctual.[14] He lives in a fury of moral energy,[15] indeed, that ought to have

received, but did not receive, the approbation of Samuel Smiles.[16] My own schoolmaster agreed with Samuel Smiles. He did not even look up from his desk as he thought out words withering enough to discourage all moral effort on my part in the future. "Y,"[17] he said coldly, "if you cannot arrive in class in time, you will kindly stay away altogether." Such was the reward of virtue, of an output of energy of which no other boy in the class was capable or, at least, which no other boy in the class dreamed of emulating.

I doubt whether the punctual have the slightest conception of what the unpunctual go through—of their exhausting labours, of their endless tribulations. They seem to think that other people like being late for the sake of being late, whereas there is no one who suffers more from being late than the late-comer. There is very little fun for a middle-aged-man in bolting half an egg and running a quarter of a mile to catch a morning train to town. No one, intent on his own comfort and eager to get through a day as lazily as possible, would think of doing such a thing. It is a form of penance that the unpunctual have to go through for not having been ease-loving enough in childhood to discover the art of living with a minimum of effort.[18]

The unpunctual, again, are accused of selfishness. Theatre goers are continually complaining of the selfishness of those who arrive late in the stalls. The accusation is

false. I know, for, being one of the most selfish of men, I always make a point of arriving at the theatre in time for purely selfish reasons. I have not the courage to endure the miseries of being late—to face the silent hatred of women whom there is no room to pass without crushing their knees or treading on their feet and the fury of fat men whom there is scarcely room to pass at all. To arrive in time at a theatre or a football match I regard as one of the luxuries of life. If I have to choose between disturbing other people and being disturbed myself, I prefer—for purely selfish reasons—being disturbed myself. For, since I am naturally unpunctual, I can make allowances for[19] the late-comers and understand what they are suffering. Some of them, I tell myself, have been held up in traffic blocks. Others have been kept fuming in the hall, while their wives and daughters were held prisoners upstairs by their mirrors.[20] Others are the victims of slow clocks and watches. Every man who has ever been late knows that there are twenty good reasons for being late, whereas there is only one good reason for being punctual—self-love.

Our hatred of unpunctuality is, I think it can be shown, mainly a selfish hatred and, therefore, a vicious hatred. It is not from virtue, for example, that we object to being kept late for dinner. I have heard a fussily punctual fellow, after he had been kept waiting twenty minutes for dinner, saying: "My God, I could kill that cook." It

was *scarcely* a Christian sentiment.[31] Yet even I, who am frequently late for meals, hate to be kept waiting for one. I remember spending a summer holiday in a cottage on an estuary in which breakfast was never on the table before eleven. In London, I have no objection to an eleven o'clock breakfast, but on a holiday I like to be up early and am ready for breakfast by ten. The woman who looked after us, however, lacked the art of doing things easily, and, morning after morning, we hung about, famished, clamouring for food like young birds in a nest. Self, self, self —we thought nothing of the woman and the desperate efforts she was making in the kitchen. We were equally selfcentred when, arriving back for lunch at half-past one, we were kept waiting for it till four. It was not that, after our late breakfast, we were starving, but that the woman by her unpunctuality was interfering with our timetable. The whole day seemed to be wasted in waiting for meals that did not come. There is a kind of false gnawing that afflicts the body—or is it the soul?—when cooks are unpunctual. I used to feel it in the cottage about a quarter-past ten at night when dinner had not appeared.

The truth is, in a selfish world, we feel that other people should always be punctual. Imagine the effect of short-tempered egotists, as most of us are, if the morning papers were constantly delivered late, if the first post arrived according to the caprice of an unpunctual postman, if no milk arrived for breakfast and the only explanation

were the moral grandeur of the milkman.[22] Italy, it is commonly said, went through a revolution largely in order to ensure the punctuality of trains. The wise men of the past said: "Better late than never"; but who nowadays echoes the ancient philosophy when the fish is not delivered in time for lunch?[23] In a mechanized world, we insist that life must imitate the smoothness of a machine, and that other people must live, not according to their temperament, but in obedience to a time-table. This, it must be admitted, is for a highly organized society a convenience, but it is also a pursuit of the line of least resistance.[24] There is nothing noble about it: it is merely Epicureanism on a practical plane.[25] In demanding punctuality from others, we primarily seek, not their good, but our own happiness and comfort. Is that vicious? The Puritans, and M. Maurois among them, would say, "Yes." I cannot quite agree with them. I like other people to be punctual. As for myself, however, unpunctuality happens to be one of the things that have given me such character as I possess.

题解：

"守时"不是美德，而被斥之为恶习，实乃咄咄怪事。所以文章标题本身就有强烈的吸引力，使你赶紧读下去，了解内中的究竟。无独有偶，他的另一篇散文题为"无知的乐趣"(The Pleasure of Ignorance)，还有一篇为"我们为何痛恨昆虫"(Why We Hate Insects)。看来，标题之别出心裁是林德散文之一大特色。

本文看似信手写来，不着边际，一会儿谈迟到的学童之艰辛，一会儿描述晚来的戏剧观众之窘迫；一忽儿又扯起急盼久等未到的菜肴之亲身经历。实际上作者始终紧扣题旨，用这些实例来论证文首所提出的观点：每一种自我陶醉都是恶习，而守时是一种自我陶醉，所以也是一个恶习。本文的结尾写道："我们要求别人守时，主要不是出于考虑他人的利益，而是为了自身的愉悦和舒适，那难道不是一种恶行？"从而与开首的话相呼应，在结构上显得更为紧凑。当然守时究竟是否恶习，是大可以质疑的。

本篇生动多趣，读来有味，这很大程度上归功于作者对生活的洞察力以及细致入微的心理分析。迟到的儿童狼吞虎咽吃完早饭，匆匆上得电车，来不及系好鞋带，鼓起勇气进了教室还得忍受教师的呵斥等等，以及晚到观众不是怕打扰别人而是怕给自己带来不便等心理描写都是真实而传神，使读者感到仿佛文中写的就是他自己，因而倍觉亲切。

本文语言明白如话，笔调中带着冷峻的幽默，言者似乎板着面孔，在严肃地论证自己所提出的命题，但听者却能分辨出调侃的口气，乃至禁不住要笑出声来，足见作者使用语言的功力。

注释：

1. The Vice of Punctuality: 守时之恶习。
2. André Maurois:莫洛亚(1885——1967),法国传记作家、小说家、小品文作家。
3. so he set about ... the higher selfishness: 因此，他大肆宣扬守时的信条，而这个信条不过是高度自私自利的信条的一个部分。

4. the Continent: 欧洲大陆。

5. coeval: 同龄人。

6. he has leisure ... sun is warm: 阳光还未暖和起来，他便从容不迫地练习起如何饕餮的艺术来了。

7. Pippa: 疑为 R. 勃朗宁的诗 "Pippa Passes" 中的主人翁皮帕，她在每年一度的假日，唱着歌儿在街上漫游。

8. his by-no-means-easy-to-placate master: 他那很不好取悦的老师。

9. Compare with his the lot of the unpunctual boy = Compare the lot of the unpunctual boy with his (lot).

10. to bolt his food: 囫囵吞食。

11. of necessity: 必然地，不可避免地；并不是 the unpunctual boy of necessity。

12. his punctual predecessor: 前面所谈及的那个守时的人。

13. to score a try: 试着攻进一球。

14. the unpunctual schoolboy ... the punctual: 一天当中，为了经受这种折磨，不守时的小学生得屡屡强打起精神，而守时的只要一次就行了。

15. He lives ... moral energy: 他有着强烈的道德感。

16. Samuel Smiles: 塞缪尔·斯迈尔斯(1812——1904)，英国作家。

17. Y = Why.

18. It is a form ... effort: 这是不守时的人所不得不经受的一种苦行，由于他儿时不够清闲自在，没有学会费力最小而又过得最舒服的窍门。

19. make allowances for: 原谅。

20. Others have been ... mirrors: 另一些人则被迫气呼呼

地等在楼下客厅，而他们的妻子和女儿在楼上穿衣镜前左顾右盼，不得脱身。

21. It was scarcely a Christian sentiment: 这种感情未免与基督教义不符。

22. if no milk ... milkman: 如果早餐牛奶没有按时送到，而唯一的解释是送奶人道德情操很高的话。

23. but who nowadays ... lunch: 现在，如果中饭烧鱼没有及时上桌，谁还会去应和那古老的哲理（即“迟到总比不到好”）呢？ ancient philosophy: 即指上句 “Better late than never”。

24. the line of least resistance: 阻力最小的方法。

25. it is merely Epicureanism on a practical plane: 这不过是一种实惠的享乐主义。

EDWARD MORGAN FORSTER

作者简介：

爱德华·摩根·福斯特(Edward Morgan Forster, 1879—1970)，小说家和散文家，生于伦敦，毕业于剑桥大学。1901年，他首次离开英国，游历了希腊和意大利。1921年，福斯特被聘为印度老德瓦斯邦主的秘书。回国后，成为文学社团“布鲁姆斯伯里派”(Bloomsbury Group) 的主要人物之一，与作家维吉尼亚·伍尔夫、哲学家、数学家伯特兰·罗素、经济学家约翰·梅纳德·凯恩斯(John Maynard Keynes, 1883—1946)等过从甚密。

福斯特的小说主要有：《天使不敢涉足的地方》(*Where Angles Fear to Tread*, 1905)。这是一部悲喜剧式的作品，讽刺了自命高雅的英国绅士淑女们；《最漫长的旅程》(*The Longest Journey*, 1907) 带有自传性质；《看得见风景的房间》(*A Room with a View*, 1908) 表现的是爱的本质以及意大利环境对书中情人们挣脱羁绊的影响；《霍华德别业》(*Howards End*, 1910) 的主题基于福斯特一贯的看法——文明人的苦难在于不能“抛弃怨恨，互相沟通”，做到“四海之内皆兄弟”。当然，这仅仅是福斯特的理想。

《印度之行》(*A Passage to India*, 1924) 是福斯特的代表作，小说通过精心塑造的人物，巧妙安排的事件，反映了根深蒂固的种族矛盾，揭露了英国殖民主义者的骄横霸道和对

印度人民的歧视。

福斯特的短篇小说集有《通往天国的公共汽车》(*The Celestial Omnibus*, 1923),《永恒的时刻》(*The Eternal Moment*, 1928)等。他在剑桥的演讲《小说面面观》(*Aspects of the Novel*, 1927)被汇编成集出版，轻松、朴实的风格使其成为散文之佳作。福斯特的散文集尚有《阿宾杰的收获》(*Abinger Harvest*, 1926)和《为民主欢呼两声》(*Two Cheers for Democracy*, 1951)。福斯特采用了比同时代作家更为自由，更为口语化的文体，轻松、冷静的笔触处处可见，即使在描写暴力场面时也是如此，显而易见受到了简·奥斯丁的影响。

People

The novelist, we are beginning to see, has a very mixed lot of ingredients to handle. There is the story, with its time-sequence of "and then ... and then ... "; there are ninepins[1] about whom[2] he might tell the story, and tell a rattling good one, but no, he prefers to tell his story about human beings; he takes over the life by values as well as the life in time.[3] The characters arrive when evoked, but full of the spirit of mutiny.[4] For they have these numerous parallels with people like ourselves, they try to live their own lives and are consequently often engaged in treason against the main scheme of the book.[5] They "run away," they "get out of hand": they are creations inside a creation, and often inharmonious towards

it,[6] if they are given complete freedom they kick the book to pieces, and if they are kept too sternly in check, they revenge themselves by dying, and destroy it by intestinal decay.[7] ...

We may divide characters into flat and round.[8]

Flat characters were called "humours"[9] in the seventeenth century, and are sometimes called types, and sometimes caricatures. In their purest form, they are constructed round a single idea or quality: when there is more than one factor in them, we get the beginning of the curve towards the round. The really flat character can be expressed in one sentence such as "I never will desert Mr. Micawber." There is Mrs. Micawber—she says she won't desert Mr. Micawber,[10] she doesn't, and there she is. Or: "I must conceal, even by subterfuges, the poverty of my master's house." There is Caleb Balderstone in *The Bride of Lammermoor*.[11] He does not use the actual phrase, but it completely describes him; he has no existence outside it, no pleasures, none of the private lusts and aches that must complicate the most consistent of servitors.[12] Whatever he does, wherever he goes, whatever lies he tells or plates he breaks, it is to conceal the poverty of his master's house. It is not his idée fixe,[13] because there is nothing in him into which the idea can be fixed. He is the idea, and such life as he possesses radiates from its edges and from the scintillations it strikes when other elements in the novel impinge.[14] Or take Proust.[15] There are numerous flat char-

acters in Proust, such as the Princess of Parma, or Legrandin.[16] Each can be expressed in a single sentence, the Princess's sentence being, "I must be *particularly* careful to be kind." She does nothing except to be particularly careful, and those of the other characters who are more complex than herself easily see through the kindness, since it is only a by-product of the carefulness.

One great advantage of flat characters is that they are easily recognized whenever they come in—recognized by the reader's emotional eye, not by the visual eye,[17] which merely notes the recurrence of a proper name. In Russian novels, where they so seldom occur, they would be a decided help. It is a convenience for an author when he can strike with his full force at once, and flat characters are very useful to him, since they never need reintroducing, never run away, have not to be watched for development,[18] and provide their own atmosphere—little luminous disks of a pre-arranged size, pushed hither and thither like counters across the void or between the stars;[19] most satisfactory.

A second advantage is that they are easily remembered by the reader afterwards. They remain in his mind as unalterable for the reason that they were not changed by circumstances; they moved through circumstances, which gives them in retrospect a comforting quality, and preserves them when the book that produced them may decay. The Countess in *Evan Harrington*[20] furnishes a good little ex-

the hardness of whose hitting makes the rest of us feel like a lot of ladies up in a pavilion.[32] He complains that Lawrence, in a biography, has falsified the picture by employing "the novelist's touch," and he goes on to define what this *is*:

> It consists, I should say, in a failure to realize the complexities of the ordinary human mind; it selects for literary purposes two or three facets of a man or woman, generally the most spectacular, and therefore useful ingredients of their character and disregards all the others. Whatever fails to fit in with these specially chosen traits is eliminated—must be eliminated, for otherwise the description would not hold water. Such and such are the data: everything incompatible with those data has to go by the board. It follows that the novelist's touch argues, often logically, from a wrong premise: it takes what it likes and leaves the rest. The facts may be correct as far as they go but there are too few of them: what the author says may be true and yet by no means the truth. That is the novelist's touch. It falsifies life.

Well, the novelist's touch as thus defined is, of course, bad in biography, for no human being is simple. But in a novel it has its place: a novel that is at all complex often requires flat people as well as round, and the outcome of

their collisions parallels life more accurately than Mr. Douglas implies.[33] The case of Dickens is significant. Dickens' people are nearly all flat (Pip and David Copperfield attempt roundness, but so diffidently that they seem more like bubbles than solids).[34] Nearly every one can be summed up in a sentence, and yet there is this wonderful feeling of human depth. Probably the immense vitality of Dickens causes his characters to vibrate a little, so that they borrow his life and appear to lead one of their own.[35] It is a conjuring trick; at any moment we may look at Mr. Pickwick[36] edgeways and find him no thicker than a gramophone record.[37] But we never get the sideway view. Mr. Pickwick is far too adroit and well trained. He always has the air of weighing something, and when he is put into the cupboard of the young ladies' school he seems as heavy as Falstaff in the buck-basket at Windsor.[38] Part of the genius of Dickens is that he does use types and caricatures, people whom we recognize the instant they re-enter, and yet achieves effects that are not mechanical and a vision of humanity that is not shallow.[39] Those who dislike Dickens have an excellent case.[40] He ought to be bad. He is actually one of our big writers, and his immense success with types suggests that there may be more in flatness than the severer critics admit.

Or take H. G. Wells.[41] With the possible exceptions of Kipps and the aunt in *Tono Bungay*,[42] all Wells' characters are as flat as a photograph. But the photographs

Sussex[44] farmer who says, "I'll plough up that bit of gorse." There is the farmer, there is the gorse; he says he'll plough it up, he does plough it up, but it is not like saying "I'll never desert Mr. Micawber," because we are so bored by his consistency that we do not care whether he succeeds with the gorse or fails. If his formula was analysed and connected up with the rest of the human outfit, we should not be bored any longer, the formula would cease to be the man and become an obsession in the man,[45] that is to say he would have turned from a flat farmer into a round one. It is only round people who are fit to perform tragically for any length of time and can move us to any feelings except humour and appropriateness.

So now let us desert these two-dimensional people, and by way of transition to the round, let us go to *Mansfield Park*, and look at Lady Bertram,[46] sitting on her sofa with pug. Pug is flat, like most animals in fiction. He is once represented as straying to a rose bed in a cardboard kind of way, but that is all, and during most of the book his mistress seems to be cut out of the same simple material as her dog. Lady Bertram's formula is, "I am kindly, but must not be fatigued," and she functions out of it.[47] But at the end there is a catastrophe. Her two daughters come to grief—to the worst grief known to Miss Austen's universe, far worse than the Napoleonic wars.[48] Julia elopes; Maria,[49] who is unhappily married, runs off with a lover. What is Lady Bertram's reaction? The sentence describing

it is significant: "Lady Bertram did not think deeply, but, guided by Sir Thomas, she thought justly on all important points, and she saw therefore in all its enormity, what had happened, and neither endeavoured herself, nor required Fanny to advise her, to think little of guilt and infamy."[50] These are strong words, and they used to worry me because I thought Jane Austen's moral sense was getting out of hand. She may, and of course does, deprecate guilt and infamy herself, and she duly causes all possible distress in the minds of Edmund and Fanny, but has she any right to agitate calm, consistent Lady Bertram?[51] Is not it like giving pug three faces and setting him to guard the gates of Hell? Ought not her ladyship to remain on the sofa saying, "This is a dreadful and sadly exhausting business about Julia and Maria, but where is Fanny gone? I have dropped another stitch"?

I used to think this, through misunderstanding Jane Austen's method—exactly as Scott misunderstood it when he congratulated her for painting on a square of ivory.[52] She is a miniaturist, but never two-dimensional. All her characters are round, or capable of rotundity. Even Miss Bates[53] has a mind, even Elizabeth Eliot[54] a heart, and Lady Bertram's moral fervour ceases to vex us when we realize this: the dish has suddenly extended and become a little globe.[55] When the novel is closed, Lady Bertram goes back to the flat, it is true; the dominant impression she leaves can be summed up in a formula. But that is not

how Jane Austen conceived her, and the freshness of her reappearances are due to this.[56] Why do the characters in Jane Austen give us a slightly new pleasure each time they come in, as opposed to the merely repetitive pleasure that is caused by a character in Dickens? Why do they combine so well in a conversation, and draw one another out without seeming to do so, and never perform?[57] The answer to this question can be put in several ways: that, unlike Dickens, she was a real artist, that she never stooped to caricature,[58] etc. But the best reply is that her characters though smaller than his are more highly organized. They function all round, and even if her plot made greater demands on them than it does, they would still be adequate.[59] Suppose that Louisa Musgrove had broken her neck on the Cobb.[60] The description of her death would have been feeble and ladylike—physical violence is quite beyond Miss Austen's powers—but the survivors would have reacted properly as soon as the corpse was carried away, they would have brought into view new sides of their character, and though *Persuasion* would have been spoiled as a book, we should know more than we do about Captain Wentworth and Anne. All the Jane Austen characters are ready for an extended life, for a life which the scheme of her books seldom requires them to lead, and that is why they lead their actual lives so satisfactorily. Let us return to Lady Bertram and the crucial sentence. See how subtly it modulates from her formula into an area where the formula does

not work. "Lady Bertram did not think deeply." Exactly as per formula. "But guided by Sir Thomas she thought justly on all important points." Sir Thomas' guidance, which is part of the formula, remains, but it pushes her ladyship towards an independent and undesired morality.[61] "She saw therefore in all its enormity what had happened." This is the moral fortissimo—very strong but carefully introduced. And then follows a most artful decrescendo by means of negatives. "She neither endeavoured herself nor required Fanny to advise her, to think little of guilt or infamy." The formula is reappearing, because as a rule she does try to minimize trouble, and does require Fanny o advise her how to do this; indeed Fanny has done nothing else for the last ten years. The words, though they are negatived, remind us of this, her normal state is again in view, and she has in a single sentence been inflated into a round character and collapsed back into a flat one. How Jane Austen can write! In a few words she has extended Lady Bertram, and by so doing she has increased the probability of the elopements of Maria and Julia. I say probability because the elopements belong to the domain of violent physical action, and here, as already indicated, Jane Austen is feeble and ladylike. Except in her school girl novels, she cannot stage a crash.[62] Everything violent has to take place "off"[63]—Louisa's accident and Marianne Dashwood's[64] putrid throat are the nearest exceptions—and consequently all the comments on the elopement must be

sincere and convincing, otherwise we should doubt whether it occurred. Lady Bertram helps us to believe that her daughters have run away, and they have to run away, or there would be no apotheosis for Fanny.[65] It is a little point, and a little sentence, yet it shows us how delicately a great novelist can modulate into the round.

All through her works we find these characters, apparently so simple and flat, never needing reintroduction and yet never out of their depth—Henry Tilney, Mr. Woodhouse, Charlotte Lucas.[66] She may label her characters "Sense," "Pride," "Sensibility," "Prejudice," but they are not tethered to those qualities.

As for the round characters proper, they have already been defined by implication and no more need be said. All I need do is to give some examples of people in books who seem to me round so that the definition can be tested afterwards:

All the principal characters in *War and Peace*,[67] all the Dostoevsky[68] characters, and some of the Proust—for example, the old family servant, the Duchess of Guermantes, M. de Charlus, and Saint Loup;[69] Madame Bovary—who, like Moll Flanders, has her book to herself,[70] and can expand and secrete unchecked; some people in Thackeray—for instance, Becky and Beatrix;[71] some in Fielding—Parson Adams, Tom Jones;[72] and some in Charlotte Brontë, most particularly Lucy Snowe.[73] (And many more—this is not a catalogue.) The test of a round character is

whether it is capable of surprising in a convincing way. If it never surprises, it is flat. If it does not convince, it is a flat pretending to be round. It has the incalculability of life about it—life within the pages of a book." And by using it sometimes alone, more often in combination with the other kind, the novelist achieves his task of acclimatization and harmonizes the human race with the other aspects of his work.[75]

题解：

福斯特在本文中提出了著名的"扁形人物"和"圆形人物"说。所谓"扁形人物"是一种"类型"，作家集中刻划人物某一方面的气质或特征，摒弃与此不相容的性格特色，人们可以用一两句话来概括这些人物的性格。"扁形人物"的优点在于易被读者所认识，并在其心目中留下深刻的印象。而"圆形人物"的性格是多侧面的，复杂的，无法用简单的一句话加以概括。尽管作者认为"扁形人物"是人物刻划的一大成就，其"所产生的效果并不流于呆板，对人性的洞察并不肤浅"，但从全文的论述以及内中所例举的人物来看，"圆形人物"无疑比"扁形人物"要高出一筹。本文原是一篇演讲稿，作者本人是一位小说家，深知创作甘苦，加之学识渊博，所以他能挥洒自如，旁征博引，以世界（尤其是英国）小说名著中的人物为佐证，通过鞭辟入里的分析，令人信服地阐明其关于两种人物的见解。

"扁形人物"和"圆形人物"之说是对文学评论的一大贡献，它概括了现代主义文学之前小说人物塑造的特点，阐释了他们各自所产生的艺术效果，指出了人们对他们进行评价

的方法。正因为如此，它被尔后的众多评论家所接受和引用。在今天，这一理论仍没有失去它的价值。如果我们用它来观察中国小说的话，我们不难发现张飞、鲁达、李逵等是扁形人物；而贾宝玉、林黛玉、王熙凤则是圆形人物，当代文学中的“马列主义老太太”(《人到中年》)、“阶级斗争脸儿”(《锅碗瓢盆交响曲》)，以及吴荪甫(《子夜》)、胡玉英(《芙蓉镇》)不也可分别归为扁形人物和圆形人物吗？

注释：

1. ninepins：九柱戏(沿地面滚球撞击九根瓶状木柱的一种游戏)。
2. whom：指九柱戏。
3. he takes over ... the life in time：他既要着笔阐述生活的价值观念，又必须反映生活的时代气息。
4. The characters arrive ... spirit of mutiny：人物呼之即来，却又桀骜不驯。
5. are consequently often...of the book：常常与书的谋篇布局相左。
6. they are creations ... inharmonious towards it：它们是创作中的造物，又常常与创作不相协调。
7. intestinal decay：内衰。
8. flat and round：平面的和立体的(又称扁形的和圆形的)。
9. humours：气质型人物。
10. Mr.Micawber, Mrs.Micawber：米考伯先生，米考伯太太，英国作家狄更斯(Charles Dickens, 1812—1870)的小说《大卫·科波菲尔》中的人物。

11. *The Bride of Lammermoor*:《拉马摩尔的新娘》，英国作家瓦尔特·斯各特 (Walter Scott, 1771—1832)的小说。Caleb Balderstone: 卡莱布·博得斯通，小说中的人物。

12. no pleasures...consistent of servitors: 没有那种使忠贞不二的仆人们形象变得复杂的欢愉、私欲和痛苦。

13. idée fixe: [法]固定想法。

14. He is the idea,...the novel impinge: 他就是思想，他的活力来自于思想的锋芒，来自于小说中其它因素撞击时所迸发出的光芒。

15. Proust: 普鲁斯特 (Marcel Proust, 1871—1922)，法国小说家。

16. Princess of Parma: 巴玛公主。
Legrandin: 勒格兰汀。两人都是普鲁斯特名著《追忆逝水年华》中的人物。

17. recognized by the reader's emotional eye, not by the visual eye: 读者通过感觉，而不是视觉来认识（他们)。

18. development: 此处指人物的发展。

19. like counters across the void or between the stars: 犹如游弋于真空或恒星之间的圆形物体。

20. *Evan Harrington*:《埃文·哈林顿》，为英国作家梅瑞狄斯(George Meredith, 1828—1909)的小说。

21. Becky Sharp: 蓓基·夏泼，英国作家萨克雷 (William Makepeace Thackeray, 1811—1863) 的小说《名利场》中的主角。

22. we must conceal his memory: 我们决不能表露对他的怀念。

23. All her rich humour proceeds from this: 她的滑稽可

35. Probably the immense...one of their own: 或许，狄更斯那强大的生命力使他的人物也多少为之震颤吧。结果他们借鉴了他的生活，并似乎过起他们自己的生活来。

36. Mr.Pickwick: 匹克威克先生，狄更斯小说《匹克威克外传》的主角。

37. no thicker than a gramophone record: 和留声机唱片一样薄(指 Pickwick 属于所谓的"扁形人物")。

38. He always has the air ... at Windsor: 他似乎一直是若有所思，一旦置身于女子学校这样的小天地里，就象福斯塔夫在温莎的洗衣筐内一样庄重了。福斯塔夫：莎士比亚戏剧《亨利四世》及《温莎的风流娘儿们》中人物，一个破落贵族。

39. Part of the ... is not shallow: 狄更斯的天才部分表现在：他的确塑造了各种类型人物和漫画人物。这些人物一旦再现，我们就能认出他们来。但所产生的效果并不流于呆板，对人性的洞察并不肤浅。

40. Those who dislike Dickens have an excellent case: 对于不喜欢狄更斯的人，这是一个绝妙的例证。

41. H.G.Wells: 赫·乔·威尔斯 (1866—1946) 英国科幻小说家。

42. Kipps: 吉普斯，威尔斯同名小说中的人物。*Tono Bungay*: 《托诺·邦盖》，威尔斯的另一部小说。

43. Richardson, Defoe, Jane Austen ... always upon it: 从这一特定角度看，理查逊、笛福、简·奥斯丁是完美的。他们的作品不一定伟大，但其匠心却处处可见。Samuel Richardson (1689—1761), Daniel Defoe (1660—1731), Jane Austen (1775—1817) 塞缪尔·理查逊、丹尼尔·

笛福、简·奥斯丁三人皆为英国小说家。

44. Sussex: 撒塞克斯，英国南海岸一郡。

45. If his formula...in the man: 如果将他的口头禅加以分析并与人物其它各方面特征联系起来，那么我们也就不再觉得腻烦了。口头禅不再等同于其人，仅仅成为困扰他的幽灵罢了。

46. *Mansfiebd Park*: 《曼斯菲尔德公园》，简·奥斯丁的小说。Lady Bertram: 小说中的人物。

47. Lady Bertram's formula...out of it: 伯特伦姆太太的口头禅是："我一向宽容大度，但很讨厌伤神。"她就是按这一口头禅处事的。

48. to the worst ... the Napoleonic wars: 就奥斯丁小姐的世界来说，悲哀莫大于此。其悲伤程度远远甚于拿破仑战役。

49. Julia, Maria: 朱里娅，玛丽亚，均为《曼斯菲尔德公园》中的人物。

50. Lady Bertram did not ... guilt and infamy: 伯特伦姆太太没有深究。不过，在托马斯爵士的引导下，她公正地考虑了每个要害问题，因而了解到所发生的事情的严重性。她自己无意随随便便地把这种罪过或羞耻置之脑后，也不想让范妮劝她这样做。Sir Thomas: 伯特伦姆太太的丈夫。

51. She duly causes...consistent Lady Bertram: 她恰如其分地使范妮和埃德蒙在精神上蒙受种种苦恼。可是，她该把心境平和、信念虔诚的伯特伦姆太太扰得心烦意乱吗？

52. painting on a square of ivory: 在一方象牙上作画，意谓细致而入微。

53. Miss Bates: 奥斯丁小说《爱玛》中的人物。

54. Elizabeth Eliot: 奥斯丁小说《劝说》中的人物。

55. the disk has...a little globe: 圆盘突然丰满起来，成为一个小小的星球(指由扁形人物变成圆形人物)。

56. But that is ... due to this: 但她已经不是简·奥斯丁事先构思的样子。正因为如此，她再现时已经面目一新。

57. Why do they..., and never perform: 为什么在对话中他们(指小说中人物)结合得如此完美，不知不觉中相继亮相，而从未行动?

58. she never stooped to caricature: 她从不俯就于漫画笔法。

59. They function all ... still be adequate: 他们充当自己的角色，无处不在。即使原来的小说情节比现在的对人物要求更高，他们也仍然是足以胜任的。

60. Louisa Musgrove, 以及后面提及的 Captain Wentworth 和 Anne 都是奥斯丁小说《劝说》中的人物。Cobb:《劝说》中一地名。

61. but it pushes ... and undesired morality: 但这驱使她去面对一种独立的，自己不情愿接受的道德观。

62. Except in her ... stage a crash: 除了关于女学生的小说，她在其余小说中连暴力冲突场面也不会写。

63. Everything violent has to take place "off": 所有涉及暴力的都被摒弃。

64. Marianne Dashwood: 奥斯丁小说《理智与情感》中的人物。

65. or there would be no apotheosis for Fanny: 否则 对范妮的颂扬也就不可能了。

eyes strictly turned upon the book. The rooks too were keeping one of their annual festivities;[7] soaring round the tree-tops until it looked as if a vast net with thousands of black knots in it has been cast up into the air; which, after a few moments sank slowly down upon the trees until every twig seemed to have a knot at the end of it. Then, suddenly, the net would be thrown into the air again in a wider circle this time, with the utmost clamour and vociferation, as though to be thrown into the air and settle slowly down upon the tree-tops were a tremendously exciting experience.

The same energy which inspired the rooks, the ploughmen, the horses, and even, it seemed, the lean bare-backed downs, sent the moth fluttering from side to side of his square of the window-pane.[8] One could not help watching him. One was, indeed, conscious of a queer feeling of pity for him. The possibilities of pleasure seemed that morning so enormous and so various that to have only a moth's part in life, and a day moth's at that, appeared a hard fate, and his zest in enjoying his meagre opportunities to the full, pathetic.[9] He flew vigorously to one corner of his compartment,[10] and, after waiting there a second, flew across to the other. What remained for him but to fly to a third corner and then to a fourth? That was all he could do, in spite of the size of the downs, the width of the sky, the far-off smoke of houses, and the romantic voice, now and then, of a steamer out

at sea. What he could do he did. Watching him, it seemed as if a fibre, very thin but pure, of the enormous energy of the world had been thrust into his frail and diminutive body. As often as he crossed the pane, I could fancy that a thread of vital light became visible. He was little or nothing but life.

Yet, because he was so small, and so simple a form of the energy that was rolling in at the open window and driving its way through so many narrow and intricate corridors in my own brain and in those of other human beings,[11] there was something marvellous as well as pathetic about him. It was as if someone had taken a tiny bead of pure life and decking it as lightly as possible with down and feathers, had set it dancing and zigzagging to show us the true nature of life.[12] Thus displayed one could not get over the strangeness of it.[13] One is apt to forget all about life, seeing it humped and bossed and garnished and cumbered so that it has to move with the greatest circumspection and dignity.[14] Again, the thought of all that life might have been had he been born in any other shape caused one to view his simple activities with a kind of pity.[15]

After a time, tired by his dancing apparently, he settled on the window ledge in the sun, and the queer spectacle being at an end, I forgot about him. Then, looking up, my eye was caught by him. He was trying to resume his dancing, but seemed either so stiff or so awk-

ward that he could only flutter to the bottom of the window-pane; and when he tried to fly across it he failed. Being intent on other matters I watched these futile attempts for a time without thinking, unconsciously waiting for him to resume his flight, as one waits for a machine, that has stopped momentarily, to start again without considering the reason for its failure. After perhaps a seventh attempt he slipped from the wooden ledge and fell, fluttering his wings, on to his back[16] on the window-sill. The helplessness of his attitude roused me. It flashed upon me that he was in difficulties;[17] he could no longer raise himself; his legs struggled vainly. But, as I stretched out a pencil, meaning to help him to right himself,[18] it came over me that the failure and awkwardness were the approach of death. I laid the pencil down again.

The legs agitated themselves once more. I looked as if for the enemy against which he struggled. I looked out of doors. What had happened there? Presumably it was midday, and work in the fields had stopped. Stillness and quiet had replaced the previous animation.[19] The birds had taken themselves off to feed in the brooks. The horses stood still. Yet the power was there all the same, massed outside indifferent, impersonal, not attending to anything in particular.[20] Somehow it was opposed to the little hay-coloured moth.[21] It was useless to try to do anything. One could only watch the extraordinary efforts made by those tiny legs against an oncoming doom which could,

had it chosen, have submerged an entire city, not merely a city, but masses of human beings; nothing, I knew, had any chance against death.[22] Nevertheless after a pause of exhaustion the legs fluttered again. It was superb this last protest, and so frantic that he succeeded at last in righting himself. One's sympathies, of course, were all on the side of life. Also, when there was nobody to care or to know, this gigantic effort on the part of an insignificant little moth, against a power of such magnitude, to retain what no one else valued or desired to keep,[23] moved one strangely. Again, somehow, one saw life, a pure bead. I lifted the pencil again, useless though I knew it to be. But even as I did so, the unmistakable tokens of death showed themselves. The body relaxed, and instantly grew stiff. The struggle was over. The insignificant little creature now knew[24] death. As I looked at the dead moth, this minute wayside triumph of so great a force over so mean an antagonist[25] filled me with wonder. Just as life had been strange a few minutes before, so death was now as strange. The moth having righted himself now lay most decently[26] and uncomplainingly composed. O yes, he seemed to say, death is stronger than I am.

题解：

伍尔夫所生活的，正是资本主义世界危机四伏，人民生活动荡的时代。一切有独立意识的文人，都深深地为自己和人类，乃至于生命本身而大感困惑与痛苦。人生的意义何在？这

是一个困扰了古今哲人几千年的问题。人们为生命的短暂和渺小而哀伤，对大自然不可阻挡的必然规律感到恐惧。在二十世纪初，战争和萧条更加剧了这种古老的痛苦感和恐惧感。人们对万能的上帝又开始失去信仰，全身心地陷入了冲突和分裂的苦难之中。

伍尔夫的这篇小文正反映了这种心态。生命是不可捉摸、难以预测的，那只飞蛾与死亡的搏斗显得渺小而又无望，而人类与飞蛾相比又究竟有多少优越？人类的生命难道比飞蛾的生命更有意义？在这种消沉的情绪支配下，伍尔夫细腻地描写了飞蛾濒死时的扑击和挣扎。她从旁观者的视角，观照一个生命从生到死的过程。她的态度起初是淡漠的，而后来内心共同的理解渐渐冲破了不同质的生命之间的隔膜，表现出对飞蛾弱小生命的同情，与对其顽强搏斗的钦佩。

《飞蛾之死》一文短小精炼，含意隽永。作者从生活中观察到的一个普通现象入手，昭示出她生活的时代中人们的心理，反映了一代人的困惑之情。伍尔夫的文笔婉约清新，十分优美，极富感染力。读罢此文，或许我们会象读了《兰亭集序》之后一样临文嗟悼，因为人生问题是不受时间和空间制约的，"虽世殊事异，所以兴怀，其致一也。"

注释：

1. they do not excite ... to rouse in us：它们不能象眠于窗帘暗影处那种黄色蛾子那样，使我们对幽黑的秋夜和常春藤的芬芳，产生一种心旷神怡的感觉。underwing：飞蛾。原意是某些飞蛾身上被前翼覆盖着的后翼，人们常用借代手法来称飞蛾。
2. hybrid：原意为"杂种"，这里指与下半句所描述的蝴蝶和

飞蛾的性格都不同。

3. the present specimen: 现在我眼前的这种飞蛾。

4. yet with a keener breath than of the summer months: 但却比夏日更添几分凉意。keen: 逼人的。这里指秋日的凉意。breath: 风。古时人们认为风是某种生物的呼吸,所以以其作为风的代称。

5. share: 犁铧。

6. down beyond: 田野那边的草地。down: 牧场,草场。

7. The rooks too...their annual festivities: 白嘴鸦们又照例开始了它们一年一度的节日。(秋季是白嘴鸦聚集交配的季节。)

8. his square of the window-pane: 它所在的那块窗玻璃。

9. The possibilities of pleasure...the full, pathetic: 那天清晨的愉悦之情是如此之大,如此之多样化,因此在生命的诸多形式中,如果只充当飞蛾那样的角色,而且是一只白日飞蛾,那么命运实在是太悲惨了。而它居然也兴致勃勃地想去分享受他那份小小的乐趣,这可真是太可怜了。

10. his compartment: 即上文中 his square of the window-pane.

11. that was rolling in...of other human beings: (那股能量)从畅开的窗口涌入,穿过如此之多的又狭窄又错综的通道,进入我的,以及其他人的头脑。这里一语双关,既指飞蛾所具的能量,又指飞蛾本身穿堂入室的活动。

12. decking it as lightly as possible ... true nature of life: 极为轻柔地用绒羽来装点它,然后让它欢舞穿梭,向我们显现生命的实质。down: 绒毛。作者巧妙地用形容飞蛾的

形状和特征的两组词，也就是 down and feathers 以及 dancing and zigzagging，便将抽象的生命 (a tiny bead of pure life)具象化了。

13. Thus displayed one ... strangners of it：它（指上句中 tiny bead of pure life）如此地展示在眼前，使人不解其中(tiny bead of life)的玄妙。get over：明白，弄懂。

14. One is apt...circumstpection and dignity：它东飞西扑，受着造化的支配，被打扮成这副模样，又为自身所拖累，因而不得不极其小心，端庄地飞舞着。望着它，你会忘却生命的一切。

15. the thought of all ... a kind of pity：一想起它要是投生为另一种生命形式，该会有什么不同，便不由得使人带着怜悯之情来看待它简单的飞舞。

16. on to his back：仰躺着。

17. It flashed upon ... was in difficulties：我恍然大悟，原来它碰上了麻烦。It：形式主语，即 that he was in difficulties。

18. right himself：翻过身来。

19. the previous animation：刚才的骚动。指本文首段中所描绘的户外的喧嚣。

20. the power was there...anything in particular：然而那股能量却依然在那儿，漠然无情地积聚在外面，对任何事物不加关注。power：指前文中写到的户外的 energy。

21. somehow it was ... little hay-coloured moth：不知怎么地，这种力量却在和那只小小的干草色的飞蛾作对。

22. nothing, I knew ... chance against death：我知道，在死神面前，一切都无能为力。

23. to retain what no one else valued or desired to keep: 为了保全除自己以外谁也不会珍视或想保留的东西（即飞蛾的生命）。

24. knew: 相当于to be subjected to, 降服，臣服于。

25. this minute wayside ... so mean an antagonist: 这么强大的力量，不费吹灰之力地击垮了这么卑微的一个对手。minute: 读作[mai'nju:t]，微小的。wayside triumph: 顺路（随手）取得的胜利，并非特地去夺取的胜利。

26. decently: 驯顺地。

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE

作者简介：

艾伦·亚历山大·米尔恩（Alan Alexander Milne, 1882—1956）生于伦敦，早年就读于剑桥大学的三一学院，获数学学士学位。米尔恩曾在英国皇家沃里克郡军团服役，退伍后成为伦敦的自由撰稿记者。1906—1914年曾任《笨拙》（*Punch*）周刊的助理编辑。

米尔恩著名的作品有童话《小小温尼》(*Winnie-the-Pooh*, 1926)，及其续篇《拐角处的房子》（*The House at Pooh Corner*, 1928）。他在《笨拙》上发表的幽默小品收入《就是那些岁月》（*Those Were the Days*, 1929），《年复一年》（*Year in, Year out*, 1952）。他的诗歌被收入《当我们年轻的时候》（*When We Were Very Young*, 1924），《我们现在六个人》（*Now We Are Six*, 1927）等集子。他还著有剧本《皮姆先生路过这儿》（*Mr. Pim Passes By*, 1921）和侦探小说《红房子奇案》（*The Red House Mystery*, 1922）。

米尔恩的散文是典型的小品。他善于以小见大，从普通的生活中阐发出其对人生哲理的认识。

Golden Fruit

Of the fruits of the year I give my vote to the orange.[1] In the first place it is a perennial — if not in

Next to the orange I place the cherry. The cherry is a companionable fruit. You can eat it while you are reading or talking, and you can go on and on, absent-mindedly as it were, though you must mind not to swallow the stone.[13] The trouble of disengaging this from the fruit is just sufficient to make the fruit taste sweeter for the labour.[14] The stalk keeps you from soiling your fingers; it enables you also to play bob cherry.[15] Lastly it is by means of cherries that one penetrates the great mysteries of life — when and whom you will marry, and whether she really loves you or is taking you for your worldly prospects.[16] (I may add here that I know a girl who can tie a knot in the stalk of a cherry with her tongue. It is a tricky business, and I am doubtful whether to add it to the virtues of the cherry or not.)

There are only two ways of eating strawberries. One is neat in the strawberry bed, and the other is mashed on the plate.[17] The first method generally requires us to take up a bent position under a net[18] — in a hot sun very uncomfortable,[19] and at any time fatal to the hair. The second method takes us into the privacy of the home, for it demands a dressing-gown and no spectators.[20] For these reasons I think the strawberry an overrated[21] fruit. Yet I must say that I like to see one floating in cider cup. It gives a note of richness to the affair, and excuses any shortcomings in the lunch itself.[22]

Raspberries are a good fruit gone wrong.[23] A rasp-

berry by itself might indeed be the best fruit of all; but it is almost impossible to find it alone. I do not refer to its attachment to the red currant: rather to the attachment to it of so many of our dumb little friends.[24] The instinct of the lower creatures for the best is well shown in the case of the raspberry.[25] If it is to be eaten it must be picked by the hand, well shaken, and then taken.[26]

When you engage a gardener, the first thing to do is to come to an understanding with him about the peaches. The best way of settling the matter is to give him the carrots and the black currants and the rhubarb for himself, to allow him a free hand with the groundsel and the walnut trees,[27] and to insist in return for this that you should pick the peaches when and how you like. If he is a gentleman[28] he will consent. Supposing that some satisfactory arrangement were come to,[29] and supposing also that you had a silver-bladed pocket-knife with which you could peel them in the open air, then peaches would come very high in the list of fruits. But the conditions[30] are difficult.

Gooseberries burst at the wrong end and smother you;[31] melons — as the nigger boy discovered — make your ears sticky;[32] currants, when you have removed the skin and extracted the seeds, are unsatisfying; blackberries have the faults of raspberries without their virtues; plums are never ripe. Yet all these fruits are excellent in their season. Their faults are faults which we can forgive during a

的是桔子的个性：它实实在在，表里一致，当别人最需要它时，它并不奇货可居，待价而沽，而是“comes nobly to the rescue”；当其他水果争奇斗艳时，它也并不泄气，默默地作着自己的奉献。它终年陪伴着人们，为生活增添了光彩。细细一想，就会发现，作者不仅赞美桔子，而且塑造了一个诚实可靠的普通人形象，他虽然平凡，却值得人们敬仰。

注释：

1. I give my vote to the orange: 我推崇桔子。
2. On the days...to the rescue: 在一些季节，当点心指的是一把巧克力和几块干姜片，而什锦水果则是两片梅脯与一块大黄叶梗时，桔子尽管很酸，却象侠士一样前来解救这一窘境了。the days: 指水果淡季。macedoine de fruits: [法] 什锦水果，水果零食。rhubarb: 大黄叶梗（菜用）。
3. other days of plenty: 果类丰盛的时节。
4. riot: 原意为“暴乱”，此处指众多水果一起上了餐桌，形成了争奇斗胜的热闹场面。作者用拟人手法，笔意幽默。
5. hold its own: 保持原先的地位，和过去一样受人喜爱。
6. an ordered existence: 井然有序的生活。
7. well: 说得恰当的，合理的。
8. It has properties of ... establishes the complexion: 它有保健的功效，能够治疗流感，还能使人面部健美。establishes the complexion: 使人容光焕发。
9. It is clean ... in the hall: 它很清洁，因为桔子上桌前不管是谁为你作准备，他手碰的只不过是桔子的外表，也就是它的皮，剥下来后留在大厅里。for: 因为。handles it

种态度。这里作者有意把这些小游戏与樱桃联系在一起，并戏称樱桃使人得以“洞悉人生奥秘”，以增强小品文戏谑幽默的语气。

17. One is neat ... on the plate: 一种(草莓)整整齐齐地长在草莓园里，另一种则捣碎后放在餐盘里。作者这么写也是出于幽默的目的。strawberry bed: 草莓园。mashed on the plate: 放在盘子里的草莓酱。

18. under a net: 种植草莓需要有网复盖。这里说，在果园里吃草莓时必须弯腰弓背，探身到网下采摘。

19. in a hot sun very uncomfortable: 省略句，原来是 in a hot sun which is very uncomfortable, 草莓成熟时英国正当盛夏，故说这时烈日炎炎，令人难受。

20. for it demands a dressing-gown and no spectators: 意为：由于在家吃草莓，因此大多比较随便，所以穿着晨衣亦可，而且即使吃相不雅，也无旁观者评头品足。

21. overrated: 名不符实的。这里是说草莓并不象常人说的那么好。

22. It gives a note of ... in the lunch itself: 它为这杯苹果酒增添了一丝华贵的色彩，从而也就掩饰了午餐的不足之处。affair: 指喝苹果酒。

23. Raspberries are a good fruit gone wrong: 木莓是一种好水果，但它却有缺陷。

24. dumb little friends: 不会说话的小朋友们。这是指爬在木莓上的小昆虫，参见注释㉕。

25. The instinct of ... in the case of the raspberry: 低级生物本能地追求最好的东西，木莓的情况清楚地表明了这一点。the lower creatures: 指那些昆虫。the best: 指

作者称为"好水果"的木莓。

26. If it is ... and then taken: 要是想吃木莓，你就得用手把它摘下来，好好地摇几下(把上面的小昆虫弄掉)，然后再吃。

27. to give him the carrots ... and the walnut trees: 由他全权掌握胡罗卜，黑茶藨子和大黄叶，自由支配千里光和核桃树。

28. gentleman: 是指通情达理的人。

29. Supposing that some satisfactory arrangement were come to: 假如达成了某项使双方都感到满意的安排。

30. conditions: 指与管果园的人达成协议等事。

31. Gooseberries burst at the wrong end and smother you: 鹅莓会不当地綻裂，使你感到窒息。此处作者用了夸张笔法。

32. melons—as the nigger boy discovered—make your ears sticky: 由于这种瓜切成块后呈弧形，捧食时两头触及耳朵，糖液会沾在食者的耳朵上。*nigger*: 对黑人的贬称。这里的 nigger boy 是指西方人心目中美国南方种植园中的小黑奴形象。

33. Their faults are ... in the stranger: 当我们对这些果类还了解不深时，是可以原谅这些缺点的，它们仿佛不过是陌生人身上的某些微小怪癖罢了。during a slight acquaintance: 当我们对它们还了解不多时。

34. That speaks well for the orange: 那句话是对桔子的很好评价。

35. the best of us: 我们中的大多数。这里的 best 相当于 most，但作者同时也巧妙地把 best 和 bad 作一个并列反

ALEXANDER SOUTHERLAND NEIL

作者简介：

亚历山大·萨瑟兰·尼尔（Alexander Southerland Neil, 1883—1973），英国教育家，生于英国安格斯的金斯缪尔，曾在那儿和爱丁堡学习。

1921年，尼尔在德累斯顿与人合作创建了国际学校，后迁至萨福克的萨默希尔（Summerhill），这是他所创办的最著名的学校，最完整地体现了他的自由主义思想。

当时公众对他设立的一套教育体系毁誉不一，有热心支持的，也有强烈反对的。他所采用的教育方法，在第二次世界大战之前曾使他成为众矢之的，但战后却广为人接受。

著作有《一个教师的工作日志》（*A Dominie's Log*, 1916），《一个被解职的教师》（*A Dominie Dismissed*, 1917），《问题儿童》（*The Problem Child*, 1927），《问题父母》（*The Problem Parents*, 1932）等。

Punishment Never Cures Anything

The usual defense of punishment is that it is intended to act as a deterrent. I think that the deterrent argument[1] is simply a rationalization.[2] The motive for punishment is revenge — not deterrence. In the home,

punishment is a projection of anger. Father, having been put on the mat[3] by his boss, may come home and leather[4] his little son for having spilled a half-glass of milk.

Punishment is hate. A woman who hits her child does not love that child. In the case of children, physical punishment is always cowardly;[5] it's hitting someone who cannot hit back. The headmaster will not cane the school janitor when he is obviously a bit drunk, but he will cane the schoolboy whose breath smells of cigarettes. The school bully[6] never hits someone bigger than himself.

The most horrifying thing about corporal punishment is that the children who receive it carry on the tradition when they themselves become parents. This, combined with the total lack of instruction in child care in our schools, perpetuates the hatred that makes our sick world.[7] The violence of thugs has its roots in the spanking nursery.[8] Happy free people do not beat their children. To a child, punishment means *I am not loved*. The worst female criminal in the world is the mother who says: "Mommy doesn't love you anymore." Punishment induces fear, and as any psychologist will tell you, fear lingers on, long after its first beginning.

Can a home or school do without punishment? My wife and I never punished Zoe, now twenty-four. Summerhill[9] has its own system of punishment made by the general self-government meeting, without suggestion or interferences from any grown-up. Not once in fifty years has a

school meeting suggested corporal punishment; not once has such a meeting punished a child for stealing; the group of peers[10] only demanded that the value of the stolen article be repaid.

School laws at Summerhill are made by majority vote; and some of the laws have punishment attached to them. For example, if you ride another kid's bike without his permission, you pay him sixpence in compensation. If you break the bedtime law by staying up late, you are fined your breakfast cereal.[11] (You can, however, stoke up[12] on as much bread, butter, and jam as you like.) The punishments are nearly always in terms of money; but when an American pupil who gets too many dollars from home breaks a rule, he may be ordered to pick up any loose papers strewn on the grounds.[13] No child takes offense at the punishment he is given, mainly because the punishment is impartial and impersonal.[14]

Punishment in the home is a more difficult problem because there is more emotion in a home than there is in a school. If Tommy is fined by the Summerhill meeting, he has no hidden resentment. But if he is disciplined by[15] his father at home, the Oedipus complex comes into the picture.[16] Tommy has to repress his hate of Father.

In a home that encourages a system of self-regulation, punishment does not present a problem. I told Zoe not to play with my typewriter, and she told me to leave her toys alone. You can only have a free atmosphere in the

home when fear is absent. Alas, in all countries, there is fear in many a home. You cannot have self-regulation when there is a lack of freedom and love. Instead, you will have defiance.

You have to say no to a child again and again, and if the noes have no effect, there is some deep cause. The child may feel: *You don't love me; I'll make you take notice of me; I'll smash a window.* The thought is not conscious, so the window is broken "accidentally."

In the home, continuous and indiscriminate punishment by deprivation is criminal.[17] "You bad boy, you won't have your ice cream tonight."

I confess that I do not know the answer to the problem of crime and punishment. All I know is that punishment never cured anything. Homer Lane, in his Little Commonwealth[18] for delinquents, showed that the onlycure is approval. No child who is beaten for breaking his father's possessions can possibly feel that his dad approves of him. The question isn't: *Why does a child need punishment?* It is: *Why does a parent want to punish?*

And let us not be humbugs about it.[19] If a problem boy[20] tripped me up when I was carrying a bowl of soup, my natural reaction would be to cuff him hard.[21] But I cannot recall any instance in which I reacted with sudden anger and violence. This is not to imply that I am a saint but rather that problem children haven't had the desire to trip me up.

I am convinced that punishment does not cure; it only inhibits and suppresses violent emotions. Most of us will acknowledge the horrible repressed hate aroused by punishment. The old colonel who proudly cries, "Dammit, sir, I was beaten as a boy, and I am all the better for it," is a man who has remained a child.[22]

One difficulty about home discipline is the age factor. You can tell a child of five not to touch the electric stove, but you cannot tell that to a child of eighteen months. But proper handling of the infant should not be a slap on the bottom. Good parents will try to have a home in which dangerous gadgets[23] are out of a child's reach. I am convinced that a child can be reared without punishment — if parents really understand what the motives of the child really are, and if the parents are balanced people with an understanding of what is valuable and what is meretricious.[24] The mother who makes her possessions more valuable than her child will possibly spank her child for breaking a cup. Of course, when Father breaks a cup it's an accident. Father is just too big to spank.

I am often asked the question: How can a mother deal with three small kids without punishing them when they destroy the furniture?

The answer is it depends on the particular mother.[25] I recall a fisherwoman in Scotland in my boyhood days, a woman ignorant of all academic psychology. Because she

was a placid motherly type,[26] she never seemed to have to yell at her children. I never saw her hit any one of them. The Law makes the Crime, went the old adage;[27] apparently, the parent, for the most part, creates or avoids a punishment situation.

A hating parent has hating children. Even if the corollary[28] is not entirely true that a loving parent has loving children, the chances are that a placid parent makes a placid home. But loving parents can have an unloving child, a fact that psychology in its present state of knowledge cannot explain. For one thing, we do not know enough about heredity; even if we did, we might not be able to do much about such a situation.

Clearly punishment for children is wrong. But what about adults?

England is nominally a Christian country, but it sends men to a hell of prison life[29] for thirty years for robbery. The Law gives "life" to a murderer who is often a poor, mentally sick man of diminished responsibility.[30] The barbarity of our prisons harks back to[31] the Middle Ages. Alas, in a sick society the penal code[32] must also be sick. It is evil to deprive a man of freedom, of love, and of sex; it is just a primitive revenge, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.[33]

True, there must be some sort of confinement for people who are dangerous to society -- compulsive murderers,[34] rapists, pathological thieves.[35] But a sane civilization

would not render their confinement one of misery and hopelessness. Some enlightened countries[36] allow prisoners to be with their wives at weekends.

One cannot think of punishment without considering the causes of crime. Take the case of the English teen-agers who, after their favorite side loses a football match, wreck trains, throw bottles, and kick referees. Summerhill pupils would never think of doing that, nor would most upper- and middle class youths. Born in a mean street, in a home without culture, with no books, no good conversation, no music except pop, born into a home with perhaps a stupid, drunken father and a screaming, ignorant mother, what chance has a lad of turning out to be socially minded and pro-life?[37] His only outlet for his emotion is his street-corner gang[38] and his guilty, maybe sadistic, sex with girls of the same background. He sees wealth and extravagance all around him. The parking attendant has gone home, and a Jaguar is unattended.[39] Come on, dames, let's go for a ride.

Boys like this have never had a positive emotion.[40] They hate society and they hate themselves. Compelled to attend school until fifteen, they are made to learn things that have no meaning to them, things they drop the moment they leave school. Maybe they had to read Shakespeare, Hardy,[41] and Tennyson[42] in school; but how many books by these authors would one find in the homes of a football crowd of seventy thousand?

People who are treated as underlings become sheep.[43] A system can fashion a society. And it is the System that fashions our underprivileged classes of crooks and destroyers. I am convinced that crime keeps increasing because wealth and privilege keep increasing. God is dead, and so far no one has taken his place. Hence, perhaps, the flight into drugs to find a haven of happiness that cannot be found in this mad world of profit and pollution.[44]

Punishment is accepted as the only way to deal with the have-nots[45] of life. The law makes the crime. In the Trobriand Islands,[46] where sex was accepted as natural and free for all ages, Malinowski[47] could not find any evidence of sex crime. And there was none until the missionaries came. It is possible to run a primitive society without a penal code; why not a cultured society?

Criminals are sick; they should be patients, not prisoners. But I fear that very little is done in the way of curing them. In Britain, the number of offenders rises frighteningly every year. The prisons are overcrowded. The crooks are organized by clever men. I should guess that most cases of bank robberies, car stealing, and wage snatching[48] escape the cops. Criminals take the risk of a long stretch[49] in jail, and the threat of punishment does not deter them. Antisocial drives, of course, have their unconscious components, and no punishment can reach the unconscious.[50]

In class, Tommy wrote *I have went*. His teacher made

him stay behind and write I have gone a hundred times. Next morning, the teacher found fifty lines written by Tommy. The note attached said: "Dere Teacher, I am tired so I have went home."

And that is the case, too, of the tough lout[51] on his motorbike who is fined $50 for kicking a peaceful citizen at a seaside resort. The punishment doesn't sink in, for deep repressions are not touched by any punishment. They cannot be reached.[52] No, punishment is *not* a deterrent.

Come on, folks; let us be honest. We punish because we hate, and because we fear. We punish strikers and students because we fear them. Not one of the bigwigs in Washington goes out with a club to bludgeon a striker personally. Crowds are bludgeoned and shot at by fellow citizens in uniform.

What can be done about punishment is to abolish the kind of rich and poor that makes crime. But that isn't practical politics. Nor is it practical politics to abolish the insanity we call schooling or to abolish the beating of children in homes. Given[53] this fearful world of crime and nuclear bombs and nationalistic fear and hate, I am afraid we cannot do very much in the way of substituting something more humane for punishment.

But I can dream. I can dream of being Home Secretary for Great Britain.[54] I'd begin by ordering all prisoners to be examined by skilled psychiatrists. They would eliminate[55] those who would never be likely to

commit a crime again — the man who in a moment of jealousy or in a state of intoxication killed his wife; the weak, erring clerk who pinched money from the company till;[56] the motorist who got drunk and killed two people; in short, the accidental lawbreaker. Possibly 75 percent of all prisoners could be let out of jail free, without danger to the community.

The old lags — the recidivists, the sex criminals, nearly all incurable — would be housed in country estates with as normal a life as possible. They would have self-government, which is, in effect, group analysis. This works well with patients who are mentally disturbed. I saw this in action in Henderson Hospital, Epsom, Surrey,[57] and it seemed to be the best way to help patients live together with good interpersonal relationships. In his Little Commonwealth, Homer Lane showed how splendidly self-goverment worked with youthful offenders. Under self-government, tough delinquent boys and girls became social, constructive people. Alas, it was a demonstration that got lost.[58]

The British official policy with delinquents is still based on hate — making them move at the double,[59] granting hardly any leisure, demanding obedience (the worst of the seven deadly virtues),[60] administering punishment. In short, wayward adolescents are treated with the very attitudes that made them delinquent to begin with. Delinquents are always deprived of love, and only love

can save them.

But how can there be love in an institution with strict laws that foster fear of authority? Hence my open prison would be founded on — I'd better not use the word love — it is becoming a dirty four-letter word[61] — *approval*, approval meaning to be on the side of the sick offender.

Years ago I read an American book about a prison warden who had appointed a murderer, a lifer,[62] as head of the shoemaking department. The warden sent him out to study the latest machinery in factories. The prisoner returned with a full report.

Said the warden: "Why didn't you slip off when you were free?"

The convict scratched his head. "Dunno,[63] warden, I guess it was because you trusted me."

The chances are that if the warden had said: "I trust you to return," the prisoner would have gone off, for by so saying the warden would have revealed that he did not trust him. If all prison wardens had that man's humanity and good sense, prison would not be the hell they are today.

In Britain, there are a few prisons without bars. One seldom reads of an escape from such jails.

My prisons would be self-governing by prisoners and staff. The general meetings would be group-therapy[64] sessions. There would be some difficulties because many

criminals are of low intelligence and low emotional development, and have what British law defines as diminished responsibility. (The man in the street might call it being dumb.) In my school, I found out long ago that even slightly retarded children[65] could not govern themselves and had to be *guided* gently. An open prison for adults who were retarded would have to use kindly authority instead of self-government.

One of the most evil features of imprisonment is that it deprives inmates of a normal sex life. My prisoners would have their wives or lovers living in or coming in for weekends. Constant sex frustration must make thousands of prisoners hate society more than ever. The sex deprivation is, to me, clear proof that punishment stresses revenge.

We seem to classify our children, together with our crooks, as dangerous animals that must be controlled by the whip. Many of the "animals" who have come to Summerhill in the last fifty years came full of destruction and hate; it is because of this experience that I know that my plans for a sane prison would succeed.

Prison statistics like the following have appeared in the English press about the Borstal[66] Boys (juvenile delinquents):

By 1969, 68% of boys released in 1966 had been reconvicted.[67] Almost half went back to Borstal, or on

to prison. Over 60% of men released from preventive detention[68] or corrective training[69] in 1966 had been reconvicted last year. Again about half were sent back to prison.

This is proof enough that treating criminals by methods that to them mean hate is just sheer madness and ignorance. But there must be a way in which humaneness can be applied instead of suppression. We hear so little of experiments in approval and sympathy; and we hear so much of the savage men made more savage by the savagery of society; men whose savagery is made permanent by the savagery of what we call Justice, and by that powerful weapon of the haves against the have-nots — Law and Order.[70]

题解：

惩罚之产生恐怕是与人类文明史同步的。任何时代都视惩罚为维护社会安定的重要手段，天经地义，必不可少。但本文作者却提出了“惩罚无济于事”，应当予以废除的主张。这不啻是对传统观念的挑战。

文章洋洋洒洒，涉及的方方面面很多。但仔细一分析就不难发现，作者集笔力于家庭、学校和监狱三个方面，因为这三方面最有代表性，最能反映社会中的惩罚手段。从年龄的角度来看，这三方面包含了两个年龄层次的人：青少年和成年人，实际上涵盖了全社会每个年龄段的成员。因此，如果能证实惩罚对家庭、学校和监狱都不起作用的话，也就等

9. Summerhill: 萨默希尔学校，位于英国东南部的萨福克，本文作者毕生在那儿从事一项著名的教育实验活动。
10. the group of peers: 一群同班同学。
11. you are fined ... cereal: 罚你在早餐时不吃谷类食物。
12. stoke up: 大吃。
13. loose papers strewn on the grounds: 散在地上的书面作业。
14. because the punishment ... impersonal: 因为处罚公正而不感情用事。
15. disciplined by: 挨整，受罚。
16. the Oedipus complex ... picture: 他的恋母情结就要作怪了。come into the picture: 牵连进去。
17. continuous and indiscriminate ... criminal: 不加区别，靠剥夺一切加以惩罚，这是犯罪的行为。
18. Homer Lane: 莱恩 (1813—1880)，美国天体物理学家，把太阳当作气体球进行数理研究的首创者。他曾建立一个不良少年教育学校。Little Commonwealth 即指此。Commonwealth: (此处)为大家共同利益着想的公共团体。
19. And let us ... it: 我们对此还是诚实为佳。
20. a problem boy: 问题男孩，引申自"问题儿童"一词，此处指难于管教的男孩子。
21. to cuff him hard: 狠狠揍他。
22. The old colonel ... remained a child: 老上校自豪地宣称:"见鬼，伙计，我从小就挨打，我不就是这样打出来的吗?"这种人终生都是个孩子。

23. gadgets: 装置。

24. meretricious: 华而不实的。

25. it depends on ... mother: 这要看什么样的母亲。

26. she was a ... type: 她是一位脾气温和的慈母。

27. The Law makes ... adage: 古谚云:"罪起于罚。"

28. corollary: 推论。

29. a hell of prison life: 备受煎熬的狱中生活。a hell of: 极度的……。

30. The Law gives ... diminished responsibility: 法律给杀人犯以"生命",因为这样的杀人犯往往是一个贫困潦倒、责任心不强的精神病人。diminished responsibility": (法律用语)减轻的责任。

31. hark back to: 追溯到……。

32. penal code: 刑事法典。

33. it is just ... tooth: 它不过是一种原始的以眼还眼,以牙还牙的报复方式。

34. compulsive murderers: 杀人成性的罪犯。

35. pathological thieves: 因病态心理而成的惯盗。

36. some enlightened countries: 一些开明的国家。

37. socially minded and pro-life: 关心社会、热爱生活的。

38. street-corner gang: 在街角拉帮结伙的无赖。

39. a Jaguar is unattended: 一辆美洲虎牌小轿车无人看管。

40. a positive emotion: 积极向上的情绪。

41. Hardy: 托马斯·哈代 (Thomas Hardy, 1840—1928), 英国小说家、诗人。

42. Tennyson: 阿尔弗雷德·坦尼森 (Alfred Tennyson,

1809—1892)，英国诗人。

43. People who are ... sheep: 做惯下人者性情驯服。

44. Hence ... profit and pollution: 因此，也许正是这个原因使他们借吸毒去寻找在这个唯利是图、腐化堕落的疯狂世界中找不到的幸福之乡。

45. the have-nots: 穷人。

46. the Trobriand Islands: 大洋洲的特罗布里恩群岛。

47. Malinowski: 布隆尼斯拉夫·马林诺斯基 (Bronislaw Malinowski, 1884—1942)，英籍波兰人类学家。

48. wage snatching: 从人手中抢工资的行为。

49. a long stretch: 一长段时间。

50. Antisocial drives ... unconscious: 反社会倾向当然具有一些无意识的成分，而惩罚是触及不到无意识部分的。

51. the tough lout: 行为粗野的蠢人。

52. The punishment ... cannot be reached: 他并不理解为什么要受罚，因为惩罚并不能平复他那深受压抑的情感，这种情感是无法扭转的。sink in: 被了解。

53. Given: 考虑到。

54. Home Secretary for Great Britain: 英国内务大臣。

55. eliminate: 排除，不算在内。

56. till: 放钱的抽屉。

57. Epsom, Surrey: Epsom 为英格兰东南部一市镇。Surrey 为英格兰东南部一郡。

58. *Alas, it was ... lost*: 唉，这项实例现在已被抛弃了。

59. making them move at the double: 逼着他们跑步前行。

60. the seven deadly virtues: 指审慎、坚毅、公正、克制、

信、望、爱；与 deadly sins(骄傲、贪婪、淫邪、愤怒、贪食、嫉妒、懒惰)相对。

61. four-letter word: 庸俗下流词语。

62. a lifer: 无期徒刑犯。

63. Dunno: (口语)不知道。

64. group-therapy: 小组治疗，现代美国的一种精神治疗法，病人由医生带领在组内相互诉说自己的苦恼和问题。

65. slightly retarded children: 轻度弱智儿童。

66. Borstal: (英国)青少年犯教养感化院。

67. reconvicted: 再判。

68. preventive detention: 防护关押。

69. corrective training: (对少年等的)教养处分。

70. men whose savagery ... Order: 由于我们所谓"正义"的野蛮残酷，由于富人利用"法律和秩序"的强大武器对付穷人，他们身上的野性因此才经久不灭。

ALDOUS HUXLEY

作者简介：

赫胥黎（Aldous Huxley，1894—1963），英国小说家、诗人、散文家，牛津大学毕业，曾任著名文学周刊《雅典娜神殿》的编辑。二十年代主要在意大利从事创作，在那儿与戴·赫·劳伦斯结为好友（劳伦斯后来成为他《旋律与对位》（*Point Counter Point*，1928）一书中主人公的原型。1934年，他去中美洲旅行，后移居美国，1963年卒于洛杉矶。

赫胥黎的创作大致可分为三个时期。早期主要创作诗歌、长篇小说和短篇小说，著有诗集《燃烧的轮子》（*The Burning Wheel*，1916），长篇处女作《黄色克罗姆》（*Crome Yellow*，1921），短篇小说集《尘世的烦恼》（*Mortal Coils*，1922）等，成为格·斯坦因称之为"迷惘的一代"作家中最能言善辩的作家之一。他的这些作品嘲弄了当时文人墨客的自命不凡和故弄风雅的文风，从中不难看出十九世纪作家T. L. 皮科克对他的影响。

他的重要作品产生在中期，有《旋律与对位》，《美妙的新世界》（*Brave New World*，1932），《重访美妙的新世界》（*Brave New World Revisited*，1958），《天鹅死在许多个夏天之后》（*After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*，1939），以及第二次世界大战后的《猿和本质》（*Ape and Essence*，

1948）等。这段时期他的作品可分两类，一类为“概念小说”，即以人物作为某些概念和思想的化身，各种矛盾的思想交锋推动了情节的发展，如《旋律与对位》；一类为幻想小说，如他最重要的小说《美丽的新世界》，预言现代社会科学技术的高度发展，终将导致人性被扼杀。这个主题实际上贯穿在他的许多作品之中。由于这类作品的出现他成为二十世纪“反乌托邦”小说的代表作之一。

晚年他醉心于神秘主义和东方哲学，著作有《卢丹之鬼》（*The Devils of Loudan*, 1952）和《知觉之门》（*The Doors of Perception*, 1954），描述他服用幻觉剂的经历。

The Beauty Industry[1]

The one American industry unaffected by the general depression of trade[2] is the beauty industry. American women continue to spend on their faces and bodies as much as they spent before the coming of the slump[3] — about three million pounds a week. These facts and figures are 'official,' and can be accepted as being substantially true. Reading them, I was only surprised by the comparative smallness of the sums expended. From the prodigious number of advertisements of aids to beauty contained in the American magazines, I had imagined that the personal appearance business must stand high up among the champions of American industry — the equal, or only just less than the equal, of bootlegging and racketeering, movies and automobiles.[4] Still, one hundred and fifty-six

million pounds a year is a tidy sum.[5] Rather more than twice the revenue of India,[6] if I remember rightly.

I do not know what the European figures are. Much smaller undoubtedly. Europe is poor, and a face can cost as much in upkeep as a Rolls-Royce.[7] The most that the majority of European women can do is just to wash and hope for the best. Perhaps the soap will produce its loudly advertised effects; perhaps it will transform them into the likeness of those ravishing creatures who smile so rosily and creamily, so peachily and pearlily, from every hoarding.[8] Perhaps, on the other hand, it may not. In any case, the more costly experiments in beautification are still as much beyond most European means as are high-powered motor-cars and electric refrigerators. Even in Europe, however, much more is now spent on beauty than was ever spent in the past. Not quite so much more as in America, that is all. But, everywhere, the increase has been undoubtedly enormous.

The fact is significant. To what is it due? In part, I suppose, to a general increase in prosperity. The rich have always cultivated their personal appearance.[9] The diffusion of wealth[10] — such as it is — now permits those of the poor who are less badly off[11] than their fathers to do the same.

But this is, clearly, not the whole story. The modern cult of beauty is not exclusively a function (*in the mathematical* sense) of wealth.[12] If it were, then the personal

appearance industries would have been as hardly hit by the trade depression as any other business. But, as we have seen, they have not suffered. Women are retrenching on other things than their faces.[13] The cult of beauty must therefore be symptomatic of[14] changes that have taken place outside the economic sphere. Of what changes? Of the changes, I suggest, in the status of women; of the changes in our attitude towards 'the merely physical.'[15]

Women, it is obvious, are freer than in the past. Freer not only to perform the generally unenviable social functions hitherto reserved to the male, but also freer to exercise the more pleasing, feminine privilege of being attractive. They have the right, if not to *be* less virtuous than their grandmothers, at any rate to *look* less virtuous.[16] The British Matron, not long since a creature of austere and even terrifying aspect, now does her best to achieve and perennially preserve the appearance of what her predecessor would have described as a Lost Woman.[17] She often succeeds. But we are not shocked — at any rate, not morally shocked. Aesthetically shocked — yes; we may sometimes be that. But morally, no. We concede that the Matron is morally justified in being preoccupied with her personal appearance. This concession depends on another of a more general nature — a concession to the Body, with a large *B*, to the Manichaean principle of evil.[18] For we have now come to admit that body has its rights. And not only rights — duties, actually duties. It has, for example, a duty

indistinguishable, at future picture shows, from the Portrait of the Artist's Daughter. This desirable consummation will be due in part to skin foods and injections of paraffin-wax,[30] facial surgery, mud baths,[31] and paint,[32] in part to improved health, due in its turn to a more rational mode of life. Ugliness is one of the symptoms of disease, beauty of health. In so far as the campaign for more beauty is also a campaign for more health, it is admirable and, up to a point, genuinely successful. Beauty that is merely the artificial shadow of these symptoms of health is intrinsically of poorer quality than the genuine article.[33] Still, it is a sufficiently good imitation to be sometimes mistakeable for the real thing[34]. The apparatus for mimicking the symptoms of health is now within the reach of every moderately prosperous person; the knowledge of the way in which real health can be achieved is growing, and will in time. no doubt, be universally acted upon. When that happy moment comes, will every woman be beautiful — as beautiful, at any rate, as the natural shape of her features, with or without surgical and chemical aid' permits?[35]

The answer is emphatically: No. For real beauty is as much an affair of the inner as of the outer self.[36] The beauty of a porcelain jar is a matter of shape, of colour, of surface texture. The jar may be empty or tenanted by spiders,[37] full of honey or stinking slime — it makes no diffe ence to its beauty or ugliness. But a woman is

Still commoner and no less repellent is the hardness which spoils so many pretty faces.[47] Often, it is true, this air of hardness is due not to psychological causes, but to the contemporary habit of overpainting. In Paris, where this over-painting is most pronounced, many women have ceased to look human at all. Whitewashed and ruddled,[48] they seem to be wearing masks. One must look closely to discover the soft and living face beneath. But often the face is not soft, often it turns out to be imperfectly alive. The hardness and deadness are from within. They are the outward and visible signs of some emotional or instinctive disharmony, accepted as a chronic condition of being.[49] We do not need a Freudian[50] to tell us that this disharmony is often of a sexual nature.

So long as such disharmonies continue to exist, so long as there is good reason for sullen boredom, so long as human beings allow themselves to be possessed and hag-ridden by monomaniacal vices, the cult of beauty is destined to be ineffectual.[51] Successful in prolonging the appearance of youth, or realizing or simulating the sym-proms of health, the campaign inspired by this cult remains fundamentally a failure. Its operations do not touch the deepest source of beauty — the experiencing soul. It is not by improving skin foods and point rollers,[52] by cheapening health motors and electrical hair-removers,[53] that the human race will be made beautiful; it is not even by improving health. All men and women will be beauti-

ful only when the social arrangements give to every one of them an opportunity to live completely and harmoniously, when there is no environmental incentive[54] and no hereditary tendency towards monomaniacal vice.[55] In other words, all men and women will never be beautiful. But there might easily be fewer ugly human beings in the world than there are at present. We must be content with moderate hopes.

题解：

这篇论述美容业的文章，以结构严谨、思想深刻而见长。

从本文的构架来看，各部分环环相扣，紧密锲合，给人一气呵成的感觉。文章开首介绍了美容业方兴未艾之现状，接着分析了造成美容业繁荣的两个原因——物质财富的增长和妇女地位的改善，从物质和精神两个方面来考察这一社会现象，颇具说服力。随后，文章对美容活动的效果作出了估价，辩证地指出它既获得“巨大的成功”，又遭到了“可叹的失败”。所谓“成功”是指它起到了在表面上延缓衰老的作用；所谓“失败”是指外表的修饰并不能掩盖心灵的空虚。文章由对外表美的论述自然地过渡到了对内在美的追求。文末作者指出，没有这种“内秀”，“男人和女人永无漂亮可言”，以强调心灵美的重要性，为本文作了总结。

如果作者仅仅停留于介绍美容业的来龙去脉和功过得失，文章必定失之肤浅。然而他透过美容业兴旺发达的表面，洞见了其潜在的危机——对心灵美的忽视，并赋予美容业以新的内容：注意心灵的美容。从而大大增加了文章的深度。

注释：

1. beauty industry: 美容业。
2. the general depression of trade: (三十年代的)商业大萧条。
3. American women ... of the slump: 美国妇女依然如旧，象萧条期到来之前那样，把钱花在装点她们的容貌和体态上。
4. I had imagined ... and automobiles: 我曾想，在美国最兴旺的工业中，美容业的地位一定与非法酿酒、敲诈勒索、电影和汽车等行业相当，或者仅次于它们。
5. a tidy sum: 一大笔钱。
6. twice the revenue of India: 是印度国家岁入的两倍。
7. a face can ... Rolls-Royce: 面部保养跟保养一辆劳斯莱斯牌汽车一样费钱。Rolls-Royce: 劳斯莱斯，英国豪华型高级轿车。
8. Perhaps the soap will ... hoarding: 也许肥皂会产生招摇的广告所宣传的效果，使她们的容貌变得象一面面广告牌上那些令人销魂的女郎，她们脸上挂着玫瑰色的笑，奶油色的笑，桃色的笑和珍珠色的笑。hoarding: 广告招贴板。
9. The rich have ... appearance: 富人一向都很注重修饰个人的外表。
10. The diffusion of wealth: 财富的普及。
11. badly off: 穷困。
12. The modern cult ... of wealth: 现代爱美的时尚并非是财富的函数(指数学意义)。意即并非与财富密切相

40. a connoisseur of porcelain: 一位瓷器鉴赏家。

41. Spiritual emptiness or ... through: 内心的空虚和丑陋一目了然。

42. And conversely ... downright ugly: 反过来说，内心之光也会改变美学家认为不完美或极端丑陋的形体。

43. There is an ugliness ... (...pretty women:) 有一种愚蠢的丑陋，如一种缺乏自我意识的愚蠢的丑陋（令人懊丧的是，它在漂亮的女人当中很常见）。

44. lasciviousness: 淫荡好色。

45. All the deadly ... beauty: 说真的，所有的重罪无一不对美加以自身特殊的否定。deadly sins: 宗教词汇，该罚入地狱的七大重罪。

46. But the sullen boredom ... look at them: 然而，我曾提到过的那种郁郁寡欢、百无聊赖的表情是那样深深地印在她们娇嫩的脸上，她们的一举手一投足又是那样慵懒倦怠，无精打彩，看见她们的模样就叫人受不了。

47. Still commoner ... many pretty faces: 更常见而且同样令人反感的是那种冷冰冰的表情，它使多少漂亮的脸蛋儿为之减色。

48. Whitewashed and ruddled: 涂满雪花膏，又抹上赭红的胭脂。

49. They are ... condition of being: 它们是情绪或天性不和谐的明显的外在标志，这种不和谐被认为是存在的一种惯常状态。

50. a Freudian: 搞精神分析的人。

51. so long as ... be ineffectual: 只要人类不摆脱偏执狂的种种恶习的支配和困扰，爱美的时尚注定是徒劳无益

的。

52. point rollers: 一种卷发器。

53. electrical hair-removers: (女用)电动去毛器。

54. environmental incentive: 外界的刺激。

55. hereditary tendency towards monomaniacal vice: 遗留下来的偏执狂恶习的倾向。

JOHN BOYNTON PRIESTLEY

作者简介：

约翰·博因顿·普里斯特利(John Boynton Priestley,1894—1984)，英国小说家、戏剧家、批评家，生于约克郡的布雷德福德，受教于剑桥大学，参加过第一次世界大战，曾三次受伤。

普里斯特利的创作以长篇小说和剧本为主。他的长篇代表作为《好伙伴》(*The Good Companions*, 1929)和《天使人行道》(*Angel Pavement*, 1930)，而最著名的剧本是《危险的角落》(*Dangerous Corner*, 1932)和《欧椴树》(*Linden Tree*, 1947)。他还在第二次世界大战中为电台主持过节目，颇受听众欢迎。此外，他著有《自选散文》(*Self-selected Essays*, 1932)，《英国旅行记》(*English Journey*, 1934)，以及文学批评著作《文学和西方人》(*Literature and Western Man*, 1960)等。

普氏的散文短小活泼，寓庄于谐，常能以小见大，寥寥几笔，便道出一个深刻的人生哲理。

The Ironic Principle

Many years ago, an old friend of my schooldays sent me an inscribed copy of a book he had written on dairy farming,[1] a subject on which he was an authority. I looked at this bulky volume[2] in despair. Clearly I could

not give it away or sell it, yet nothing could have been less use to me for I cared nothing about dairy farming. So I pushed it away in some obscure corner of my bookshelves and then forgot about it. But now that I own a dairy herd[3] and am breeding pedigree Guernsey stock,[4] I need that book and I cannot find it. This is Irony at work in private life. It works equally hard in public life. Thus, at this present time, we in Britain are short of petrol and cannot run our cars as often as we should like to run them. This is partly because, in order to break the Russian blockade,[5] we are delivering rations[6] and coal to the people of Berlin by air, the most extravagant delivery service the world has yet known.[7] And this policy is most warmly defended by the very people here who, four years ago, were denouncing the Berliners as subhuman creatures only fit to be exterminated. Again, to take a larger example, it is less than a hundred years ago that the Japanese, still living in a medieval dream, only asked to be left alone by Western Man.[8] But we insisted upon their opening their ports to us, with the result that after a turn or two of the wheel there arrived the disaster of Pearl Harbor and the fall of Singapore.[9] So it goes on. The conquerors enslave the conquered, who in turn begin to shape and colour the secret dreams and the culture of their masters. The diabolical prisoners' cage is occupied first by the sadist[10] who designed it. The Duke of Alva ends a career of legendary terror by being breast-fed.[11]

English colonels would stamp round India for years, snorting with contempt, and return home to join the Theosophical Society.[12] In large American cities so many people are in a hurry and drive automobiles that traffic in the congested streets goes into slow motion. In England so many people want to live on the edge of the countryside that miles and miles of it disappear into the city. Both whole communities and individuals turn their back on some pitfall and hurry off to land in another, rather deeper.[13] Just when Man thinks he can do everything, he finds himself helpless in the clutch of some unknown force. And in this ironic principle, which appears to govern so much of our lives, I find delight. Even when it comes close and hurts, the delight is still there. "The Old So and So!"[14] I mutter admiringly, from that part of me which must be immortal and invulnerable.

题解:

本文的风格一目了然:朴实、简洁、活泼。

与别的散文不同,它没有任何导引性的话,而是开门见山,接触正题,语气随便,文句不加修饰,仿佛是在与一位朋友聊天,回忆一件琐细的往事。原来作者曾收到一本有朋友亲笔题签的关于奶制品生产的书,因为觉得自己一生与奶制品无干,便将它束之高阁。然而当命运安排他经营牛奶场,迫切需要参考此书的时候,又发现其无处寻觅了。由此,他喟叹道:"这是反讽在个人生活中起了作用"。仅一句话概括了这个发人深思的生活现象。作者惜墨如金,没有再加发挥。接着,他列举了

政治生活和社会生活中人们所熟悉的例子，意在说明大至国家大事，小到人与人之间的交往，都存在反讽现象。随后作者用了形象贴切的比喻道出了一个深刻的哲理："无论是社会，还是个人，逃离了一个陷阱，偏又匆匆地跳入了另一个更深的陷阱。""正当人认为自己无所不能时，却发现自己受制于不可知的力量，而无能为力。"这就是反讽原则，文章到此戛然而止，但它提出的问题，却促使人们长久地玩味和思考。

文首提及的小事，在生活中是司空见惯的，人们往往熟视无睹。但作者却独具慧眼，窥见其背后所隐含的人生哲理，并加以点化，昭示世人。所以他的文章虽短，却含意深刻，富有启迪作用。

注释：

1. dairy farming：乳酪生产业。
2. bulky volume：大部头。
3. a dairy herd：一群奶牛。
4. pedigree Guernsey stock：纯种根西乳牛。Guernsey：根西岛，英吉利海峡群岛之一。
5. the Russian blockade：指1948年俄国对柏林实行的封锁。
6. rations：给养，口粮。
7. the most extravagant ... known：这是迄今为止世界上最昂贵的运输线。
8. Western Man：西方人，这里指的是一个总体概念。
9. the disaster of ... Singapore：指日本1941年12月7日偷袭美国海军基地珍珠港，以及1942年攻占新加坡。
10. the sadist：虐待狂。
11. The Duke of Alva ... breast-fed：亦作 Duke of Alba,

阿尔瓦公爵(1508—1582)，西班牙军人和政治家。在西班牙殖民统治荷兰时他是主要行政长官。全句意为阿尔瓦公爵靠吸人奶结束了传奇的恐怖统治。

12. English colonels ... Society: 英国上校们在印度高视阔步，嗤之以鼻地呆上若干年之后，回到家里便参加通神论学会。Theosophical Society: 通神论学会(通神论者相信人可以通过自我发展来认识神)。

13. Both whole communities ... rather deeper: 公众和个人都背离陷阱而去，却又匆匆地跳进了另一个更深的陷阱之中。turn one's back on: 背弃、抛弃。land (in): 落(入)。

14. "The Old So-and-So": 意义相当于 "God damn you"，是一句咒语。

GEORGE ORWELL

作者简介：

乔治·奥韦尔(George Orwell, 1903—1950)，散文家、文学评论家、小说家，原名埃里克·阿瑟·布莱尔(Eric Arthur Blair)，出生于当时隶属印度的孟加拉，父亲是一个在当地英国殖民地政府供职的低级官员。奥韦尔幼年回英国，靠奖学金就学于伊顿公学。1921年毕业，次年开始在印度皇家警察驻缅甸部队任职。在缅甸的经历使他憎恨帝国主义和殖民制度，也对他尔后主张维护个人自由的思想产生了很大影响。1927年他辞去了警察职务回到欧洲，先后在巴黎和伦敦居住，致力于文学创作。西班牙内战期间，他以记者身份赴马德里参加反法西斯战斗，不幸负伤，以后思想右倾，转而反对自己曾经深信不疑的社会主义。第二次世界大战爆发后，奥韦尔应征入伍，并曾参与英国广播公司对印度的广播。1950年因肺病去世。

奥韦尔是二十世纪英国文学中一位重要的散文家。他一生中发表了大量的评论和散文，在欧美文坛声誉卓著，其中有些文章已被译成近六十种文字。他的散文大致可分为自述、文学、政治、社会学和风俗文化等五个方面。他在写作中摒弃华丽浮泛、言之无物的文风，十分注意把政治和艺术有机地结合在一起。他认为自己的任务是要"将政论性文章变为一门艺术"，以清新自然、生动流畅的艺术风格传达重要的政治内容。

主要散文集有：《鲸内集》(*Inside the Whale and other Essays*, 1940)、《狮子与独角兽：社会主义与英国天才》(*The Lion and the Unicorn: Socialism and the English Genius*, 1941)、《狄更斯、达里和其他：大众文化研究》(*Dickens, Dali and Others: Studies in Popular Culture*, 1946)、《猎象及其他》(*Shooting an Elephant and Other Essays*, 1950) 和《奥韦尔的散文、新闻写作及书信集》(*The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell in Four Volumes*, 1968)等。

除散文外，奥韦尔的小说亦被评论界视为堪与大作家精品相媲美的杰作。最负盛名的是两部政治讽刺小说《兽园》(*Animal Farm*, 1945) 和《一九八四年》(*Nineteen Eighty-Four*, 1949)。前者错误地嘲笑了苏联的社会制度，后者不恰当地抨击了集权主义。其他小说作品尚有：《巴黎伦敦落难记》(*Down and Out in Paris and London*, 1933)、《通向威根堤之路》(*The Road to Wigan Pier*, 1937) 和《游上来吸口气》(*Coming Up for Air*, 1939)等。

Politics and the English Language

Most people who bother with the matter at all would admit that the English language is in a bad way, but it is generally assumed that we cannot by conscious action do anything about it. Our civilization is decadent and our language — so the argument runs — must inevitably share in the general collapse. It follows that any struggle against the abuse of language is a sentimental archaism,[1] like

preferring candles to electric light or hansom cabs to aeroplanes. Underneath this lies the half-conscious belief that language is a natural growth and not an instrument which we shape for our own purposes.

Now, it is clear that the decline of a language must ultimately have political and economic causes: it is not due simply to the bad influence of this or that individual writer. But an effect can become a cause, reinforcing the original cause and producing the same effect in an intensified form, and so on indefinitely.[2] A man may take to drink because he feels himself to be a failure, and then fail all the more completely because he drinks. It is rather the same thing that is happening to the English language. It becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish, but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts. The point is that the process is reversible. Modern English, especially written English, is full of bad habits which spread by imitation and which can be avoided if one is willing to take the necessary trouble. If one gets rid of these habits one can think more clearly, and to think clearly is a necessary first step towards political regeneration: so that the fight against bad English is not frivolous and is not the exclusive concern of professional writers. I will come back to this presently, and I hope that by that time the meaning of what I have said here will have become clearer. Meanwhile, here are five specimens of the English language as

it is now habitually written.

These five passages have not been picked out because they are especially bad[3]—I could have quoted far worse[4] if I had chosen—but because they illustrate various of the mental vices[5] from which we now suffer. They are a little below the average, but are fairly representative samples. I number them so that I can refer back to them when necessary:

(1) I am not, indeed, sure whether it is not true to say that the Milton[6] who once seemed not unlike a seventeenth-century Shelley[7] had not become, out of an experience ever more bitter in each year, more alien [*sic*][8] to the founder of that Jesuit sect[9] which nothing could induce him to tolerate.

Professor Harold Laski[10]

(Essay in *Freedom of Expression*)

(2) Above all, we cannot play ducks and drakes with[11] a native battery of idioms[12] which prescribes such egregious collocations of vocables[13] as the Basic *put up with* for *tolerate* or *put at a loss* for *bewilder*.

Professor Lancelot Hogben[14] (*Interglossa*)[15]

(3) On the one side we have the free personality: by definition it is not neurotic, for it has neither conflict nor dream. Its desires, such as they are, are transparent, for they are just what institutional approval keeps in the forefront of consciousness; another institutional pattern

would alter their number and intensity; there is little in them that is natural, irreducible, or culturally dangerous. But *on the other side*, the social bond itself is nothing but the mutual reflection of these self-secure integrities.[16] Recall the definition of love. Is not this the very picture of a small academic? Where is there a place in this hall of mirrors for either personality or fraternity?

Essay on psychology in *Politics*[17] (New York)

(4) All the "best people" from the gentlemen's clubs,[18] and all the frantic fascist captains,[19] united in common hatred of Socialism and bestial horror of the rising tide of the mass revolutionary movement, have turned to acts of provocation, to foul incendiarism, to medieval legends of poisoned wells, to legalize their own destruction of proletarian organizations, and rouse the agitated petty-bourgeoisie to chauvinistic fervour on behalf of the fight against the revolutionary way out of the crisis.

Communist pamphlet

(5) If a new spirit *is* to be infused into this old country, there is one thorny and contentious reform which must be tackled, and that is the humanization and galvanization of the B. B. C. Timidity here will bespeak canker and atrophy of the soul. The heart of Britain may be sound and of strong beat, for instance, but the British lion's roar at present is like that of Bottom[20] in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*—as gentle as any sucking dove. A virile new Britain cannot continue

indefinitely to be traduced in the eyes or rather ears, of the world by the effete languors of Langham Place,[21] brazenly masquerading as "standard English." When the Voice of Britain is heard at nine o'clock, better far and infinitely less ludicrous to hear aitches honestly dropped[22] than the present priggish, inflated, inhibited, school-ma'-amish arch braying of blameless bashful mewing maidens!

Letter in *Tribune*[23]

Each of these passages has faults of its own, but quite apart from avoidable ugliness, two qualities are common to all of them. The first is staleness of imagery; the other is lack of precision. The writer either has a meaning and cannot express it, or he inadvertently says something else, or he is almost indifferent as to whether his words mean anything or not. This mixture of vagueness and sheer incompetence is the most marked characteristic of modern English prose, and especially of any kind of political writing. As soon as certain topics are raised, the concrete melts into the abstract and no one seems able to think of turns of speech[24] that are not hackneyed: prose consists less and less of *words* chosen for the sake of their meaning, and more and more of *phrases* tacked together like the sections of a prefabricated hen-house. I list below, with notes and examples, various of the tricks by means of which the work of prose construction is habitually dodged:

Operators or *verbal false limbs*[30] These save the trouble of picking out appropriate verbs and nouns, and at the same time pad each sentence with extra syllables which give it an appearance of symmetry. Characteristic phrases are *render inoperative, militate against, make contact with, be subjected to, give rise to, give grounds for, have the effect of, play a leading part (role) in, make itself felt, take effect, exhibit a tendency to, serve the purpose of,* etc., etc. The keynote is the elimination of simple verbs. Instead of being a single word, such as *break, stop, spoil, mend, kill*, a verb becomes a *phrase*, made up of a noun or adjective tacked on to some general-purposes verb[31] such as *prove, serve, form, play, render*. In addition, the passive voice is wherever possible used in preference to the active, and noun constructions are used instead of gerunds (*by examination of* instead of *by examining*). The range of verbs is further cut down by means of the *-ize* and *de-* formations, and the banal statements are given an appearance of profundity by means of the *not un-* formation.[32] Simple conjunctions and prepositions are replaced by such phrases as *with respect to, having regard to, the fact that, by dint of, in view of, in the interests of, on the hypothesis that*; and the ends of sentences are saved from anticlimax by such resounding common-places[33] as *greatly to be desired, cannot be left out of account, a development to be expected in the near future, deserving of serious consideration, brouhgt to a satisfactory conclusion*, and so on and so forth.

White Guard, etc.) consists largely of words and phrases translated from Russian, German or French; but the normal way of coining a new word is to use a Latin or Greek root with the appropriate affix and, where necessary, the -ize formation. It is often easier to make up words of this kind (*deregionalize*, *impermissible*, *extramarital*, *non-fragmentary*, and so forth) than to think up the English words that will cover one's meaning. The result, in general, is an increase in slovenliness and vagueness.

Meaningless words. In certain kinds of writing, particularly in art criticism and literary criticism, it is normal to come across long passages which are almost completely lacking in meaning. Words like *romantic*, *plastic*, *values*, *human*, *dead*, *sentimental*, *natural*, *vitality*, as used in art criticism, are strictly meaningless, in the sense that they not only do not point to any discoverable object, but are hardly ever expected to do so by the reader. When one critic writes, "The outstanding feature of Mr. X's work is its living quality," while another writes, "The immediately striking thing about Mr. X's work is its peculiar deadness," the reader accepts this as a simple difference of opinion. If words like *black* and *white* were involved, instead of the jargon words *dead* and *living*, he would see at once that language was being used in an improper way. Many political words are similarly abused.

Now that I have made this catalogue of perversions, let me give another example of the kind of writing that they lead to. This time it must of its nature be an imaginary one. I am going to translate a passage of good English into modern English of the worst sort. Here is a well-known verse from *Ecclesiastes*:[40]

> I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.[41]

Here it is in modern English:

> Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.

This is a parody, but not a very gross one.[42] Exhibit (3),[43] above, for instance, contains several patches of the same kind of English. It will be seen that I have not made a full translation. The beginning and ending of the sentence follow the original meaning fairly closely, but in the middle the concrete illustrations—race, battle, bread—

dissolve into the vague phrase "success or failure in competitive activities." This had to be so, because no modern writer of the kind I am discussing—no one capable of using phrases like "objective consideration of contemporary phenonmena" —would ever tabulate his thoughts in that precise and detailed way. The whole tendency of modern prose is away from concreteness. Now analyze these two sentences a little more closely. The first contains forty-nine words but only sixty syllables, and all its words are those of everyday life. The second contains thirty-eight words of ninety syllables: eighteen of its words are from Latin roots, and one from Greek. The first sentence contains six vivid images, and only one phrase ("time and chance") that could be called vague. The second contains not a single fresh, arresting phrase, and in spite of its ninety syllables it gives only a shortened version of the meaning contained in the first. Yet without a doubt it is the second kind of sentence that is gaining ground in modern English. I do not want to exaggerate. This kind of writing is not yet universal, and outcrops of simplicity will occur here and there in the worst-written page. Still, if you or I were told to write a few lines on the uncertainty of human fortunes, we should probably come much nearer to my imaginary sentence than to the one from *Ecclesiastes*.

As I have tried to show, modern writing at its worst does not consist in picking out words for the sake of their meaning and inventing images in order to make the mean-

ing clearer. It consists in gumming together long strips of words which have already been set in order by someone else, and making the results presentable by sheer humbug.[45] The attraction of this way of writing is that it is easy. It is easier—even quicker, once you have the habit—to say *In my opinion it is not an unjustifiable assumption that* than to say *I think*. If you use ready-made phrases, you not only don't have to hunt about for words; you also don't have to bother with the rhythms of your sentences, since these phrases are generally so arranged as to be more or less euphonious.[46] When you are composing in a hurry—when you are dictating to a stenographer, for instance, or making a public speech—it is natural to fall into a pretentious, Latinized style. Tags like *a consideration which we should do well to bear in mind* or *a conclusion to which all of us would readily assent* will save many a sentence from coming down with a bump.[47] By using stale metaphors, similes and idioms, you save much mental effort, at the cost of leaving your meaning vague, not only for your reader but for yourself. This is the significance of mixed metaphors. The sole aim of a metaphor is to call up a visual image. When these images clash—as in *The Fascist octopus has sung its swan song*,[48] *the jackboot*[49] *is thrown into the melting pot*—it can be taken as certain that the writer is not seeing a mental image of the objects he is naming; in other words he is not really thinking. Look again at the examples I gave at the beginning

of this essay. Professor Laski (1) uses five negatives in fifty-three words. One of these is superfluous,[50] making nonsense of the whole passage, and in addition there is the slip *alien* for akin, making further nonsense, and several avoidable pieces of clumsiness which increase the general vagueness. Professor Hogben (2) plays ducks and drakes with a battery which is able to write prescriptions,[51] and, while disapproving of the everyday phrase *put up with*, is unwilling to look *egregious* up in the dictionary and see what it means: (3), if one takes an uncharitable attitude towards it, is simply meaningless: probably one could work out its intended meaning by reading the whole of the article in which it occurs. In (4), the writer knows more or less what he wants to say, but an accumulation of stale phrases chokes him like tea leaves blocking a sink. In (5), words and meaning have almost parted company. People who write in this manner usually have a general emotional meaning—they dislike one thing and want to express solidarity with another[52]—but they are not interested in the detail of what they are saying. A scrupulous writer, in every sentence that he writes, will ask himself at least four questions, thus: What am I trying to say? What words will express it? What image or idiom will make it clearer? Is this image fresh enough to have an effect? And he will probably ask himself two more: Could I put it more shortly? Have I said anything that is avoidably ugly? But you are not obliged to go to all this trouble.

You can shirk it by simply throwing your mind open and letting the ready-made phrases come crowding in. They will construct your sentences for you—even think your thoughts for you, to a certain extent—and at need they will perform the important service of partially concealing your meaning even from yourself. It is at this point that the special connection between politics and the debasement of language becomes clear.

In our time it is broadly true that political writing is bad writing. Where it is not true, it will generally be found that the writer is some kind of rebel, expressing his private opinions and not a "party line." Orthodoxy, of whatever color, seems to demand a lifeless, imitative style. The political dialects to be found in pamphlets, leading articles,[53] manifestos, White Papers and the speeches of undersecretaries do, of course, vary from party to party, but they are all alike in that one almost never finds in them a fresh, vivid, homemade[54] turn of speech. When one watches some tired hack[55] on the platform mechanically repeating the familiar phrases—*bestial atrocities*, *iron heel*, *bloodstained tyranny*, *free peoples of the world*, *stand shoulder to shoulder*—one often has a curious feeling that one is not watching a live human being but some kind of dummy: a feeling which suddenly becomes stronger at moments when the light catches the speaker's spectacles and turns them into blank discs which seem to have no eyes behind them. And this is not altogether fanciful. A

speaker who uses that kind of phraseology has gone some distance towards turning himself into a machine. The appropriate noises are coming out of his larynx, but his brain is not involved as it would be if he were choosing his words for himself. If the speech he is making is one that he is accustomed to make over and over again, he may be almost unconscious of what he is saying, as one is when one utters the responses in church.[56] And this reduced state of consciousness,[57] if not indispensable, is at any rate favorable to political conformity.

In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible. Things like the continuance of British rule in India, the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan, can indeed be defended, but only by arguments which are too brutal for most people to face, and which do not square with the professed aims of political parties.[58] Thus political language has to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging[59] and sheer cloudy vagueness. Defenseless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called *pacification*. Millions of peasants are robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called *transfer of population* or *rectification of frontiers*. Such phraseology is needed if one wants to name things without calling up mental pictures of them.

The inflated style is itself a kind of euphemism. A mass of Latin words falls upon the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up all the details. The great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms,[60] like a cuttlefish squirting out ink. In our age there is no such thing as "keeping out of politics." All issues are political issues, and politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred and schizophrenia.[61] When the general atmosphere is bad, language must suffer. I should expect to find—this is a guess which I have not sufficient knowledge to verify—that the German, and Italian languages have all deteriorated in the last ten or fifteen years, as a result of dictatorship.

But if thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought. A bad usage can spread by tradition and imitation, even among people who should and do know better.[62] The debased language that I have been discussing is in some ways very convenient. Phrases like *a not unjustifiable assumption*, *leaves much to be desired*, *would serve no good purpose*, *a consideration which we should do well to bear in mind*, are a continuous temptation, a packet of aspirins always at one's elbow.[63] Look back through this essay, and for certain you will find that I have again and again committed the very faults I am protesting against. By this morning's post I have received

examples were *explore every avenue*[66] and *leave no stone unturned*,[67] which were killed by the jeers of a few journalists.[68] There is a long list of flyblown metaphors[69] which could similarly be got rid of if enough people would interest themselves in the job: and it should also be possible to laugh the *not un-* formation out of existence,[70]※ to reduce the amount of Latin and Greek in the average sentence, to drive out foreign phrases and strayed scientific words,[71] and, in general, to make pretentiousness unfashionable.[72] But all these are minor points. The defense of the English language implies more than this, and perhaps it is best to start by saying what it does *not* imply.

To begin with it has nothing to do with archaism, with the salvaging of obsolete words and turns of speech, or with the setting up of a "standard English" which must never be departed from. On the contrary, it is especially concerned with the scrapping of every word or idiom which has outworn its usefulness.[73] It has nothing, to do with correct grammar and syntax, which are of no importance so long as one makes one's meaning clear, or with the avoidance of Americanisms,[74] or with having what is called a "good prose style." On the other hand it is not concerned with fake simplicity and the attempt to make

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※ One can cure oneself of the *not un-* formation by memorizing this sentence: *A not unblack dog was chasing a not unsmall rabbit across a not ungreen field.*

written English colloquial. Nor does it even imply in every case preferring the Saxon word to the Latin one, though it does imply using the fewest and shortest words that will cover one's meaning. What is above all needed is to let the meaning choose the word, and not the other way about. In prose, the worst thing one can do with words is to surrender to them. When you think of a concrete object, you think wordlessly, and then, if you want to describe the thing you have been visualizing you probably hunt about till you find the exact words that seem to fit it. When you think of something abstract you are more inclined to use words from the start, and unless you make a conscious effort to prevent it, the existing dialect[75] will come rushing in and do the job for you, at the expense of blurring or even changing your meaning. Probably it is better to put off using words as long as possible and get one's meaning as clear as one can through pictures or sensations. Afterwards one can choose—not simply *accept*—the phrases that will best cover the meaning, and then switch round[76] and decide what impression one's words are likely to make on another person. This last effort of the mind cuts out all stale or mixed images,[77] all prefabricated phrases,[78] needless repetitions, and humbug and vagueness generally. But one can often be in doubt about the effect of a word or a phrase, and one needs rules that one can rely on when instinct fails. I think the following rules will cover most cases:

(i) Never use a metaphor, simile or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print.

(ii) Never use a long word where a short one will do.

(iii) If it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out.

(iv) Never use the passive where you can use the active.

(v) Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.

(vi) Break any of these rules sooner than[79] say anything outright barbarous.

These rules sound elementary, and so they are, but they demand a deep change of attitude in anyone who has grown used to writing in the style now fashionable. One could keep all of them and still write bad English, but one could not write the kind of stuff that I quoted in those five specimens at the beginning of this article.

I have not here been considering the literary use of language, but merely language as an instrument for expressing and not for concealing or preventing thought. Stuart Chase[80] and others have come near to claiming that all abstract words are meaningless, and have used this as a pretext for advocating a kind of political quietism.[81] Since you don't know what Fascism is, how can you struggle against Fascism? One need not swallow such absurdities

注释：

1. a sentimental archaism：一种出于感伤的怀古之情。
2. an effect can ... and so on indefinitely：一种后果可成为一种原因，强化其本来的起因，并且产生出性质相同而程度更深的后果。就这样周而复始，无穷无尽地进行下去。
3. These five passages ... are especially bad：我选出这五段文字来，并不是因为它们特别糟糕。
4. quoted far worse = quoted far worse passages.
5. the mental vices：思维上的恶习。
6. Milton：弥尔顿(1608—1674) 英国诗人。
7. Shelley：雪莱(1792—1822) 英国浪漫主义诗人。
8. [sic]：[拉]原文如此。
9. Jesuit sect：(天主教)耶稣会，1534 年在巴黎创立。
10. Harold Laski：哈罗德·拉斯基(1893—1950) 英国工党理论家和著名的经济学家。
11. play ducks and drakes with：滥用(原意：挥霍，浪费)。
12. a native battery of idioms：一连串本国成语。
13. vocables：(无意义)词。指只作为音、形单位，而不作为意义单位的词。
14. Lancelot Hogben：兰斯洛特·霍格本(1896—？)英国动物学家和语言学家。
15. Interglossa：报刊名，其字面意思为：between the tongue。
16. the social bond ... these self-secure integrities：社会公约就是这些自身可靠的正直品质的相互反映。
17. *Politics*：《政治》(杂志名)。
18. the "best people" from the gentlemen's clubs：绅士

俱乐部里“最优秀的会员们”(指上流人士)。

19. the frantic fascist captains: 狂暴的法西斯领袖们。

20. Bottom: Nick Bottom, 莎士比亚喜剧《仲夏夜之梦》中一个织工,雅典最杰出的手艺人。

21. the effete languors of Langham Place: 英国广播公司播音员那有气无力,令人昏昏欲睡的语调。 Langham Place 是英国广播公司 (BBC) 所在地。

22. to hear aitches honestly dropped: 听(别人讲话时)/h/音被毫无掩饰地遗漏。

23. *Tribune*: 《论坛》(周刊名)。

24. turns of speech: 措词特征。

25. no axe to grind: 毫无个人打算。

26. grist to the mill: 盈利之物。

27. without those who use them even being aware of the fact=even those who use them are not aware of the fact.

28. gets the worst of it: 一败涂地。

29. never the other way about: 决非相反。

30. Operators or verbal false limbs: 作用词,或称动词的假肢。operator: 这是“基本英语” (Basic English) 术语,指的是象 “make contact with” 中的 “make”, “have the effect of” 中的 “have” 这样的词,其本身意义不定,与其它不同的词搭配能有不同的意义。它们能代替动词在文中发挥作用,故有人亦称其为“动词的假肢”。

31. general purposes verb: 用途广泛的动词。

32. the banal statements .. the *not un*-formation: 通过使用 not un- 构成法,给本来平淡乏味的陈述赋予内涵

深刻的外表。

33. resounding common-places: 空洞浮夸的常套话。resounding: 虚夸的。

34. mailed fist: 即 the *mailed fist* 武力威胁。

35. ancien regime: [法](特指法国 1789 年革命前的)旧制度。

36. deus ex machina: [拉]在关键时刻突然出现扭转局面的人物。

37. mutatis mutandis: [拉]已作必要的修正。

38. gleichschaltung: [德](强迫组织、机构、人的思想等)一体化。

39. weltanschauung: [德]世界观。

40. *Ecclesiastes*: 《旧约·传道书》。

41. I returned and saw under the sun ... happeneth to them all: 我又转念,见日光之下,快跑的未必能赢,力战的未必得胜,智慧的未必得粮食,明哲的未必得资财,灵巧的未必得喜悦。所临到众人的是在于当时的机会。(此段摘自《旧约·传道书》第九章第十一节)

42. not a very gross one: 不很典型。

43. Exhibit (3): 例(3)。

44. arresting: 吸引人的。

45 making the results presentable by sheer humbug: 用十足的空话来美化因堆砌陈词滥调而导致的后果。humbug: 空话,废话。

46. euphonious=pleasant to the ear.

47. coming down with a bump: 戛然而止。

48. swan song: 天鹅临死前的鸣叫,常喻为诗人、小说家等

的最后的作品。

49. jackboot: 原意为军人穿的长统马靴，喻指“使用武力”。

50. One of these is superfluous: 指 “whether it is not true to say” 中的 “not” 是多余的。

51. with a battery which is able to write prescriptions: 作者在此揶揄 Hogben 的原话。

52. want to express solidarity with another: 喜接近另一些东西。

53. leading articles: 报纸上的主要文章，社论。

54. homemade: (此处)与众不同的，独特的。

55. tired hack: 疲惫不堪的雇佣文人。

56. as one is when one utters the responses in church: 恰如在教堂里应答祈祷文(有口无心)。

57. reduced state of consciousness: 意识的削弱状态。

58. not square with the professed aims of political parties: 与各政党公开声称的目标并不一致。

59. question-begging: 以假定为论据的狡辩。

60. exhausted idioms: 内涵空洞的成语。exhausted: 精华去尽了的，没有实际内容的。

61. schizophrenia: 精神分裂症。

62. should and do know better = should and do know better usage.

63. a packet of aspirins always at one's elbow: 由于手边总是有一包阿斯匹林(所以，人不断地受到诱惑去从中取出一片服用)。

64. The Allies: 第二次世界大战中的同盟国。

65. direct tinkering with words and constructions: 直接

对用词和句法结构进行整治。

66. explore every avenue: 探索每一种途径。 avenue: 途径。

67. leave no stone unturned: 用尽一切手段。

68. killed by the jeers of a few journalists: 由于少数新闻界人士的嘲弄，这两条习语已不再使用。

69. flyblown metaphors: 被玷污了的隐喻。

70. to laugh the not un- formation out of existence: 以嘲笑驱除 not un- 构成法(反义词否定构成)。

71. strayed scientific words: 冷僻的科技词语。
strayed: 不常见的。

72. to make pretentiousness unfashionable: 使矫揉造作的文风不再盛行。

73. the scrapping of every word or idiom which has outworn its usefulness: 把每一个陈腐的、毫无实用价值的词或成语剔除掉。

74. Americanisms: 美国用词。

75. the existing dialect: 现存的词语，流行方言。

76. switch round=exchange places.

77. mixed images: 混杂的比喻。

78. prefabricated phrases: 即 ready-made phrases。

79. sooner than=rather than.

80. Stuart Chase: 斯图尔特·蔡斯(1888—?)美国社会科学家、经济学家。

81. political quietism: 政治上的无为主义。指放弃愿望，对一切采取消极接受的态度。

82. bring about some improvement ... the verbal end: 从

整治言词入手以促进(政治局面的)某些改观。

83. the necessary dialects: 指各种专业用语。

84. to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind: 给纯粹的空话披上实实在在的外衣。

85. verbal refuse: 词语的垃圾。

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN

作者简介：

W.H. 奥登 (Wystan Hugh Auden, 1907—1973)，诗人，剧作家，出生于约克郡一个笃信英国国教的名医家庭，少年时代开始学写诗，十五岁时出版了第一部诗集。1925年奥登入牛津大学攻读文学，对盎格鲁·撒克逊及中世纪英诗产生浓厚兴趣，并在爱好文学的青年学生中崭露头角。大学毕业后他赴德国学习德国语言、文学，1930年回国，任中学教师达五年。三十年代后期，奥登积极参与社会政治活动，成为英国左翼青年作家领袖；1937 年去西班牙参加反法西斯斗争；1939 年和另一名英国作家伊舍伍德 (Christopher Isherwood) 一同前往美国定居；1940 年皈依基督教；1946 年正式加入美国籍；晚年常在纽约和奥地利乡村居住；1973 年病逝于维也纳。

奥登被批评界认为是继叶芝和艾略特之后英国最重要的诗人，1953 年获得博林根诗歌奖；1956 年获全国图书奖；1967 年获全国文学勋章。他的创作活动大致可分为前后两个时期。在前期，他受马克思主义影响把视角对准西方社会的弊端和人类所面临的困难。不少作品反映了三十年代的工业停滞、经济萧条、工人失业这类社会问题。在艺术上先后受到哈代、霍普金斯、艾略特、叶芝的影响，善于运用洗炼的语言和形象的比喻表达思想。其主要作品有：《诗集》 (*Poems*, 1930)，《雄辩家》 (*The Orators*, 1932)，《瞧，陌生人！》 (*Look*,

Strangers!, 1936),《西班牙》(*Spain*, 1937)等。四十年代末，奥登进入创作后期，作品弥漫着浓郁的宗教色彩，反映他对日趋堕落的西方文明和对人类未来的悲观情绪。代表作品有：《大海与明镜》(*The Sea and the Mirror*, 1945),《忧患时世》(*The Age of Anxiety*, 1947),《空空荡荡》(*Nones*, 1951),《阿基利斯之盾》(*The Shield of Achilles*, 1955),《向史诗女神致敬》(*Homage to Clio*, 1960),《房屋》(*About the House*, 1967),《无墙之城》(*City Without Walls*, 1967) 等。

除诗歌外，奥登还写过不少散文，阐述他对社会问题的见解。较有影响的评论集有：《染工之手》(*The Dyer's Hand*, 1963),《次要的世界》(*Secondary World*, 1968) 和《某个世界：一部平庸的书》(*A Certain World: A Commonplace Book*, 1970) 等。

Work, Labour, and Play

So far as I know, Miss Hannah Arendt[1] was the first person to define the essential difference between work and labour.[2] To be happy, a man must feel, firstly, free and, secondly, important. He cannot be really happy if he is compelled by society to do what he does not enjoy doing, or if what he enjoys doing is ignored by society as of no value or importance. In a society where slavery in the strict sense has been abolished, the sign that what a man does is of social value is that he is paid money to do it, but a labourer[3] today can rightly be called a wage slave. A man is a labourer if the job society offers him is of

no interest to himself but he is compelled to take it by the necessity of earning a living and supporting his family.

The antithesis to labour is play. When we play a game, we enjoy what we are doing, otherwise we should not play it, but it is a purely private activity; society could not care less whether we play it or not.

Between labour and play stands work. A man is a worker if he is personally interested in the job which society pays him to do; what from the point of view of society is necessary labour is from his own point of view voluntary play. Whether a job is to be classified as labour or work depends, not on the job itself, but on the tastes of the individual who undertakes it. The difference does not, for example, coincide with the difference between a manual and a mental job; a gardener or a cobbler may be a worker, a bank clerk a labourer. Which a man is can be seen from his attitude toward leisure. To a worker, leisure means simply the hours he needs to relax and rest in order to work efficiently. He is therefore more likely to take too little leisure than too much; workers die of coronaries[4] and forget their wives' birthdays. To the labourer, on the other hand, leisure means freedom from compulsion, so that it is natural for him to imagine that the fewer hours he has to spend labouring, and the more hours he is free to play, the better.

What percentage of the population in a modern tech-

nological society are, like myself, in the fortunate position of being workers? At a guess I would say sixteen per cent, and I do not think that figure is likely to get bigger in the future.

Technology and the division of labour have done two things: by eliminating in many fields the need for special strength or skill, they have made a very large number of paid occupations which formerly were enjoyable work into boring labour, and by increasing productivity they have reduced the number of necessary labouring hours. It is already possible to imagine a society in which the majority of the population, that is to say, its labourers, will have almost as much leisure as in earlier times was enjoyed by the aristocracy.[5] When one recalls how aristocracies in the past actually behaved, the prospect is not cheerful. Indeed, the problem of dealing with boredom may be even more difficult for such a future mass society than it was for aristocracies. The latter, for example, ritualized their time; there was a season to shoot grouse, a season to spend in town, etc. The masses are more likely to replace an unchanging ritual by fashion which it will be in the economic interest of certain people to change as often as possible[6]. Again, the masses cannot go in for hunting, for very soon there would be no animals left to hunt. For other aristocratic amusements like gambling, dueling, and warfare, it may be only too easy to find equivalents in dangerous driving, drug-taking, and

senseless acts of violence. Workers seldom commit acts of violence, because they can put their aggression[7] into their work, be it physical like the work of a smith, or mental like the work of a scientist or an artist. The role of aggression in mental work is aptly expressed by the phrase "getting one's teeth into a problem."[8]

题解:

这篇文章不长，但作者却能把"work"和"labour"之间的区别说得清清楚楚。所谓"work"是指人们喜爱或感兴趣的工作，而"labour"是那些人们不感兴趣但为了生计不得已而从事的劳动。按作者的意思，"work"与"labour"并不是泾渭分明的，界定两者的准则不是某件工作本身的性质，而是劳动者本人的态度。这种以个人的好恶来划分"work"与"labour"的作法，实在是别出心裁的。

作者还预见到，随着现代文明的发展，喜欢自己工作的人将越来越少，因为大机器生产使生产过程大大简化，其结果是那些本来令人感兴趣的工作，变成了枯燥乏味的 labour。这样的分析不是没有道理的。但是作者却同时得出结论，认为未来的社会在克服对工作的厌腻方面将比昔日的贵族社会要困难得多。此说未免失之于偏，殊不知生产力的发展不仅把人们从繁重的体力劳动中解放出来，而且也为他们赢得了更多的娱乐时间，反过来又使他们能更精力充沛、心情愉快地投入创造财富的劳动。而到了人类文明高度发展，工作成为生活的第一需要时，就更不存在对工作的厌恶问题了。

本文着重探讨"work"与"labour"的区别，文中牵涉到对 work, labour 以及由此派生出来的 worker, labourer

等概念下定义的问题。作者所下定义如此简明、准确，除了显出其思维的严密之外，也是和作者的诗人气质分不开的。作者有时还用实例来取代定义，如“喜爱工作的人死于冠状动脉血栓症，还常常忘记妻子的生日”，不但读来生动有趣，令人难忘，而且也达到了下定义的效果。

注释：

1. Hannah Arendt：汉纳·阿伦德特(1906—1975)，美国哲学家。
2. work and labour：按作者的意思，这里的 work 意为人们所喜爱或感兴趣的工作，而 labour 则指自己并不喜欢但为了生计而不得不从事的劳动。
3. labourer：此处意为雇佣劳动者。
4. coronaries：冠状动脉血栓症。
5. It is already possible ... by the aristocracy：已能想象出这样一个社会，其人口的大多数(即雇佣劳动者们)几乎都可以享受到昔日贵族所能享受的同样充分的悠闲安逸。
6. The masses are ... as often as possible：人民大众非常可能用时尚取代一种一成不变的仪式。并且这种时尚也将根据某些人在经济方面的兴趣而不断地翻新花样。
7. aggression：(精神上或精力上的)渲泄。
8. getting one's teeth into a problem：精神抖擞地去解决问题。to get one's teeth into = to attack (a job) vigorously.

most — was infinity. Only a lifetime ago parents waved farewell to their emigrating children in the virtual certainty[3] that they would never meet again.

And now, within one incredible generation, all this has changed. Over the seas where Odysseus wandered for a decade, the Rome-Beirut Comet whispers its way within the hour.[4] And above that, the closer satellites span the distance between Troy and Ithaca in less than a minute.[5]

Psychologically as well as physically, there are no longer any remote places on earth. When a friend leaves for what was once a far country, even if he has no intention of returning, we cannot feel that same sense of irrevocable separation[6] that saddened our forefathers. We know that he is only hours away by jet liner, and that we have merely to reach for the telephone to hear his voice.

In a very few years, when the satellite communication network is established, we will be able to see friends on the far side of the earth as easily as we talk to them on the other side of the town. Then the world will shrink no more, for it will have become a dimensionless point.[7]

But the new stage that is opening up for the human drama[8] will never shrink as the old one has done. We have abolished space here on the little earth; we can never abolish the space that yawns between the stars. Once again we are face to face with immensity and must accept

its grandeur and terror, its inspiring possibilities and its dreadful restraints. From a world that has become too small, we are moving out into one that will forever be too large, whose frontiers will recede from us always more swiftly than we can reach out towards them.[9]

Consider first the fairly modest solar, or planetary, distances[10] which we are now preparing to assault. The very first Lunik made a substantial impression upon them,[11] traveling more than 200 million miles from the earth — six times the distance to Mars. When we have harnessed nuclear energy for spaceflight, the solar system will contract until it is little larger than the earth today.[12] The remotest of the planets will be perhaps no more than a week's travel from the earth, while Mars and Venus will be only a few hours away.

This achievement, which will be witnessed within a century, might appear to make even the solar system a comfortable, homely place, with such giant planets as Saturn and Jupiter playing much the same role in our thoughts as do Africa or Asia today.[13] (Their qualitative differences of climate, atmosphere and gravity, fundamental though they are, do not concern us at the moment.) To some extent this may be true, yet as soon as we pass beyond the orbit of the moon, a mere quarter-million miles away, we will meet the first of the barriers that will separate the earth from her scattered children[14].

The marvelous telephone and television network that

will soon enmesh the whole world, making all men neighbours, cannot be extended into space. It will never be possible to converse with anyone on another planet.

Do not misunderstand this statement. Even with today's radio equipment, the problem of sending speech to the other planets is almost trivial. But the messages will take minutes — sometimes hours — on their journey, because radio and light waves travel at the same limited speed of 186,000 miles a second.

Twenty years from now you will be able to listen to a friend on Mars, but the words you hear will have left his mouth at least three minutes earlier, and your reply will take a corresponding time to reach him. In such circumstances, an exchange of verbal messages is possible — but not a conversation.

Even in the case of the nearby moon, the $2\frac{1}{2}$-second time lag[15] will be annoying. At distances of more than a million miles, it will be intolerable.

To a culture which has come to take instantaneous communication for granted, as part of the very structure of civilized life, this "time barrier" may have a profound psychological impact. It will be a perpetual reminder of universal laws and limitations against which not all our technology can ever prevail.[16] For it seems as certain as anything can be that no signal — still less any material object — can ever travel faster than light.

The velocity of light is the ultimate speed limit, be-

object to you is only five feet away — and then there is nothing else to see until you have travelled a thousand miles.

Many conservative scientists, appalled by these cosmic gulfs, have denied that they can ever be crossed. Some people never learn; those who sixty years ago scoffed at the possibility of flight, and ten (even five!) years ago laughed at the idea of travel to the planets, are now quite sure that the stars will always be beyond our reach. And again they are wrong, for they have failed to grasp the great lesson of our age—that if something is possible in theory, and no fundamental scientific laws oppose its realization, then sooner or later it will be achieved.

One day, it may be in this century, or it may be a thousand years from now, we shall discover a really efficient means of propelling our space vehicles. Every technical device is always developed to its limit (unless it is superseded by something better) and the ultimate speed for spaceships is the velocity of light. They will never reach that goal, but they will get very close to it. And then the nearest star will be less than five years' voyaging from the earth.

Our exploring ships will spread outwards from their home over an ever-expanding sphere of space. It is a sphere which will grow at almost — but never quite — the speed of light. Five years[19] to the triple system of Alpha Centauri,[20] ten to the strangely-matched doublet

Sirius A and B,[21] eleven to the tantalizing enigma of 61 Cygni,[22] the first star suspected to possess a planet. These journeys are long, but they are not impossible. Man has always accepted whatever price was necessary for his explorations and discoveries, *and the price of Space is Time.*

Even voyages which may last for centuries or millennia[23] will one day be attempted. Suspended animation has already been achieved in the laboratory, and may be the key to interstellar travel. Self-contained cosmic arks which will be tiny traveling worlds in their own right[24] may be another solution, for they would make possible journeys of unlimited extent, lasting generation after generation.

The famous Time Dilation effect[25] predicted by the Theory of Relativity,[26] whereby time appears to pass more slowly for a traveler moving at almost the speed of light, may be yet a third.[27] And there are others.

Looking far into the future, therefore, we must picture a slow (little more than half a billion miles an hour!) expansion of human activities outwards from the solar system, among the suns scattered across the region of the galaxy[28] in which we now find ourselves. These suns are on the average five light-years apart; in other words, we can never get from one to the next in less than five years.

To bring home what this means, let us use a down-to-earth analogy. Imagine a vast ocean, sprinkled with islands —some desert, others perhaps inhabited. On one

of these islands an energetic race has just discovered the art of building ships. It is preparing to explore the ocean, but must face the fact that the very nearest island is five years' voyaging away, and that no possible improvement in the technique of ship-building will ever reduce this time.

In these circumstances (which are those in which we will soon find ourselves) what could the islanders achieve? After a few centuries, they might have established colonies on many of the nearby islands and have briefly explored many others. The daughter colonies might themselves have sent out further pioneers, and so a kind of chain reaction would spread the original culture over a steadily expanding area of the ocean.

But now consider the effects of the inevitable, unavoidable time lag. There could be only the most tenuous contact between the home island and its offspring.[29] Returning messengers could report what had happened on the nearest colony — five years ago. They could never bring information more up to date than that, and dispatches from the more distant parts of the ocean would be from still further in the past—perhaps centuries behind the times. There would never be news from the other islands, but only history.

All the star-borne colonies[30] of the future will be independent, whether they wish it or not. Their liberty will be inviolably protected by Time as well as Space. They must go their own way and achieve their own destiny,

with no help or hindrance from Mother Earth.

At this point, we will move the discussion on to a new level and deal with an obvious objection. Can we be sure that the velocity of light is indeed a limiting factor? So many "impassible" barriers have been shattered in the past; perhaps this one may go the way of all the others.[31]

We will not argue the point, or give the reasons why scientists believe that light can never be outraced by any form of radiation or any material object. Instead, let us assume the contrary and see just where it gets us.[32] We will even take the most optimistic possible case and imagine that the speed of transportation may eventually become infinite.

Picture a time when, by the development of techniques as far beyond our present engineering as a transistor is beyond a stone axe, we can reach anywhere we please instantaneously, with no more effort than by dialing a number. This would indeed cut the universe down to size and reduce its physical immensity to nothingness. What would be left?

Everything that really matters. For the universe has two aspects — its scale, and its overwhelming, mind-numbing[33] complexity. Having abolished the first, we are now face-to-face with the second.

What we must now try to visualize is not size, but quantity. Most people today are familiar with the simple

notation which scientists use to describe large numbers; it consists merely of counting zeross, so that a hundred becomes 10^2, a million, 10^6, a billion, 10^9 and so on. This useful trick enables us to work with quantities of any magnitude, and even defense-budget totals[34] look modest when expressed as $\$5.76 \times 10^9$ instead of $5,760,000,000.

The number of other suns in our own galaxy (that is, the whirlpool of stars and cosmic dust of which our sun is an out-of-town member,[35] lying in one of the remoter spiral arms) is estimated at about 10^{11}—or written in full, 100,000,000,000. Our present telescopes can observe something like 10^9 other galaxies, and they show no sign of thinning out[36] even at the extreme limit of vision.

There are probably at least as many galaxies in the whole of creation[37] as there are stars in our own galaxy; but let us confine ourselves to those we can see. They must contain a total of about 10^{11} times 10^9 stars, or 10^{20} stars altogether. One followed by twenty other digits is, of course, a number beyond all understanding.

Before such numbers, even spirits brave enough to face the challenge of the light-years must quail. The detailed examination of all the grains of sand on all the beaches of the world is a far smaller task than the exploration of the universe.

And so we return to our opening statement. Space can be mapped and crossed and occupied without definable limit; but it can never be conquered. When our race

has reached its ultimate achievements,[38] and the stars themselves are scattered no more widely than the seed of Adam,[39] even then we shall still be like ants crawling on the face of the earth. The ants have covered the world, but have they conquered it — for what do their countless colonies know of it, or of each other?

So it will be with us as we spread outwards from Mother Earth, loosening the bonds of kinship and understanding, hearing faint and belated rumors at second — or third — or thousandth-hand of an ever-dwindling fraction of the entire human race.[40]

Though Earth will try to keep in touch with her children, in the end all the efforts of her archivists and historians will be defeated by time and distance, and the sheer bulk of material. For the number of distinct societies or nations, when our race is twice its present age, may be far greater than the total number of all the men who have ever lived up to the present time.[41]

We have left the realm of human comprehension in our vain effort to grasp the scale of the universe;[42] so it must always be, sooner rather than later.[43]

When you are next outdoors on a summer night, turn your head toward the zenith. Almost vertically above you will be shining the brightest star of the northen skies — Vega of the Lyre,[44] twenty-six years away at the speed of light, near enough the point of no return for us short-lived creatures. Past this blue-white beacon, fifty times as

brilliant as our sun, we may send our minds and bodies, but never our hearts.

For no man will ever turn homewards from beyond Vega, to greet again those he knew and loved on the earth.

题解：

"我们永远无法征服空间"，文章一开头，作者就亮出了自己的观点，然后凭借他丰富的宇宙空间知识，说古道今，纵横捭阖，加以论证。他的主要依据不外乎两条：一是人类生存的地球，距离其他行星过于遥远；二是运载工具所能达到的飞行速度不可能超过光速。人类无法在短时期内抵达那些与地球相距甚远的行星。退一步来说，纵然能够到达，这些星球比地球上的沙粒还多，地球上的人又如何谈得上去征服它们？作者说得头头是道，并引用了诸多科学数据，使论争更具雄辩的力量。

在作者的两个依据中，第二个最为关键。因为如果飞行速度一旦超过光速，地球与其他星球间的距离也就不成其为问题了。也就是说飞行速度的局限是人类征服太空的最大障碍。按作者看来，因为人类不可能突破这个局限，所以征服宇宙空间也就成了一句空话。整篇文章就是建立在这一假设上的。但是人们也有理由说，这个假说未必成立，因为正象数十年前不可想象的事如今已成为现实一样，突破光速这一极限，也许在将来某一天能得以实现，因为人的潜力和科学的潜力是无可估量的。那样，本文的结论也就很值得怀疑了。

作者所提出的是一个很复杂的问题，但他却能深入浅出，把道理说得清清楚楚，而又不使人感到乏味。

认为世界缩小得连长度和宽度也没有了，成了个无长度、宽度，也无高度的点，故谓世界将变成“一个无维的点”。

8. human drama: 人类活动。句中前面提到 new stage 一词，故这里用 drama 来喻指 activity。

9. whose frontiers will ... reach out towards them: 外层空间边缘地域向后延展的速度总是比我们人类能够向其接近的速度更为迅速。

10. the fairly modest solar, or planetary, distances: 地球与太阳或行星之间较短的距离。

11. The very first Lunik made a substantial impression upon them: 最早发射的那枚卫星对距离问题产生了实质性的影响。Lunik: 俄语的音译，意为人造月球(即人造卫星)，后也指月球火箭，月球探测器等。此处是指人造卫星，第一枚卫星是苏联发射的。a substantial impression upon them: 由于人造卫星的速度很快，人类对距离的看法由此受到了影响。

12. the solar system will contract ... than the earth today: 太阳系将越来越小，最后变得只比今天的地球稍大一些。这里的 contract 不是说太阳系真的变小，而是说由于宇航技术的发展，到达各星球的时间变得很短，因此好象太阳系也缩小了。

13. with such giant planets ... Africa or Asia today: 在我们的观念中，象土星和木星那样的庞大行星将会扮演相当于今日非洲或亚洲的角色。

14. scattered children: 散居四方的儿女们。这里指的是环绕地球运行的那些人造卫星。

15. time lag: 时间间隔(指从发出信号到收到信号时的相隔

时间)。

16. It will be ... can ever prevail: 这将永远提醒我们宇宙法则和局限性的存在，而且不是人类所有的科学技术都能超越它们的。

17. personal links of sound or vision: 人的音像关联（指听到人的声音，看到人的图像)。

18. otherwise educated men: 受过别种教育的人。指那种受到墨守陈规的保守教育方式熏陶因而思维不开放的人们。

19. years: 此处指 light years。

20. Alpha Centauri: 半人马座 α 星。

21. Sirius A and B: 天狼星A和天狼星B。

22. 61 Cygni: 天鹅座 61 号星。

23. millennia: 数千年。这是 millennium 的复数形式。

24. in their own right: 指不靠人力控制自动飞行。

25. Time Dilation effect: 时间膨胀效应，指在速度接近、达到或超过光速时，时间会变慢甚至倒流。这是爱因斯坦在相对论中提出的。

26. the Theory of Relativity: 相对论。

27. may be yet a third: 也许是第三种解决方法。

28. the galaxy: 这里是指我们的太阳系所处的银河系。

29. offspring: 即上文提到的 daughter colonies。

30. the star-borne colonies: 指未来人类在其它星球上建立的殖民地。star-borne: 载在星球上的，位于星球上的。

31. perhaps this one may go the way of all the others: 也许光速这道屏障也会象其它屏障那样被突破。

32. let us assume ... it gets us: 让我们假设一个相反命题，

看看哪一方面使我们感到棘手。get somebody:（口）难住某人。

33. mind-numbing: 令人头晕目眩的。
34. defense budget totals: 国防预算总额。
35. an out-of-town member: 一位远离中心地域的成员。out-of-town: 城区之外。这里指远离银河系中心。
36. thinning out: 变得稀少，数量减少。
37. in the whole of creation: 在整个宇宙里。creation: 宇宙，通常为 the Creation。
38. reached its ultimate achievements: （人类的科学技术进步）已登峰造极。
39. the seed of Adam = human beings.
40. hearing faint and belated rumors ... the entire human race: 听到的那些从地球上不断减少的那部分人类那儿传来的消息，都经过了一次、两次，甚至一千次的转递，它们信号微弱，而且早已过时。ever-dwindling: 由于那时地球人不断向外星球移民，因而人口不断减少。
41. the total number...the present time: 从古至今人口总数。
42. We have left the realm ... of the universe: 我们超越了人类的理解能力局限，徒劳地想去把握宇宙的广度。the realm of human comprehension: 人类理解能力的范围。
43. so it must always be, sooner rather than later: 这种结果必然会发生(指徒劳无功地掌握宇宙的规模)，早比迟好。这种句式与《圣经》中先知们的口吻很象，作者用这种宣示预言的语气，点出了题目：我们永远不能征服太空。
44. Vega of the Lyre: 天文学上的天琴座α星(织女一)。

recommended long ago, "wandering aimlessly around." The pleasure they have given me has been varied, ranging from the delight of sheer serendipity[2] to the satisfaction of knowledge gained or anticipations fulfilled; and now that I have visited (with one single exception) all the incontestably great cities of the earth. I find myself sorting my favorites not just by degrees of enjoyment, but by category.

For example, nobody could seriously deny that the most beautiful of all cities is Venice: the Shakespeare of cities,[3] as it was once called, all on its own;[4] water-lapped, shadow-dappled, tower-crowned,[5] gilded and flagged and marvelously chimneyed, stacked so subtly beside its lagoon[6] that as you sail past its palaces in your long black gondola its layers[7] seem to be moving, building behind building like a marble ballet.[8]

On the other hand, for intricacy of interest nowhere can match London, the most richly experienced, adaptable, devious and cynical of capitals. London is a theatre. Nothing is unpremeditated there, almost nothing is altogether frank, from the astonishing permutation of royalty (clank of cavalry down the Mall,[9] billow of golden ensign above the Palace)[10] to the infinite sense of gentlemanly cunning that informs the financial quarter of The City.[11]

For stimulus and rejuvenation, for staying up late and dancing in the park—well, hackneyed though the judgment seems, it can only be New York. I am always more

than myself in New York:[12] partly because of its architectural intensity, that masonry thicket of Manhattan,[13] partly because of its climatic extremes, but chiefly because nearly everybody I know there is cleverer (if not necessarily wiser) than I am.[14]

Mind you, for majesty, for tremendousness, I think another American city beats it. Charles Dickens was told by his train conductor, when he first went to Chicago, that he was entering "the boss city of the universe."[15] It is hardly that, but all the same no other city so impresses me with the scale of the human potential. That magnificent lakefront, those terrific windy boulevards, that stupendous Sears skyscraper,[16] like a slab of living rock left standing when the rest of a precipice was quarried away—Chicago is a city fit for giants.

I suppose one must grant that Paris is the most elegant of cities still, but I have never really responded to it. I prefer a more spontaneous kind of stylishness, and I find it preeminently in Rio de Janeiro.[17] Rio is urbane and squalid cheek by jowl,[18] but its overwhelming characteristic is charm. Set there on its lovely bays, serenely supervised by its hilltop figure of Christ, it seems designed to soothe the cares away. More than any other city I know it possesses what the Arabs call *baraka*,[19] the gift of being blessed, and of bestowing blessings, both at the same time.

I detested Sydney when I first went there, but it

has grown on me[20]—partly no doubt because I have matured, but partly because it has blossomed miraculously during the twenty years I have known it. Now if I were asked to name the *jolliest* city, I think my mind would spring at once to the good-natured bustle of the Circular Quay,[21] the shambled bonhomie of Kings Cross,[22] the mordancy of the Sydney taxi drivers and the inimitable Sydney humour.

The city where I really grew up, where I experienced I suppose the most formative years of my young adulthood, was Cairo, and it remains for me in many ways the grandest of them all. As Charles Doughty[23] observed of the Arabs, it has its feet in a sewer but its brow touches heaven. As old as the Sphinx, as brash as television, with its incomparable medieval center, the desert that hems it in and the benign old Nile that flows through the middle of it, it is truly the greatheart of towns, addled by poverty, inefficiency and bad luck, but ennobled always by human sympathy.[24]

And there remains one more category of city than enthralls me[25] the tantalizing city, the mysterious, the beckoning, the never-quite-understood. Of all the supreme cities of the earth, for me the most tantalizing is Peking, because that's the one I've never been to.

题解：

作者並没有以个人的好恶来论城市，这样就使自己摆脱

了情感的偏见，在描绘它们时获得了充分的自由。

世界上的城市犹如万花筒，五光十色，各具特点。作者的高明之处在于能用一两句话概括出它们的风貌，给读者以深刻的印象。于是乎威尼斯成了城市中的"莎士比亚"；伦敦宛如一个多姿多彩的剧院；纽约给人以刺激和活力；芝加哥是一个巨人的世界；巴黎之雅致，居各城市之冠；悉尼为最快乐的都市；而开罗则新旧杂陈，却不失其辉煌。对于自己从未涉足的北京，她也自有对付的办法，以"最令人神往之地"一语来描述，並以此结束全文，彷佛作者在向人们宣告，她要解开心中的谜，尽快踏上去这个神秘城市的旅程。这样的结尾十分耐人寻味，给读者留下了更多的思维空间。

世界上的城市成千上万，随意写来必然会造成"挂一漏万"的缺憾。作者抓住了最有代表性的几个，大胆地置其余于不顾。在选择时又注意到了七大洲的复盖面(除南极洲外，其余各洲都写了一、二个城市)，因此虽然文中涉及的城市不多，但给人留下了世界城市面貌的完整印象。作者用字简炼、准确、传神，如用 "water-lapped, shadow-dappled, tower-crowned" 来形容威尼斯，以 "Nothing is unpremeditated" 来描绘伦敦；而刻划悉尼的 Circular Quay 时则巧妙地用了 "the good-natured bustle"。作者用词之精确离不开观察之深刻，而悉心的观察又是建筑在对生活的热爱之基础上的，无怪乎作者给本文冠之以 "A Passion for Cities" 的标题。

注释：

1. Love apart ... looking at cities: 除了恋爱以外也许还有酒，最使我兴致勃勃的事就数去各大城市观光了。
2. sheer serendipity: 纯属好运。

3. the Shakespeare of cities: 都市中之佼佼者。由于莎士比亚举世闻名，所以作者用莎士比亚的名声来表示威尼斯城的知名度。
4. all on its own=on its own account; independently.
5. water-lapped, shadow-dappled, tower-crowned: 水波拍岸，阴影斑驳，塔楼高耸(均系对威尼斯城的描绘)。
6. stacked so subtly beside its lagoon ...: (高塔、彩旗、烟囱、建筑物等)如此精巧地排列在内河两旁。lagoon: 原意为"环礁湖"。这里指内河。
7. layers: 指两岸建筑群一层层地排列着。
8. building behind building like a marble ballet: 层层叠叠的建筑物，在河面潋滟的水光中恰似由大理石组成的演员在上演一幕芭蕾舞剧。
9. the Mall: 伦敦圣·詹姆斯公园 (St. James Park) 林荫路。
10. the Palace: 即白金汉宫 (Buckingham Palace)。
11. the infinite sense ... quarter of The City: 那晓示市中心金融区的、无所不在的绅士派头的精明狡诈。the City=the City of London: 伦敦商业中心区。
12. I am always more than myself in New York: 在纽约我总是感到不自在。
13. masonry thicket of Manhattan: 曼哈顿密集的高楼大厦。Manhattan: 曼哈顿(美国纽约市中心)。
14. is cleverer (if not necessarily wiser) than I am: 比我精明(但不一定比我聪明)。
15. "the boss city of the universe": 世界第一城。boss: (俚)第一流的。

16. Sears skyscraper: 即 Sears Tower，西尔斯大厦（是美国，也是世界上最高的大厦，位于芝加哥中心区密歇根湖畔）。

17. Rio de Janeiro: 里约热内卢(巴西港口城市)。

18. Rio is urbane and squalid cheek by jowl: 在里约热内卢，彬彬有礼与肮脏污秽紧密相联。cheek by jowl (with): (和……)紧紧靠着。

19. baraka: [阿拉伯]穆斯林的祝福和礼赞。

20. it has grown on me: 我已经喜欢悉尼市了。to grow on = to grow upon; to win the liking of.

21. the Circular Quay: 悉尼市轮渡中心码头。

22. the shambled bonhomie of Kings Cross: 国王十字区节奏缓慢的娱乐。bonhomie: 是法语，英语为cheerfulness; Kings Cross: 悉尼市区一个商业娱乐区。

23. Charles Doughty: 查尔斯·道蒂(1843—1926)，英国诗人、旅行家，以游记作品《在阿拉伯沙漠旅行》(*Travels in Arabia Deserts*, 1888) 而闻名。

24. As old as ... by human sympathy: 开罗城拥有无与伦比的、起源于中世纪的商业中心，有沙漠把它环抱拱卫，有古老而又慈祥的尼罗河穿城流过；它既象狮身人面像那般历史悠久，又似电视那样充满活力，至今仍是众城之翘楚。尽管它由于贫困、平庸和失意而腐败堕落，但是人的同情使它永远崇高神圣。

25. And there remains one more ... than enthralls me: 另外还有一种城市使我着迷。than 在此用来表示不同类别和特性，意义上与 that 相近。

DAVID STOREY

作者简介：

戴维·斯托里（David Storey，1933—　），英国小说家、剧作家，生于约克郡威克菲尔德一个矿工家庭。他早年接受艺术教育，在绘画方面显露出较高的禀赋，二十岁时入伦敦斯莱德美术学校学习，后又获奖学金赴西班牙和法国巴黎继续深造。斯托里又是一个橄榄球运动员，曾在利兹队效力。艺术家和运动员的独特生活经历为他以后的文学创作提供了大量素材。他的第一部小说《运动生涯》(*The Sporting Life*, 1960)就是对早年绿茵场上的欢乐与苦恼的回顾，感情真挚，颇受广大读者欢迎。斯托里和其他现当代英国小说家一样，在创作上崇尚D·H·劳伦斯，并仿效劳伦斯，把注意力转向伦敦以外的广阔天地，描写普通人的生活。但他后来出版的几部小说由于过分追求新的表现手法而失去了自然、淳朴的光泽。1976年，他的小说《萨维尔》获布克奖。除了《运动生涯》外，其主要小说还有：《飞入卡姆登》(*Flight into Camden*, 1960)，《拉德克利夫》(*Radcliffe*, 1963)，《帕斯莫尔》(*Pasmore*, 1972)和《萨维尔》(*Saville*, 1976)等。

斯托里所写的剧本同样受到好评。较有影响的剧作有：《阿诺德·米德尔顿的复辟》(*The Restoration of Arnold Middleton*, 1966)，《庆典》(*In Celebration*, 1969)，《承包商》(*The Contractor*, 1970)，《家》(*Home*, 1970)，《变来

变夫的房间》(*The Changing Room*, 1971),《农场》(*The Farm*, 1973) 和《人体写生课》(***Life Class*, 1974**) 等。

斯托里也重视对文艺理论的探索。他经常在《新政治家周刊》(*New Statesman*),《卫报》(*The Guardian*) 和《观察家》(*The Observer*) 等著名报刊杂志上发表评论。

他的散文立意新颖,引人入胜,文笔自然明快,布局井井有条,深受读者欢迎。

Journey through a Tunnel

Imagine this particular room in the centre of London, late one Friday afternoon, ten years ago. It's a very large room, and very tall, perhaps thirty feet in height, with vast windows reaching to the ceiling. It's growing dark outside. Neon lights alongside the windows reinforce the faint winter gleam that filters through the glazed panes. In the centre of the floor, on a low platform, is a model; and around her a dozen young men and women, painting. The distant hum of traffic underlies the silence of the room.

For a while they work on, the glow from outside fading before, finally, being taken over by the harsher glow from within.[1] Everything is still. Then someone raises a head, and looks up at a clock set high on the wall. It says half past five. A voice calls, 'Rest'.

The model eases herself stiffly from her lying position, stretches her legs, her arms, bends her body one

houses.[11]

He opens the front door of one of these houses and climbs a narrow staircase to the second floor. He goes into a room and, for a moment, leans back against the door panting. The room is fairly small, overlooking the crescent. Lit now by the gleam of gaslights outside it seems cosy and self-contained. Books line the wall, innumerable paintings lean in the spaces in between; there's a gas fire, a gas ring, a basin, a bed, a chest of drawers, a tiny meat safe: all that one person living alone requires. After glancing rather intensely at this pleasant interior the young man picks up a travelling bag, puts into it a pair of large, mud-encrusted boots, a razor and a toothbrush, and a book. Within minutes of entering the building he's on his way out again, running once more, back into Euston Road, past St. Pancras; pushing more anxiously through the crowds, he hurries into the ticket office of King's Cross[12] then on to the platform where, just before the long line of carriages jars into life, he sinks back into his seat and finally catches his breath.[13]

For a moment there's the brief impression of the station,[14] then the carriage suddenly swings to one side, swings abruptly back, and slides into a tunnel. For a time the engine can be heard struggling ahead while outside, illuminated solely by the compartment's dull rectangle of light,[15] the smooth, sooted bricks glide blackly past. Occasionally there's a muffled interlude[16] as the train enters

some bricky chasm; then once again it plunges into the gloomy, reverberating interior of yet another tunnel. Only when it seems that this underground battle must erupt in explosion does the shuddering of the engine suddenly disappear to be replaced by the slighter, rhythmical clacking of the carriage wheels.[17] The distant, retreating lights of the city soon dissolve in the darkness, and the landscape and the sky are moulded into a single blackness. The young man leans forward, takes the book from his bag and, fitfully, begins to read.

Now, ten years later, I can remember the beginning of that journey with a directness that belies the complexities of feeling that surrounded it.[18] It was a journey in fact which I made almost every Friday of the winter. For four hours I would sit in that tiny lighted cell with total blackness outside and only the rhythm of the train to remind me that I was actually moving. Space no longer existed: time was the sole adjudicator. The book I invariably took with me on this 'black journey' was Wyndham Lewis's[19] autobiography, *Rude Assignment*[20]—one which eventually I read six times. If ever I were to raise my head from it it was inevitably to think of the life I was leaving behind me — that of an art student in London, at the Slade,[21] enjoying a freedom that had exceeded my greatest dreams — and to think of the life to which I was now returning — the north of England, the West Riding,[22] the very place from which, only a few months

before, I had escaped with a relief that was beyond any measuring.[23] Now, as though to confirm the bitterest of ironies, my life was neatly divided into half: the life in London, and the life in the North; and each was separated from the other by four dragging hours of darkness. That journey, those four black hours, took on a metaphorical reality[24] which I still feel I inhabit.

I wasn't returning home to see my parents, nor out of a sense of duty, nor purely for economic reasons. I was, oddly enough, returning to that place which, at this moment of my life, I hated and dreaded the most simply to play football.[25]

Just over a year earlier I had signed on as a professional rugby league player[26] — a game indigenous to the industrial areas of the north of England. It's an extremely hard game, fierce and grinding, and almost a natural extension of the experience that a man undergoes in digging coal underground. It requires not so much tremendous physical strength as a very peculiar, innate stamina which has as much to do with a man's mental attitudes as it has with his actual physique.[27] By playing this game on Saturdays, and training two evenings a week, I could give myself time during the rest of the week to carry on what I assumed were the activities of an artist: I could paint and draw and try and develop that talent which years before I had become uncertainly aware of in school.

Those two years in the north of England during

gion of three million people largely crammed together in two deep and narrow valleys on the eastern slope of the Pennines,[32] with a complex social and political history. From within or around its boundaries, it has produced such remarkable extremes of artistic personality as the Brontes[33] and Henry Moore.[34] A strangely introverted region, its isolation has resulted in a deepening and an ingrowing of its particular character and temperament[35] and, since it is an industrial region, these actual qualities have been related to very simple, practical things. It is an intensely and even obsessively puritan region. It carries with it that profound and ironical puritan distrust of the isolated and solitary man: it believes not in the separation of the individual but in his absorption within society, so that, for example, the rich in this region are relatively indistinguishable in appearance from the comparatively poor. It is the area of the practical ascetic,[36] the man who fights his battles not in a cloister but in the market place, the stock exchange, or on the factory floor. It has, appropriately, a very simple morality: that work is good, and that indolence is, not so much deplorable or unfortunate, as evil. And in the working class, and in the mining community in particular in which I lived, the code was amended in this way: that physical work is good, and mental work is evil. Invariably mental work implied any activity conducted from a sitting position.[37]

Largely because of this the artist is viewed not mere-

ly with suspicion but with condemnation. Through the solitariness of his activity alone he undermines the foundations of this society. It isn't what he does but, much more simply and profoundly, what he *is* that must be destroyed. And the will to destruction can come as strongly, and indeed more effectively, from within the artist's own family as it can from outside. What else could my father think when, nearing sixty, he came home each day from the pit exhausted, shattered by fatigue, to find me — a young man ideally fitted to do the job which now left him totally prostrated — to find me painting a picture of flowers, or writing a poem about a cloud? There was, and there is, no hope of reconciliation.

This then was the situation to which, not undramatically, I felt I'd been condemned: to be continually torn between the two extremes of my experience, the physical and the spiritual, with the demand to be effective in both. I went on painting pictures, I went on playing football, but with increasing despair, obsessed with guilt at the one thing and by the futility of the other.[39] I was driven to spending long periods alone; often I climbed to the top of the hills around; and there, poised above the industrial chaos below, I felt I was inhabiting a place so inaccessible as virtually to be nonexistent. Then, when it seemed this situation was no longer tolerable in any shape or form and I would have to find some practical means of escape, I won a scholership to London with my paintings

— those same paintings that had incensed my father — dark, brooding landscapes, and equally dark and brooding self-portraits — and within a matter of months[39] I was on my way, free.

Free, that is, but for the certain legality of a contract — the one that bound me to the football club until I was thirty-two years of age. So that, allowed to soar to the dizzy heights of London, I was still firmly secured by the ankles and periodically jerked violently back to earth.[40]

Such, then, was the mood in which I began my journey each week-end, and in such a mood, listless and tormented, I sat waiting for those four black hours of the night to pass. In the strangest, yet perhaps in the simplest way, the split in my own temperament[41] was represented by a journey across England: those four hours of blackness were a journey across my brain. At the end of it, the world I stepped into was a colder, bleaker place, the environment, it seemed, of a prison. Some time after ten o'clock the train would arrive at Wakefield,[42] just south of Leeds;[43] I'd get out and catch a bus home to the housing estate[44] where I'd spent the first twenty years of my life; I'd sleep in the bed I'd had since a boy; I'd rise early next morning, wander down to the park, stare over the valley to where the railway curled south between the pits and factories towards London; nervous and impatient I'd scarcely eat any lunch; almost wearied by tension I'd

make the journey to the ground; then came the aching ordeal of the match itself, the shower, the bath, the hurry to the station, the feeling of relief and elation, and, within twenty-four hours of leaving London, bruised, battered, totally exhausted, I'd be on my way back again. Late that night I would reach my room and, collapsing on my bed, lie back too stiff and aching to sleep; yet the distant sounds of London wrapped around me were as warm and as reassuring as the fire itself which, glowing, dimly lit the books and the paintings around the wall.[45]

Rude Assignment, the book that usually accompanied me on this journey, was not chosen by accident. Wyndham Lewis's view of the artist as a man isolated in an alien society and therefore of necessity clothed in armour of the most rigid and impenetrable design,[46] was an attitude to which I was instinctively drawn. How else could I survive, I'd ask myself, if it were not as an armoured protagonist?[47] And like many people who, in those periods of bewilderment or depression that never quite border on despair,[48] start each evening to record their feelings in a diary, so I began to write about my situation, trying to understand some of those sensations that accompanied me on that dark journey. And it was in order, so it seemed, to accommodate the two extremes of this northern, physical world and its southern, spiritual counterpart,[49] that I started making notes which two years later, while I was still at the Slade, resulted in the writing of a

I'd escaped — I immediately associated it with femininity — with a woman's sensibility and responses. The north-south dichotomy became a masculine-feminine one. This second novel, *Flight into Camden*,[55] was written in the first person by a woman just as the other one had been written in the first person by a man, and it attempted to explore that world of the sensibility which I felt that the character in the first novel had set out to destroy. And the two novels themselves came to represent the two poles of my journey, their axis those four hours of darkness which, like a rivet, fastened together what I felt to be the two sides of my mind. They became the two main premises, or conditions, from which my energy as a writer appeared to spring. As I worked on these novels I discovered that the emptiness of that journey north could be filled; that those four hours during which I inhabited no place, no time, and in which there was no meaning, could in fact be given a structure and a purpose — that of the novels themselves.[56] When I embarked on a third novel, *Radcliffe*, I found that these two elements had been brought into the same arena: that the two protagonists of this novel quite clearly represented these two as yet irreconcilable extremes, and that they fought out the very battle which, on that journey, I had fought myself.

That journey therefore has in the end come to represent a universal theme:[57] almost an archetypal experience. For in ten years as a writer, from those first pages of be-

wilderment and distress to now, I find that I haven't chosen to write novels on a 'subject' or a 'situation', but that they have appeared rather like acts of despair. A drowning man cries out and begins to swim: I find that, metaphorically in the same darkness and distress, I began to write novels.

题解：

为什么人总会感觉到现实生活和自己的追求之间的矛盾？为什么人的内心总是充满着对生命更高境界的渴求？为什么人又总试图从这现实与理想的两难境地中脱身而出？《穿越隧道之行》这篇自传体散文正是揭示了斯托里青年时代这种首鼠两端的境遇。青年斯托里渴望实现自己的艺术理想，但现实社会又企图将他引向另一种生活。当代心理学家认为，每个人的心理结构中都具有男性和女性两种气质，在一定时期，人会和心中的异性气质发生冲突。在斯托里身上，这一冲突表现在绿茵生活（男性象征）和艺术创作（女性象征）间的矛盾。隧道是连接两者的纽带，由于这种连接是畸形的、非自然的，因此穿越隧道就成了一次次“黑暗的旅程”。在本篇中，隧道具有象征意义，一方面它是现实旅途的一部分，另一方面，它又是一次心灵上的历程。我们甚至还可以按照西方的诠释方式，把隧道看作产道的象征，作者正是希望穿越并超越这条隧道，达到人生圆满的新境界。

这种感受也反映了现代社会中人们的普遍心态。社会对人的要求和人自身的要求之间往往构成矛盾。斯托里发现，绘画只是渲泄他自发的心理情感，而足球也不可能解决这一矛盾。他找到的出路，是融两者为一体，那是一种有创造力

的艺术形式——小说创作。也就是说，他超越了连接两种迥异生活的隧道，找到了第三条道路。文章的构思十分奇特。开篇便以一种具有悬念意味的笔调紧紧抓住读者，然后运用一连串富有象征意义的意象(画室、隧道、球赛等等)，催发读者对文章、对自身进行联想和思索。到篇末，又笔锋一转，由对温德姆自传的评述引出自己的人生观。把一个人的生活历程浓缩在如此短小的一篇文章之内，而且做到不喋喋不休地大谈自己，作者确实功力不浅。他阐发出的不仅是自己的人生哲学，而且还更具有普遍意义。整篇文章首尾呼应，布局合理，层次分明，富有艺术魅力。而且作者运笔自如，文思畅达，真诚袒露胸襟，从而也就自然能引起读者的共鸣。

注释:

1. the glow from outside fading ... from within: 从室外射来的光逐渐暗淡，最后将被屋内更耀眼的光所代替。take over: 接收，接任。
2. brushes and palettes: 画笔和调色板。
3. their murmur begins to rise in this large interior: 宽大的室内开始响起他们叽叽喳喳的声音。
4. common room: 公共休息室。
5. the life room: 写生画室。
6. the West-end: 伦敦西区，是富人居住的地区。
7. a square, thick-set youth: 一个肩膀宽阔、体格结实的青年。
8. with that permanently belligerent look provincials appear to adopt in a big city: 永远带着那种外乡人在大都市里经常显露的挑衅般的神态。

9. the body of students: 那一大群学生。

10. the great cathedral of St. Pancras station: 圣潘克拉茨车站的大教堂。

11. a small, quiet crescent of Georgian houses: 一条狭小而安静，由数幢具有乔治时代风格的房子组成的月牙形街道。crescent: 新月状物（街道，巷子等）。Georgian houses: 英王乔治一世至四世(1714—1830)时期建筑风格的房子。

12. King's Cross: 国王十字街(伦敦一街区名)。

13. just before the long line of ... catches his breath: 此句意为：就在一长列车厢苏醒过来，轮子轧轧地转动之前，他一屁股坐在座位上，终于歇了一口气。jar into life: 这里描写火车启动时的情形。

14. For a moment there's the brief impression of the station: 一时间，车站尚历历在目。

15. illuminated solely by the compartment's dull rectangle of light: 作者在这里描述车厢里的灯光透过车窗上长方形玻璃窗照亮车厢外的物体，故用"the compartment's dull rectangle of light"（车厢里呆板的长方形光亮）。

16. a muffled interlude: 一声沉闷的汽笛声(直译：一个低沉的插曲)。

17. Only when it seems ... the carriage wheels: 正当这场大地深处的战斗就要爆发之际，火车头的震颤突然消逝，代替它的是车轮那轻捷而有节奏的轰隆声。

18. I can remember ... that surrounded it: 我能够以一种直率的态度回忆起那次旅行的开端，这种直率态度掩盖了围绕着这次旅行的复杂情感。

19. Wyndham Lewis: 温德姆·刘易斯(1884—1957)，英国画家、小说家和评论家。
20. *Rude Assignment*: 温德姆·刘易斯的自传，发表于1950年。
21. the Slade: 即 the Slade School of Fine Arts, 伦敦斯莱德美术学校。fine arts: 美术(指绘画，雕刻，建筑，音乐等)。
22. the West Riding: 西区(地名)，诺丁汉附近的一个工业区。
23. a relief that was beyond any measuring: 一种莫大的宽慰。beyond any measuring: 无可估量地，很大地。
24. took on a metaphorical reality: 有着一种具有隐喻意义的真实性。take on: 呈现。
25. football: 在本篇中指橄榄球。
26. a professional rugby league player: 一名职业橄榄球联合会球员。
27. It requires not ... with his actual physique: 从事这项运动与其说需要惊人的体力，不如说需要有超常的，天生的耐力，那种耐力既与一个人的精神状态又与一个人的实际体格有关。not so much ... as: 与其……不如。
28. the courtship of ... the other: 一种专注于自我，凭直觉行事的秉性和一种刚强坚毅、追求肉体活动的外向型性格的结合，而两者是完全对立的。
29. a hindrance: 一个碍手碍脚的人(或物)。
30. Lancashire: 兰开夏郡，位于英国西北部。
31. the Scottish Lowlands: 苏格兰低地区。
32. the Pennines: 即 the Pennine Chain, 潘纳恩山脉，位

于英格兰北部高地，被称为"英格兰的脊骨"。

33. the Brontes: 勃朗蒂姐妹，均为作家，即夏洛蒂·勃朗蒂 (Charlotte Bronete, 1816—1855)，埃米莉·勃朗蒂 (Emily Bronete, 1818—1848)和安妮·勃朗蒂 (Anne Bronete, 1820—1849)。

34. Henry Moore: 亨利·摩尔(1898—?)，英国雕塑家。

35. its isolation has resulted in ... particular character and temperament: 其与世隔绝的状况导致了一种更深更内向的奇特的性格与气质。

36. the area of the practical ascetic: 务实的禁欲主义者地区。

37. Invariably mental work ... a sitting position: 脑力劳动总是指采取坐姿的一种活动。

38. obsessed with ... of the other: 对绘画创作的内疚和在踢橄榄球方面的徒劳无功始终困扰着我。the one thing 和 the other 分别指 painting pictures 和 playing football。

39. within a matter of months: 大约在数月之内。

40. allowed to soar to ... earth: 尽管被允许扶摇直上，到达令人头晕目眩的高度——伦敦，但我的脚踝却仍然被牢牢地拴住，而且定期被猛烈拉回大地(这里指伦敦的艺术活动和定期的球赛活动)。

41. the split in my own temperament: 指存在于艺术家气质和运动员气质之间的罅隙。

42. Wakefield: 威克菲尔德，英国北部一城市。

43. Leeds: 利兹(英国北部城市)。

44. the housing estate: 住宅区。

45. yet the distant sounds ... around the wall: 但是各种隐隐约约的伦敦的声音包围了我，象那熊熊燃烧的火，它朦朦胧胧地照亮了沿壁安放的书籍和画作，给我温暖和安全感。

46. Wyndham Lewis's view ... and impenetrable design: 此句大意是：温德姆·刘易斯认为，艺术家是一个处在异化了的社会中孤立无援的人，因此他不可避免地在心理上形成一层坚固的难以摧毁的坚甲，以抵御社会的侵袭。of necessity: 必然地，不可避免地。armour of the most rigid and impenetrable design: 指人在心理上形成的一种自我保护机制。

47. an armoured protagonist: 指作者让自己成为小说中的主人公，以此来作为心理保护，与社会对抗。

48. in those periods ... border on despair: 在那些虽然没有绝望但是感到迷惑或者沮丧的时期。border on = verge on.

49. to accommodate ... spiritual counterpart: 使属于北方的物质世界和属于南方的精神世界这两个极端得以统一。

50. within the conventions of a particular novel: 在某一部小说的格局之内。

51. the very physique of the North: 正是那种北方的体格。这里指的是北方那个肉体的、物质的世界。

52. hacking him out of ... a piece of rock: 恰似一位雕塑家把一块岩石雕成一个人像，我从我所要描写的感情中塑造出一个人物来。

53. a physical dynamo: 一个精力充沛的人。

54. career down his crude path to destruction: 沿着他原始的生活道路走向毁灭。career: 猛冲；飞跑。

55. Camden: 卡姆登，美国地名。

56. that those four hours ... the novels themselves: 事实上，那对我来说失去时空又毫无意义的四个小时是能够被赋予结构和内涵的——即小说的结构和内涵。

57. a universal theme: 一个普遍的主题。

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